



Mademoiselle's

# Living

The magazine for smart young housewives

Autumn 1947

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The magazine for smart young homemakers

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# Living Today

Our generation knows what home means! We've traveled, we've seen other countries. We've seen our own country, too. We've lived in dingy rooms near Army camps in small towns from coast to coast. We've packed and crated and shipped and moved on. We've tried to make impossible quarters livable with a few yards of chintz, a few treasured belongings....Now we've come home! Home means a lot to us. Roots mean a lot to us. Some generations hanker for far places, turn their eyes toward distant adventure. We've had those. We hanker for a hearth and a family. For flawless plumbing, for heat that springs up at the turn of a switch, for efficient kitchens. We want the security and the comfort and the fun of home. Sure, we're practical, but we're not without sentiment. We want tomorrow's dreams to be realized by today's plans. We want the high adventure of



achieving a pattern and a purpose in our lives...We are living today and we intend to make it a good life! We want beauty and color and comfort in our homes, and they mustn't wear fabulous price tags or we can't afford them. We want to build homes of our own, and we don't want to mortgage our children to do it. We want the benefits of modern design, of modern science, of modern efficiency, now, in our everyday lives. We can pay for these benefits, but not through the nose. Do we want too much? . . . MADemoiselle says, "No! You don't want too much at all, and what you want isn't at all impossible. You rate a decent life." So MADemoiselle dedicates this new quarterly—MADemoiselle's LIVING, the magazine for smart young homemakers—to you. This is your magazine. It does not speak to the affluent middle-aged. It does not cater to the settled and stodgy. Its main purpose is to help you integrate your home, your family and your life. It is devoted to your problems, your budgets, your ideas, your lives. Its best wish is to show you how to live today, as you want to live, and how to tailor tomorrow to your dreams.



# We're glad to be alive today,

thank you!

**Y**ou've heard them, the pundits, the bigwigs, the professional gloom peddlers, sounding off about our age. It's the worst in history. It's darker than the Dark Ages. It's full of war and revolution. Of divorce and juvenile delinquency. There's a housing crisis, inflation and a little item called the atom bomb. Maybe tomorrow or the next day there won't be any planet. Maybe. But just the same, we can't work up a rampant nostalgia for the past. Every age has its troubles, and no mistake. In the time of the Caesars you were apt to be thrown to a lion. The Greeks gave you hemlock to drink or chained you up as a slave. The Inquisition, with its burning coals and other fancy tortures, wasn't fun, either. Nor were the great plagues. Our age isn't perfect, but a few things may reasonably be said in its favor. Have you ever noticed the tombstones in old churchyards? You'll find many a patriarch—aged about forty—sleeping beside his numerous wives: Abigail, Clarissa, Faith, dead and buried at twenty-four, at nineteen, at twenty-six. Behind them you'll see a number of tiny graves: Timothy, Matthew, Patience, dead at two months, one year, six months. At least we can expect a decent spate of life for ourselves and our children. [Continued on page 168]



By Fredda Roney

# We live in a barn...

and love it

Where to live—that was our problem in 1944! We had bought a plot of ground, but we couldn't build a house because of shortages in labor and materials. Roney, my husband—his name is Oliver Roney, Jr., but I call him Roney—was in an essential industry, airplane manufacturing, and naturally busier than a bird dog. Nevertheless he announced one day that he thought it would be relaxing to use his spare time to build a barn for us to live in. "Spare time!" I cried. "What spare time? You don't have enough spare time to put in an eye dropper." Roney is wonderful in many ways, but I considered this project simply nuts. I tried to pretend that I was married to a sane man, but I caught myself eyeing him nervously. But I bravely resolved never to say, "I told you so," when the barn didn't jell.

Believe it or not—Lord knows I scarcely can—the barn *did* jell. Roney built it in exactly one year, doing almost every bit of the work himself on [Continued on page 9]

The Roney barn cost \$4,200 complete. Mr. Roney did most of the construction work himself, using lumber rejected by the Navy. Upstairs are three big rooms, downstairs is a four-car garage that becomes a playroom for big parties



GENE FENN



ost  
by  
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ies

FENN



EVYEN ZUCKMAN

Mrs. Roney divides her time between raising schnauzers and working as the director and coordinator of the Model's Work Shop and Show Case in Los Angeles. She is a fashion stylist, prefers to wear shirts and slacks, casual suits, and ballet-length cotton skirts for dress-up occasions. Mr. Roney works for an aircraft company, is an enthusiastic sailor, antique collector and designer and builder of houses

**We live in a barn, continued**



A corner of the Roney's living-room shows a patch of fresh ivy-leaf wallpaper, the mantel with its plaid gingham ruffle (Mrs. Roney made the curtains, ruffles, slipcovers herself) and some of the Roney's collection of old copper and brass. The chubly pine Utah rocker is one of the favorite treasures in their fine collection of antiques. On the left is an early American captain's chair of pine and maple, and a pine cabinet. The lamp is of flowered blue pottery, the rugs are braided cotton. The stove in the fireplace is an old Franklin wood-burning stove converted to gas. This keeps the room amply warm on California evenings. Mrs. Roney, a fashion stylist, used her sense of color and design in decorating these rooms.



With their child Dimity, Troy and Cassie of Calico Farm are important members of the Roney family. They have their own house, a replica in miniature of the Roney's barn, with two rooms, bunks, water, lights

The Roneys' sink with copper back and drainboard. The ruffle over it is blue Swedish peasant cotton trimmed in red rickrack. The wonderful pine rocker is an authentic Salem piece. The old hanging lamp is wired, and an old coffee grinder painted bright red and yellow makes another lamp. The chopping block serves as a practical table. Mrs. Roney is making tea in a blue Staffordshire teapot, a collector's item

brief weekends and scattered holidays.

Don't forget, too, that it was quite a trick to get building materials. Roney was inspired. He made the framework from a discarded highway bridge, having the boards resawed to proper size. The siding was milled from undersized redwood planks that had been rejected by the Navy.

When our home was finished we painted it traditional barn red with sugar-white trimmings, and hung crisp white organdy curtains at all the windows. It's one of the starchiest, spick-and-spanest barns you ever saw! And the total cost was just \$4,200.

Downstairs, where a farmer would keep horses and cows, we have a four-car garage. When we throw a big party we park our Ford station wagon and fire engine red doodlebug scooter outside, and presto! our garage is a playroom. It holds plenty of chairs and tables, our barbecue and portable bar, and still [Continued on page 171]

Red ruffles outline the white organdy crisscross curtains at the bedroom end of the Roney combination living-room-bedroom. The bed has a turkey-red quilted cover and pillows, a cotton flounce. The high antique chair is covered in red cotton. On the wall above the bed are two old Dutch shoes with plants in them. At the left are a pine washstand and a Lawson sofa. The lamp is an old scale painted red and yellow

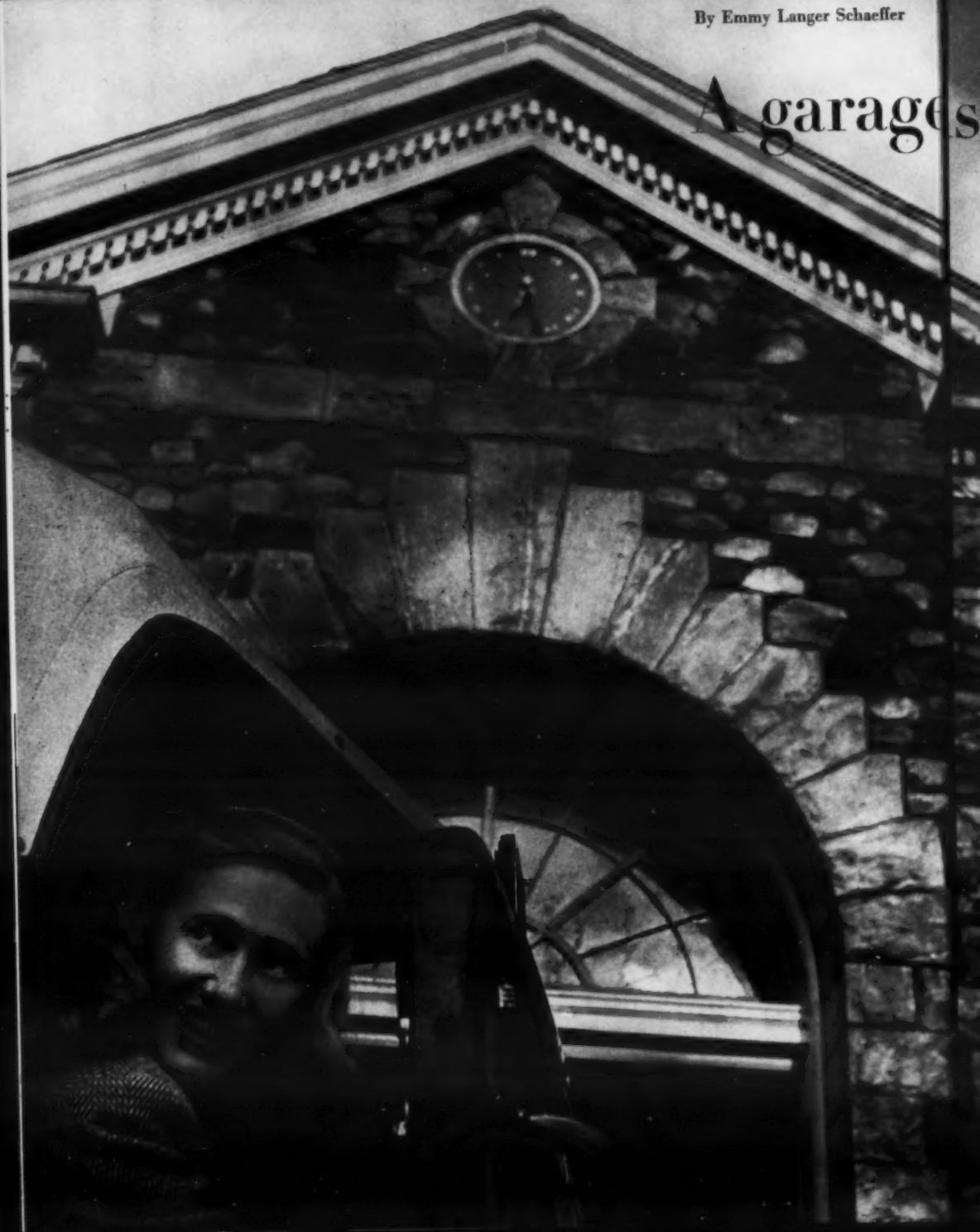


CHUE TUN



By Emmy Langer Schaeffer

# A garages



# ges our castle

Author Emmy



Husband Peter



Daughter Pam



PETER MARTIN



Ophir Hall is the long-deserted Ogden Reid mansion, home of the late Whitelaw Reid, former ambassador to the Court of St. James. Not the home of moderns, is it?

**W**e live in an old stone garage on the Ogden Reid place, known as Ophir Farm. Beyond the north gate and past the gardener's cottage, our private castle stands in the shadow of towering and long-vacant Ophir Hall.

The garage is a sprawling gray-and-brown stone building of two stories. White-tiled sections on the first floor once accommodated horses and automobiles, while the upstairs quarters were designed to take care of workmen on the place. When we first moved to the Reid garage we had a fine time poking into dusty corners, sweeping away cobwebs and deciding what could be done with the old golden oak furniture that was stored under the eaves. Empty for twelve years, this combination storage depot and garage was introduced to me as home by Peter, who was proud as punch at having found it in this day of nothing-to-rent, nowhere-to-live!

Six years of being married to an advertising man has taught me to expect anything, but Peter almost lost a perfectly [Continued on next page]

## Pam and Playmates

Pamela (background) and her friends at Ophir Farm play in the Loomis' sandbox, Bambi Galbraith, foreground, and her brother Loch (see foot) live near Pam. Jeffrey Conklin is the horizontal man



## A Party at the Schaeffers

Emmy and Peter entertain in a courtyard formed by the garage, water tower, stables and caretaker's quarters. Ann Greene and Peter, foreground; author, center; Helen and Nick Galbraith and friends



good wife, cook and housekeeper, when he led the way up the dark stairs to the series of small bedrooms with depressingly dark varnished woodwork where chauffeurs and workmen used to live. Peter has friends, though, who are experts in persuading wives to leave New York forever and take to tweeds, slacks and the country. It wasn't long before I found myself mixing paints avidly; mercurochroming and Band-Aiding Peter, who swings a mean hammer and saw; and keeping Pamela, our four-year-old daughter, from tumbling downstairs while Peter, who was supposed to watch her, had forgotten all about it and wandered off to discuss the problem of putting paint over varnish with the neighbors who live in the water tower across the court from us.

About ten couples (most of the husbands are veterans) live in the buildings on the Reid property. We get together fairly often for supper, bridge, poker, cocktails, and beer and baseball parties. We also discuss seriously how to bring up our assorted two-to-six-year-old offspring. Helen and Nick Galbraith share a long two-story, two-family structure, known as the root cellar, with Prudy and Harry Gilmore; Ann and Bill Greene live in the old annex, complete with squash court; Libby and Luther Loomis have what used to be the gardener's cottage; Jessica Conklin is in one of the gatehouses; and Helen Hiett has an apartment over the other half of our garage.

Tucked away in the part of Westchester County known as Purchase, New York, our section of the estate is just four and a half miles from White Plains. Peter [Continued on page 172]

PETER MARSH





WILLIAM HOWLAND

### Bedtime story

The author reads to Pamela in the Schaeffers' American provincial living-room. Soft dark green walls accent Emmy's auburn hair. The green of the walls is picked up in the multi-colored serpentine design on Schumacher's white Aralac draperies and in the slip cover on the chair, left. Emmy's chair and Pam's hassock are covered in Bates gray-green twill with Bonita red poplin piping. The Bigelow-Sanford Netherwood rug is dark green; the decorative china wall plates are from McCreery. The bookcase was brought from the Schaeffers' previous apartment and painted soft green to match the walls. In the corner, right, is a slice of the old mahogany drop-shell chest-desk, a prized family piece. The mustard box on top of the bookcase is from Emmy's collection of country-store condiment boxes

[Continued on next page]



Emmy and Peter covered the old cherrywood bookcase bed with a quaint provincial dress-goods flounce of Bates yellow and tan medallion print. Over the flounce is a coverlet made from Bates Sun Country forest-green poplin. On the wall above the bed, the provincial flavor is picked up again by a group of little prints of American primitives from F.A.R. Galleries. The cupboard is trimmed with bright green Protex Products Quiltiron shelving and closet boxes. The window corner, right, has cottage-style curtains of the medallion print, a dressing-table trimmed in the same material. Lamps and mirror, McCreery





Crisscross curtains from Cortley and a wide window shade make an attractive alcove in Emmy's and Peter's bedroom. A hand-painted shade by Window Shade Institute picks up the floral design in the Glosheen-covered chair; a pale blue chest hides the mammoth radiator. Photo of Emmy as MLL cover girl (Aug. 1940) hangs on wall, right



Pam's tiny bedroom is painted white to make it look larger. Aquamarine curtains with nursery animal designs cover the hand-painted shade. A skirt of the aquamarine fabric conceals shelves for toys. Pamela often hides under it to escape bed. The white shaggy cotton string rug is from Aldon Rug Mills. Teddy bear is Pam's most favored roommate

WILLIAM HOWLAND



The Schaeffers managed to salvage the blue Glosheen draperies and bedspread from their apartment in town. The draperies were remade to skirt an improvised dressing-table set up in the curved window near the door. The shelf running out into the hall also holds the telephone, left. The white rugs are like those in Pam's room



BUCKY ADLER



# I love you dear, but...



1721 F. Street, N. W.  
Washington 6, D. C.

September 26th

Baby,

This isn't a letter to you, really, this is a letter to wives, to other men's wives. Naturally you're special, but we have only now found a home of our own, and I wonder what that will lead to.

After all the searching, I am, of course, singing Hallelujah Sister, at last we've got a place to live! You say let's frame the lease and I second the motion. Let's frame it in platinum as befits a good deed in a naughty world. But - and here's that but again - I remember homes I have known and I wonder if we could have a home for ~~the~~ Pappa too. Or must all homes be strictly Mamma's?

This furnished room we've had to camp in (Thank God we leave it on the first of the month!) is already stuffed to the gunwales with fabric samples and paint





colman

samples and things you call discoveries and you, my dear, are wearing the dedicated look of a nesting robin. Maybe I am <sup>un</sup>reasonable, but this makes me quake.

Don't think I'm not glad that you want our place to be charming. Don't think I'm not duly appreciative of the fact that you are a woman of good judgment and good taste who understands period furniture and where to put wallpaper and where not to put it, and where to use that shiny figured stuff and where burlap or some other material is better, and sundry related mysteries.

No bachelor quarters of mine have ever been photographed for the Sunday supplement as an example of masculine warmth. The best I've ever achieved, left to my inadequate devices has been a barracks-like bleakness, and a certain amount of comfort. I do not consider this ideal, and so I'm glad that you'll take over. Perhaps you won't mind, though, if I say a few words in defense of husbands - here on the threshold of our new home. If every wife would remember that her husband shares her address I believe American homes would be better to look at, easier to live in,

continued on page 172



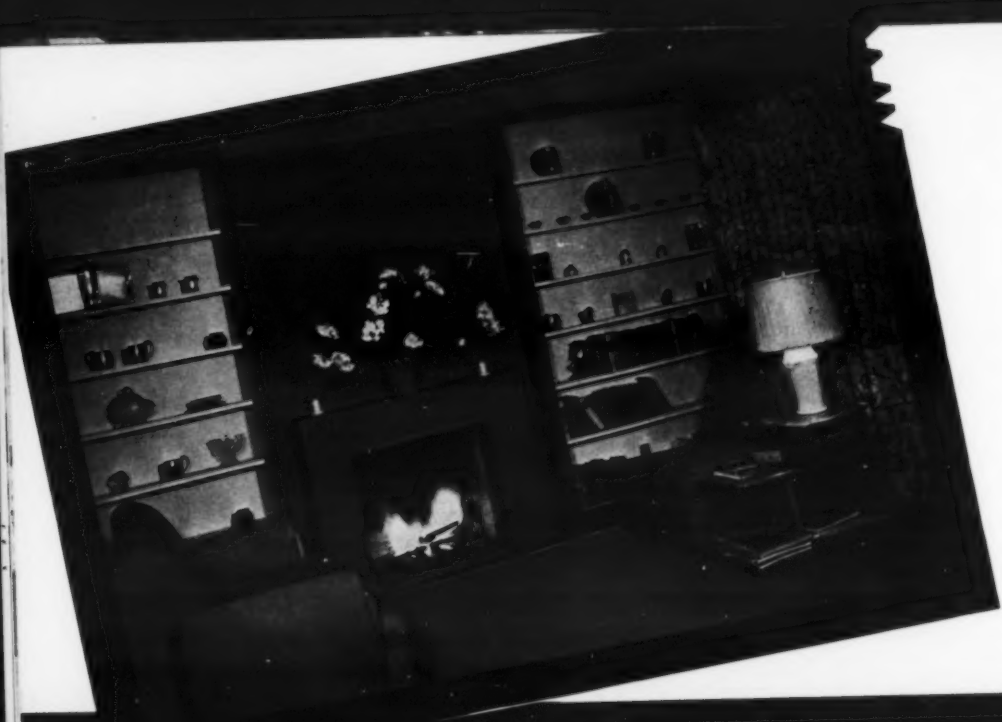


Illustration shows possible plans of exterior  
 (Note: This is a preliminary sketch and is subject to change.)





# Look at the house that we built

It's strictly GI... cost, only \$6,000

By Liv Hull

I guess Bob and I are typical of thousands of GI couples. We were married as soon as Bob came back from overseas. Bob said he'd moved around enough to last him for quite a while. He was tired of seeing the world, even though Uncle Sam did foot the travel expenses, feed and clothe him and keep some sort of roof or canvas over his head. More than anything, Bob wanted a home of his own, and roots right here in Tucson, Arizona, the nicest spot in the nicest state in the world. Sure, we're chauvinists. Why not?

We were mighty thankful to have the GI Bill of Rights to use as a financial springboard. Bob and I had both saved some money, but not enough to build a house. We didn't want a big house, but we did want a good house. Bill's uncle told us not to try to get along without an architect. He said we wouldn't save money that way. It was good advice. Friends of ours, who built a house working directly with a contractor from ready-made plans, ended up with less house than we got for half the money.

We took our problem to a top-ranking architect, Arthur T. Brown, A.I.A. Consequently our GI house has real architectural distinction, though it did cost only \$6,000. It is small, compact and tidy as a first-aid [Continued on page 174]

Dining group at far end of living-room. Liv sets a bright table with flowers, colorful pottery, red-handled knives and forks. Galleylike red and yellow kitchen, to left. Door at right opens onto the breezeway to garage



GEORGE OTTER

A five-foot overhang extends the entire width of the Hulls' house, keeps out bright summer sun-rays, exploits the winter rays. Notice the large picture window, corner right. It makes a solar heating unit, saves fuel, gives Hulls a mountain view





By Louise Richards

# It was a stable...

now it's our home!

**O**ur house nests between tall skyscrapers on Chicago's North Side. We go through our gate, and the noise and turmoil of the city are left behind. Smack in the middle of Chicago, we've found the privacy, the peace, the garden and trees of a country place.

Originally our house was a stable. Later it was used as a sculptor's studio, a cigar factory, an Italian restaurant. It was a mighty ramshackle and discouraging object when one day my husband Harper happened to walk past it. He is an industrial designer, and it's all in a day's work for him to ponder on new designs for an art gallery, a coffeepot, a train, an ice cream carton, a record changer. In fact it's second nature for Harper to see things as they might be instead of as they are. That's what happened when he spotted our stable. It wasn't just a sorry building to him, run-down and unlivable—it was home!

Right off he found many things in its favor. First, its location. I am a partner in Harper's firm—business manager of the company—and I spend a good deal of time at the office. So does Harper. (It's lucky we work together or we wouldn't see much of one another.) We aren't commuter types. We like the country, but we don't like timetables and mad dashes to catch the last train by the tail feathers, and an alarm clock that rings at dawn. We'd rather live in town, in the middle of things, and that's where our stable is.

Another thing that immediately attracted Harper was the old whitewashed wall that surrounds a courtyard in front of the house. (Holly, our two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, plays there all day long.) He also liked the idea of a house with twelve trees around it, set back

from the street and shut off from the traffic and noise of the city but still only a jump from the office. (We plan to build a house here in Chicago someday, and we'll follow the plan of our stable, place the house at the back of the lot, away from the street, surround it and the front courtyard by a high brick wall. We want an entire glass



Below, a bird's-eye view of the Richards' house, set down among Chicago's skyscrapers. Left, the stable as it looked when Harper Richards found it. Gray shutters and flower boxes have been added, a lawn planted, a terrace built, shrubs put in near the house, and vines trained over the enclosing wall



To the left is the Harper Richards' stable after they worked their magic. Mr. Richards, an industrial designer, took a dilapidated old building, made it one of the smartest residences in Chicago. Mrs. Richards, former fashion designer, now a partner in her husband's firm and a specialist in color schemes, transformed the interior. The house sits back from the street, has an Old World courtyard and stone terrace in front, is surrounded by a high brick wall. Close the gate, and you're in the country



Two-year-old Holly Richards and the author playing in the courtyard. The house gives them the privacy of the country, conveniences of town

Louise Richards designs all of Holly's clothes, sends pictures to Grandmother in Washington, who makes everything that Holly wears



## It was a stable... now it's our home! continued

front in our house so that the garden will be part of the living-room. And in the summer we'd like to have the glass wall slide back so that we could live in the garden.)

In short, Harper was enthusiastic about his find; he phoned me, I met him, we looked the place over together, and by nightfall it was ours.

It has taken several years of hard work to lift its face, remodel its interior and make it comfortable. The first thing we did was paint the house and fence spanking white. We added gray shutters and window boxes in which we grow white petunias and red geraniums. Our front door matches the geraniums. We planted a lawn, added shrubs in front of the house and persuaded silver-lace vines and ivy to climb over the enclosing wall. On one side of the courtyard we built a stone terrace and installed a barbecue. All summer long we entertain out of doors. It adds to the fun, being only a stone's throw away from Chicago's busiest streets while lounging informally in our garden, cooking over an open fire, drinking mint juleps made from our home-grown mint. We always [Continued on page 175]

The Richards' ripped out a weird old fireplace, substituted a simple brick one, painted it chocolate brown, topped it with glass panels to hold their blanc de chine figurines. The ceiling is chocolate brown, the old floor is refinished, stained chocolate brown, the walls are white. Windows at either side of the fireplace are covered with wool printed in a tropical leaf and modern lily design in shades of coral, beige and dark green on a celadon-green ground. Mrs. Richards sits on one of the hewn, armless camel-hair chairs that flank the fireplace. Always careful to match the décor, she wears a kelly green dress she designed



In the living-room is a sofa, especially designed by Harper Richards, with a Flexwood limed-oak frame. It doubles as a guest bed and is covered in the same fabric as the draperies. The lamps are Oriental plaster figures, have green shades. The coffee-table is mirror-topped



In the picture to the left, the ceiling-track curtain is closed to separate dining-room from living-room. Above, the curtain is shown open. Back of the table is a built-in shadow box made of an old picture frame, indirectly lighted and filled with green foliage, a white Chinese figure



# I live



## One-room world

Janet's new design for living—a whole apartment in one room. She did the découpage pictures above; Father remade her bed into a couch. Below, her dressing-table, cut down, is now a coffee-table. She raids the icebox via a side hall, needn't go through living-room. The red draperies, bed covers and striped bounces are made from Cohn-Hall-Marx fabrics, Altman. The red wool rugs cost \$35





By Janet Botting

# with my family...

in peace and privacy

PETER MARTIN



## Family stronghold

Above, Janet comes home with friends, stops by in the living-room of the apartment to say hello to Mother and Father, then whisks the group off for beer and noise in her one-room home

**W**hy, Janet! This is certainly *your* room, all right! It looks *just* like you!" For the past few weeks, ever since the transformation of my bedroom into what is now almost a one-room apartment, my friends have been appropriately enthusiastic about the new curtains, couch covers and rugs, but the comments that have set me to wondering are: "Janet, it suits you!" "Janet, it's you to a T!" I've taken to digging morbidly at myself. Why did I choose just these colors, this arrangement of furniture, these

fabrics? How can things like a room, a scheme of decoration, echo me? What do they say about me? Frankly, I feel exposed!

My reasons for wanting a room in which I could do more than curl my hair, polish my nails and catch my eight hours per night were quite usual. I wanted more than just a bedroom. I wanted and needed a room where I could wine, dine and dance my friends without forcibly evicting my badgered parents from our apartment. [Continued on next page]



8:15—Janet leaves for the office. Note the handsome modern chests her mother gave her for her birthday. They cost \$68 each. For parties, they can be used as sideboards. Simple bookcases flank the windows. Janet's small-girl bureau was cut down for a window-seat; a baby's-crib mattress, covered in the curtain fabric, pads it comfortably

Below, wall brackets with ivy and a plain mirror lend a living-room-like formality. With Father helping to make furniture, total cost of converting room was under \$300

## Here's what Janet did

I've lived with my parents in the same apartment, which consists of a living-room, two bedrooms, two baths, a dinette and kitchen, for seven years. While I was going to Scarsdale High School most of my social life was connected with school—cheerleading, club meetings and proms. If nothing else presented itself for a Saturday evening, some enterprising member of the group would closet his parents and offer his house to our scavenger hearts. With all this "tearing about" (Mother's phrase for social life), I paid little or no attention to my room. It had a bed in it, which was all that mattered.

Then passed rapidly a year at Lasell Junior College in Massachusetts: a year of campus doings, new friendships and countless dances at M.I.T. and Harvard. Soon I was back in Scarsdale again, commuting to the city and my new job in *MADemoiselle's* Merchandise Department.

I had become part of a new world. My outlook changed and broadened in many ways. I met new people, the pace of my life quickened. Things in Scarsdale were no longer the same, either. The majority of my high school friends were still in col- [Continued on page 173]



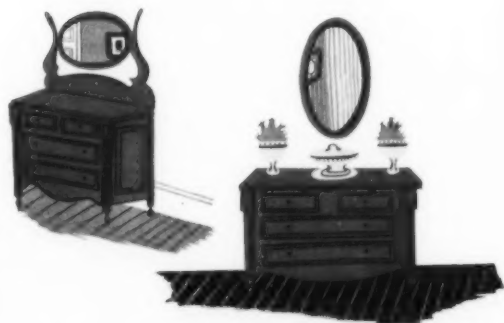
The swinging-arm lamp, indispensable for reading, was \$25 at McCreery. The bathroom-type shelf, painted white, houses perfumes in shadow-box elegance, cost only \$3



Transforming any bedroom into a sitting-room is a three-point operation. First, the bed: If you can, do away with its head- and footboards entirely (right). If this can't be done, trim the head down to match the foot (above right). Or, if the bed is too much of an heirloom, slip-cover both head- and footboards as has been done above



## Here's what you can do



Operation two, the dresser: The sketches above show how it may be shorn of its superstructure and cropped off in the legs for a new front-and-center look. The old oval mirror takes on dignity when hung vertically on the wall. If your parents object to this sort of surgery, tuck the bureau behind a screen as pictured at the right



Number three on our list is entertaining equipment. You can keep a hot plate, coffee maker, ice bucket and et-ceteras handy in a little cupboard, left, that you paint yourself. A homemade stand for your record-player and radio can have a drop-shelf for albums. A luggage-rack plus tray makes a large, first-class coffee-table



Catherine and Vim Holst bought a hill site overlooking the ocean on Cape Cod but could not afford to build. Then they saw an ad for Quonset huts and knew they had the answer. Here the whole family plans for their cottage. It was finished this summer, cost \$2,000

BUNNY ADLER

## Our co

This is the story of how we surprised ourselves by putting together an architecturally satisfying summer cottage for \$2,000. But the very beginnings of the story go back to a land purchase that in our case seemed quite daring.

On the last day of a brief Cape Cod vacation trip several years ago, we met a man who suggested that anyone who felt such a kinship for the Cape should own some of his three hundred acres. "Just pick out something," he said. "Anything you like."

The temptation was too great. By the time we were ready to leave next morning, we had marked off with piles of stones and white markers tied to tree stumps the piece of land we thought most beautiful of all, a heavily wooded hill facing the open ocean, and we had made a deposit. In due course the surveyor's report reached us, showing a purchase of approximately eight acres.

Back in New York we often wondered by what quirk of fate we had come to own eight acres of hill three hundred miles away. It seemed unlikely that we would be able to afford a summer place for many years. The distance alone made weekendening seem improbable.

Still, it was fun to talk about Truro, the wild, wind-swept dune country at the tip end of Cape Cod, near Provincetown, in which, willy-nilly, we now had a stake. Many a friend was carried far enough to inquire about the price of land in Truro (fantastically cheap, we think) by our rhapsodic descriptions of the wild, sweet moors, the soft-contoured hills and saddles of land, [Continued on page 176]



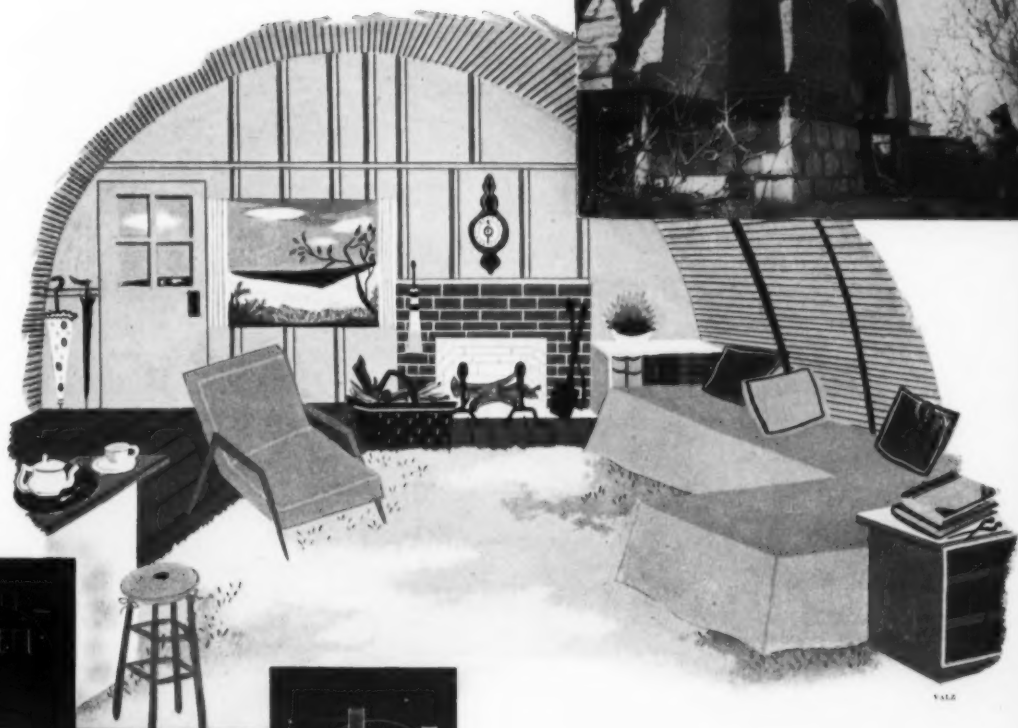
The cottage has a big end-window overlooking the sea, and a brick chimney. Gabrielle and Deirdre Holst never tire of playing on the beach, building castles, swimming

By Catherine Holst

Last March when Catherine and Vim drove up to see their cottage they were filled with misgivings. One look, they knew their Quonset was home

# Cottage by the sea

Cost, \$2,000



The Holst cottage is warm and snug, with its enfolding curved roof, soothing ocean view. The day beds have blue and green covers; there are yellow curtains at the windows; and the rug and chair are red. The dining counter is just off the kitchen and there are two bedrooms



What can a man write with such ardent collaborators as Susan, Mark, and Rufus the spaniel? "Nothing," most writers would shriek, but Tim Fuller turns out mysteries, short stories and novels, polishes and grooms his paragraphs with his progeny in his hair—literally

I don't know how it is with the rest of the daddies, but it took the arrival of our third child to convince me that as a parent I was here to stay. Susan was an engaging novelty, like a new oil burner, while Mark fell easily into his role of logical companion; but when Richard came aboard I was forced into a corner where I asked myself, "How do you stand, friend, on the future of the American family?"

My first decision was that a family of five with assorted livestock to keep it company needs a stationary roof. People with houses to rent took to their cellars at our approach, and so we bought a rambling old house up a dirt road thirty miles from Boston. We have sixteen acres, a stretch of trout stream stocked by the state, a tired apple orchard, and a big barn where we hope some day to bed a pony and a cow. The place in today's market was a find at \$8,000, and by some remarkable wizardry we financed the deal. So far we haven't been able to persuade a mother's helper or a servant girl, city or country bred, experienced or inexperienced, to share for long our ample living quarters, fresh air, country eggs,

By Timothy Fuller

# We all

We have three children, three cats, a dog, some chickens, no servants and a lot of fun

drafts, erratic plumbing and good old-fashioned hard work. But we have the roof, we divide up the chores and we manage.

Since I'm a free-lance writer, my office is set down in the heart of the Pabulum belt, where I estimate that in the last five years and in all kinds of weather I've changed upward of 6,500 diapers, and you won't get a more conservative figure from the National Association of Manufacturers. Not only that, but I have bathed, dressed, cooked for, fed, cleaned up after, tucked in and kissed good night the whole troupe singlehanded. Not often, of course, but my wife does take to her bed occasionally, and I'm always suspicious when she does. The last time she was in for a week with cat bite, faking a temperature of 102°. Frankly the only rung on the dizzying ladder of child-rearing I've missed so far is that splendid ten-day vacation flat on my back in a swank maternity hospital.

Those are my credentials, and I present them along with the opinion that what the family needs as much as the world [Continued on page 33]

Below: The Fullers' hundred-year-old house has charm, quaint plumbing, big fireplaces, wide floor-boards, plenty of rooms, including a child's playroom with a sliding board



Opposite: When a new idea dawns on Pa Fuller that needs meditation or when he wants to outline or plot a new story he makes for his ivory tower, climbs a ladder suspended over a deep well to his study on the second floor (no tots dare follow to this lair) and is safely removed from the clan's chatter

# pitch in







Before the children go to bed, Tim and Martha settle down to their old-fashioned, play the children's favorite records or read to them. After this the children go quietly to bed. (Or at least sometimes they do.) Martha usually manages to keep the house full of fresh flowers from her flower garden, and she grows luxuriant plants indoors the year round



In the country you get up early. Susan is ready for school, Mark is dressed but sleepy. Martha will cook a big breakfast with homemade bread



Baby Ricky joins the group for luncheon. The milkman delivers nine bottles of milk every other day. Martha loves to cook and, everything considered, that's mighty lucky



Tim is an experienced hand at this sort of thing, estimates that he has changed upward of 6,500 diapers in the last five years, has even run the house single-handed

is reorganization. I exclude ourselves, naturally. Not that we haven't had plans. We've had plans that would knock the eye out of Bernard Baruch.

Fresh and rested from a rural weekend's social drinking, we initiate all our plans on Mondays. Say we've decided this time to apportion the work load so that Daddy won't be disturbed between nine and three. Here's how: Mummy is out of bed with scarcely an oath at the first scream from Richard at six; at eight Daddy is aroused by the butt of an air rifle laid fairly across his brow by Mark who, it could be, has been briefed for this mission by Mummy herself; Susan is combed and ready for school. Six free hours stretch ahead for Daddy to work on his novel or finish a short story. What could possibly foul up the schedule now?

If writing as a home industry had more in common with blacksmithing, for instance, all might be well; I could pause in mid-sentence, attend to simple disasters like ailing water pumps, car failures, small fires, and stray cows in the kitchen garden (the garden is ours, the cows saunter over from next door), and go back whistling to the forge. But fiction is fantasy trapped by reason, and after a brisk round with a leaky steam radiator I find it hard to recapture the world of Walter Mitty in which I was berating Sam Goldwyn for that puny offer of \$2,000 a week. Also I have never yet had the heart to turn down a friend who needed company for a day in the field with rod, gun or mashie. The longest a rigid schedule ever lasted with us was Thursday. It works out like [Continued on page 177]

## We all pitch in, continued

The Fuller house is a gathering place for all the neighborhood kids. The old-fashioned organ is one attraction, another is the sliding board in the playroom, which rarely lacks an enthusiastic bottom



ALFONSO VALENTE



A workshop is not the place for a three-year-old to try experiments. Mark catches the devil from Tim, who has made each of the children a sled, builds, mends furniture



In canning season Martha stocks her shelves with homemade preserves, jams, jellies and vegetables. Tim picks the produce, Martha pickles and cans it



Martha collects antiques. Her schoolmaster desk is a treasure; the chairs and mirror are old, too. Martha keeps accounts, pays bills, is official letter writer for the family

# Penny and Pete

find an apartment

and furnish it

**I**magine! We've signed the lease. It's actually ours. Four whole rooms, with a sumptuous kitchen, plumbing that gleams, and big windows in the living-room. The apartment house is fairly modern—built ten years ago, Pete reckons—and Maplewood is a charming town. We even have trees!" That's Penny.

"It's only eighty-five bucks a month—not bad as New York suburban rents go nowadays—and a mere thirty minutes from my job in the city!" That's Pete.

Even Voltaire, Penny's poodle, is excited. Penny acquired Voltaire while Pete was overseas. Pete wasn't too enthusiastic about him at first. He didn't feel a poodle was the type of dog a veteran of Peleliu and Okinawa could fittingly walk on a leash, but Voltaire has gradually won him over. Pete puts his foot down, though, when Penny bedecks Voltaire with bows. He says colored leashes are quite bad enough. Voltaire seems to agree.

Pete returned from overseas duty in February '46. He and

Penny were married in June. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, they stayed with Pete's parents in New York City, while Pete got launched on his first peacetime job, with an engineering firm, and Penny tramped the town looking for a place of their own.

They finally settled, reluctantly, for two gloomy, semifurnished rooms in the East Forties so near the old L that the walls rattled and all conversation was drowned out every time a train ran up or down Third Avenue. The plumbing was strictly last-century-archaic, with an overhead water-tower that leaked. The radiators were surly. They wouldn't respond to kindness, but when Penny or Pete socked them with a hammer they gave off a little heat. Or maybe the exertion simply made it seem warmer.

Penny left most of her wedding presents in the cellar of her family's house in Baltimore. She bought almost nothing for the apartment, carefully hoarded her wedding checks, the money Pete saved while he was in the Service and the money she earned illustrating children's books while he was away. (Penny studied at the Maryland Institute of Art, plans to go on with her work as soon as she and Pete are settled.) Now they have \$2,500 to spend furnishing and decorating their new quarters.

As you can see, it's been up the hill for Penny and Pete for the past year. But at last they've signed a new lease—"on an apartment and on life," as Pete puts it.

Counting the dribblets Penny makes from her art work, she and Pete have an income of \$3,800 a year. They may be able to squeeze a few dollars out of this for extra home frills, but without any doubt their main purchases will have to come from the \$2,500 they've saved. Penny thinks they should buy a new car—theirs is a Chevrolet, a 1939 model, which Pete insists is a great vintage year. He says it will do them for a while still. He'll walk to the train in the mornings, Penny can meet him at night.



"Pete and I have lived in this crowded flat for a year. The landlady wouldn't let us change anything; it has a tenement view, so-so furniture, wilted curtains, tired bric-a-brac. No wonder we're so happy to move. My new fall suit, right, was about \$45"



On the Beach  
June '46



Dartmouth Winter  
Carnival Feb. '42

us

Pete



Pete and buddies



Honeymoon  
in  
Bermuda  
June, '46



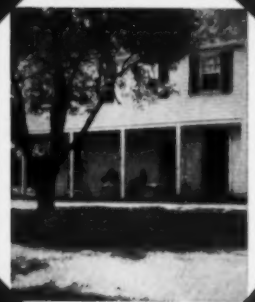
Quintico  
again!



us at the altar June, '46



Dime store photos taken  
when Pete came home. Feb. '46 -  
aren't we Killers?



*My family's house  
in Balto*



*In training at  
Quantico - I'm  
behind the hat Sept. '42*

"I'm a Baltimore girl; I met Pete when he spent a weekend there with a mutual friend, Si Randal. Pete invited me to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. Later I spent a weekend with his parents in New York. We were engaged when he enlisted in the Marines, trained at Quantico. Pete fought at Peleliu and Okinawa with the First Division, was stationed in China after the war. He came home in Feb. '46. We were married in June, with all possible trimmings"

## Penny and Pete's picture album

One room of their new apartment is a living-dining-room. They want a big sofa, comfortable chairs, few knickknacks. After a year in ghastly furnished rooms—rummage rooms, Pete called them—Penny says the plainer and simpler, the better. They want a black and yellow bedroom and a "Brown Study" because they like the color and think the name is cute; they'll use this extra room to bed down occasional guests and as a sewing-room. (The plot is to turn it into a nursery some day.) Penny's sister Nancy is a junior at Sarah Lawrence, will now be able to visit them for weekends. Penny is an incurable Cupid (aren't we all), and is currently backing Nancy's romance with a tall lank lad named Jim Marquis. Pete says, "Nancy's young, give her time." Penny says, "Well, I was younger when *we* got engaged!" Pete says, "*We're* special! And if you will just hoist your bang, I'll give you a kiss on the brow!"

Pete's mother—Mother D., Penny calls her—is not enthusiastic about the modern living-room Penny plans. Mother D. is an ardent collector of antiques, says modern rooms always remind her of the dentist's office—of which she'd rather not be reminded. Penny tells her that their modern room will be warm, comfortable and not a *bit* like an office. Pete says, "We won't have a single chromium chair in the place!" Mother D. is still dubious, but feels a little better about things when Penny assures her that Pete's great-great-plus grandfather's cherished antique pieces mingle well with their modern furniture and color schemes.

# Penny wants bright colors, modern designs

"A new apartment—peace it's wonderful, but so full of a number of things! I never *knew*! You have to buy light bulbs, hammers, nails, picture wire. You have to choose curtain materials, paint colors, wallpaper. You live in a welter of swatches, furniture polish, stepladders"



"We moved in on a Saturday." This is Penny telling the story in her own words. "By noon we were starving. I said brightly, 'I'll heat a can of soup.' But guess what? The stove wouldn't work! I hollered for Pete. 'Idiot child,' he said, 'did you call the gas company and ask them to turn the gas on?' 'No,' I said. 'I thought gas just happened.' We ate sandwiches for three days. Luckily, the last tenants left us their phone. Pete hates to talk on the phone. He bolluxes things up. He always says Yes, no matter what. He tells Janie Ryan, 'Yes, we'd love to come to dinner on Friday!' But that's the night we're having dinner with his family. So nowadays when the phone rings, Pete bellows, 'You answer it, honey! It'll save you time and trouble in the long run.' We don't play bridge often, Pete doesn't like it much, but he's a whiz at checkers. We play to see who does the dirty work—such as closing the windows in the morning, starting the coffee, walking Voltaire. Pete always wins but he does his share of chores anyhow. He's a sweet guy, and no fooling!"

At this point Pete takes up the story. "Since Penny is tossing compliments, I admit there are three points in her favor. (This is whittling things down, but it'll do as a starter.) One: She looks fine in pants—even *going*. Two: She can cook. When I went overseas, Penny couldn't fry an egg. I know. She tried to once on a picnic. But she's learned, and now she plays with herbs and wine and makes sauces like a professional. Even hollandaise! She throws things in a casserole, willy-nilly, it seems to me, tucks the works in the oven, and by some dark magic dinner is wonderful. My third boost for Penny is this: She's sort of grumpy in the morning. So am I. Penny can chatter with the best of Fraus, but thank the Lord, she doesn't at dawn. Besides, she looks like a spring jonquil when she wakes up. And brother, that I like!"







PETER MARTIN

"You know what moving day is like, I swear my feet still hurt, Voltaire upset a can of turpentine and smelled like a fury. Pete cut his hand on a piece of wire. But it was exciting and everything was so clean: fresh green hall, soft cocoa living-room, Brown Study, striped gray-and-yellow wallpaper in the bedroom"



"We didn't think we'd accumulated much stuff in our two rooms, but when it came to moving we discovered we had endless discards to send to the junkman: some given by relatives, some acquired in dim moments by us."

# Penny and Pete have \$2,500 to spend

"Pete and I want a modern sofa with clean lines, hardy springs, upholstery that can take it. We know this will cost money, but we think a good sofa lasts a lifetime. Mother D. agrees but wonders if we *must* bounce on them"

"All week I ferret out possible buys; on Saturdays I lead Pete to view them. One thing we need is a big living-room rug. We hope to find a cocoa brown in a durable textured broadloom"



"Mother D. takes me to her favorite antique shops. She wants to find ash trays, and some brown bottles for our Brown Study in which I can grow ivy. Voltaire loves to go shopping. Everyone admires him and he's a vain lad. I found my herringbone tweed topcoat for about \$60 at Altman"

"I'm an art student and illustrator myself, so I like modern art, want to buy a painting if it isn't too expensive. Here Pete and I look at pictures by the primitive artist, Lebluska (foreground), whose work is in the Museum of Modern Art. Prints are fine, but it's more fun to own an original, and someday we shall"









## Our Mart

Many alert, progressive stores throughout the country are as eager as **MADemoiselle's Living** to help you achieve color and charm and comfort in your home—on a budget, too, so you'll have cash left over for a housewarming and fun after your nest is feathered. Here we proudly list stores that are young-home-maker headquarters for readers of **MADemoiselle's Living** who would like to profit by Penny's and Pete's long and careful shopping and snooping for beauty and value in furnishings and accessories. These stores make available to you the same or similar merchandise. Look for the keyhole tag that identifies the merchandise that is shown in **MADemoiselle's Living**.

### Alabama

Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham

### Arizona

Dorris-Heyman, Phoenix

### California

Breuner's, Berkeley

Barker Bros., Hollywood

Barker Bros., Long Beach

Barker Bros., Los Angeles

Breuner's, Oakland

Breuner's, Richmond

Breuner's, Sacramento

W. & J. Sloane, San Francisco

Breuner's, Stockton

Breuner's, Vallejo

### Connecticut

G. Fox & Co., Hartford

### District of Columbia

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

### Florida

Burdine's, Miami

Maas Bros., Tampa

### Georgia

Rich's, Atlanta

J. B. White & Co., Augusta

### Illinois

Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

### Indiana

Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne

L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis

### Iowa

Younkers, Des Moines

T. S. Martin Co., Sioux City

### Louisiana

D. H. Holmes, New Orleans

### Massachusetts

Paine's, Boston

The Red Lion Shop, Springfield

### Michigan

Smith Bridgman Co., Flint

### Minnesota

The Dayton Company, Minneapolis

Schuneman's, St. Paul

[ Store list continued on next page ]

More of Penny and Pete's

Our Mart continued

**Missouri**

Robert Keith, Kansas City

Lammert's, St. Louis

Heer's, Springfield

**Nebraska**

Orchard & Wilhelm, Omaha

**New Jersey**

Quackenbush Co., Paterson

**New York**

Mayfair, Albany

Flint & Kent, Buffalo

**North Carolina**

Morrison Neese Furniture Corp., Greensboro

**Ohio**

Thurin's, Canton

John Shillito Co., Cincinnati

Sterling & Welch, Cleveland

Lamson Brothers, Toledo

**Oklahoma**

Harbour-Longmire Co., Oklahoma City

**Oregon**

Meier & Frank, Portland

**Pennsylvania**

William Laubach & Sons, Easton

Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia

Stoehr & Fister, Scranton

Fowler, Dick & Walker, Wilkes-Barre

L. I. Stearns & Sons, Williamsport

**South Carolina**

James L. Tapp Co., Columbia

**Tennessee**

Miller Bros., Chattanooga

Goldsmith's, Memphis

Period Furniture Co., Nashville

**Texas**

McAfee's, Amarillo

Titche-Goettinger, Dallas

Foley Bros., Houston

Joake's of Texas, San Antonio

**Utah**

Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City

**Virginia**

Ames & Brownley, Norfolk

S. H. Heironimus Co., Roanoke

**Washington**

Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

The Crescent, Spokane

Rhodes Bros., Tacoma

**West Virginia**

Anderson Newcomb Co., Huntington

**Wisconsin**

Boston Store, Milwaukee

Porter's, Racine

**Canada**

The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Montreal

The T. Eaton Co., House Furnishings, Ltd., Toronto

Many of the furnishings and accessories of Penny's and Pete's apartment were specially designed for them and for you by the manufacturers listed below:

Barret Textile Corp., New York, N. Y.

Bolender & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Charm Tred Mills, Chicago, Ill.

Cohn-Hall-Marx Co., New York, N. Y.

Fallani & Cohn, New York, N. Y.

Grand Rapids Bookcase & Chair Co., Hastings, Mich.

Kleinert Rubber Co., New York, N. Y.

Mahoganite, New York, N. Y.

Mollie Boynton, New York, N. Y.

Selig Manufacturing Co., Leominster, Mass.

Simmons Co., New York, N. Y.

Sun-Glo Studios, New York, N. Y.

Tonk Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Valentine Seaver Co., Naperville, Ill.

Waverly Fabrics, New York, N. Y.

All prices in this issue subject to change

Madame de la

**Living**

The magazine for smart young housewives

y's  
for  
w:

, Mich.





"As soon as I'd worked Pete around to proposing—Pete says I'm just trying to be a Shaw herpeline when I say I chased him, but I did—I began to collect silver and china and table linens. If you don't decide early in the game what patterns you want you end up with a mad jumble. For my best china, after hovering over china displays like a haunt, I chose Wedgwood's Edme pattern, white with a muted teal, simple enough to go with modern things, classic enough to go with antiques. The same is true of my silver pattern: it's Wallace's Grand Colonial. I use dark linens to set off my white china. My best cloth is Goldsmith's Irish linen, rich green with maize bands. This makes a wonderful background for crystal goblets and wine glasses. Mine are Fostoria's Holly pattern. For breakfast and luncheon I use Rustic's Desert Mist pottery, which is perfect with Fallani and Cohn's lime and brown place mats and napkins and amber Arlington crinkled glasses. The beauty of having a plan is that bit by bit you acquire twelve matching place settings."

## Penny's patterns



PETER MADDEN



"Hi, Betty! Believe it or not, our apartment is finished!" Pete says I have phoned every human being I know to spread the good news. He calls me the Paul Revere of the Bell system. Mr. Simmons did up our headboard of Glosheen like the draperies. Right, see my super closet—rosebud paper, striped accessories!"

KINO-WEEK



"We used random-striped wallpaper in gray and yellow in the bedroom, and a soft gray rug. I chose black Glosheen with yellow roses, so our room wouldn't be too sissy for Pete. Our night stands couldn't be more convenient: they hold everything, and our lamps were stupendous buys: they're so simple and big, and that's hard to find. I know, I did the trotting! At the right you'll see our Papa and Mama chests, grouped as a unit with one mirror. On the walls are flower water colors in black lacquer frames"





KEN WOOD

"Our Brown Study is definitely Pete's favorite room. Me—I'm torn. I like 'em all. Our studio couch—and Spz says it's fine to sleep on—has three holsters, a brown corduroy cover, a brown and white Persian-pattern flounced skirt. The rug is brown and textured, and the curtains are white with a brown modern design that blends well with the Persian stripe. We found a good modern desk, not too expensive, a comfortable desk chair and the working lamp is easy on the eyes—two ways! Pete's French prints are over the couch. Hope you like the trash bin we used to perk up the brown—and I mustn't forget to mention the walls—that's wallpaper though it looks just like a solid walnut panel. Below, right, you see Pete, working overtime. Behind him are two Japanese swords he brought back. The little one's for harakiri—always nice to have around a house, I tell him. I do my illustrating here, too"



"Pete and I did a lot of the work in our apartment ourselves. Pete is a good man with a paintbrush—notice the fine blue on the inside of our library shelves, for instance, and the linen closet in the hall, which he painted. I've never been a seamstress type, myself, but Ellen Power, a friend of mine, swore I'd be able to run up curtains and make slip covers if I'd take some Singer sewing lessons. I took them, and while I'm not what you'd call an expert, I made the bright striped curtains of Cannon cotton in the kitchen—see them across the way—and the matching apron for myself. (Our Hotpoint electric kitchen is *such* a blessing after the Black Hole of Calcutta we vacated!) And I made my dressing-table skirt and a few other things. Now that our apartment is all finished and Pete and I no longer spend every weekend and evening with our sleeves rolled up, painting and sewing and hanging pictures and curtains, we can sit back smugly and enjoy the place. Last night while we were having leisurely after-dinner coffee and admiring our living-room—I'm saving that as the special surprise for you—I said, 'It's time to gather the clan and show off, isn't it?' 'Sure,' Pete said. 'Let's have a party!' We spent the rest of the evening making out a list of friends and relatives to ask to our housewarming; at first we tried to limit the guests to ten, then fifteen, finally we decided to invite our twenty best friends and relations."

PETER MARVIN



"At the Singer sewing class I learned to make curtains and slip covers that fit"



"Pete painted Voltaire's wicker basket to be shiny new, I added a bright red cushion"



"Maplewood has some wonderful markets. On Saturdays Pete helps me choose the groceries"

# Housewarming

"On D Day morning I was nervous as a witch. Our first party! I began jittering around the kitchen at dawn. At ten Pure Peace, the maid I'd hired through the Y.W.C.A., arrived. According to them she'd wear a size sixteen uniform, but I saw at once that Pure Peace was considerably slimmer. One more thing to do! Try the uniform on, and take darts in it. Pure Peace admired our apartment extravagantly, kept telling me: 'Everything's fine, Miz Donoghue.' 'Fine, my hat!' I said. 'The lettuce hasn't come.' Pure Peace must have a pipe line to heaven. The bell rang and there was the lettuce!"

Dear Colin and Betty  
Can you help christen our  
new apartment on the 5<sup>th</sup>? Supper  
at 7:00. Hope you can make it  
affair,  
Penny



PETER MARTIN



PETER MARTIN

"Pete," I called. "Don't splash water all over everything, guests will be here in an hour!" Our bathroom is yellow and green, with Kleiner's lattice-pattern shower curtain. "Hurry!" I said, "so I can straighten up in there!"

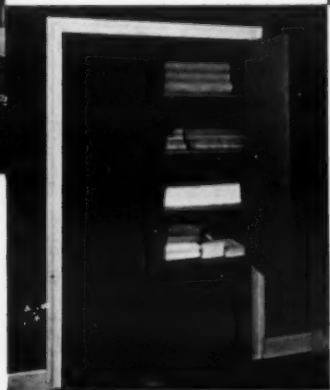


"My dressing-table is in the bathroom, with convenient shelves above it. I draped it with material to match the shower curtain and bought green and yellow accessories that match—hamper, tissue box and wastebasket"

## That hour before the party

"Our hall linen closet is pale green. We have green towels and washcloths for me, yellow ones for Pete, pale green Pepperell sheets and fluffy yellow blankets made by North Star"

KING WOODS







KING WARRIOR

"Here is our living-room, all slicked up and ready for the party. The walls and textured broadloom rug are cocoa. The curtains are lipstick red with lime plaid. Our end tables and coffee-table are modern, with a rubbed lime-lacquer finish. We've a club chair in lipstick red and a barrel chair in lime. They're both modern. The big lamps are of Checkwood, give us plenty of light. The plants are my pride"





KING WELLS

## All set

"Pure Peace and I worked like fiends to make the table look pretty. Now that it's all set, I'm quite pleased. We put the ham on our Carv-King cutting board, a wedding present and the first chance I've had to use it. I'm also proud of my Wallace Grand Colonial silver. The tablecloth is cocoa to match the living-room walls and is trimmed with a Dan River cotton plaid. The napkins are fringed plaid. The Lazy Susan, plates, tray and salad bowls are all mahogany—doesn't the wood tone blend well with our cocoa-colored living-room walls?—decorated with the same plaid as the tablecloth. It's a new process—the fabric is actually put on the wood, covered with a heat- and scratchproof transparent surface. Other items: Valorware casserole, Jonmar salt and pepper mills, Rustic pottery"

# Twenty guests for twenty bucks

When Pete saw the table he gave a wolf whistle. "Gee," he said, "that's a mighty fine spread. Where'd you get the gadget for the ham?" "From your Aunt Alice," I told him. "She gave it to us when we were married. You admired it at the time." "At the time," Pete said, "I was strictly unconscious." "How do you like our three-tiered lazy Susan?" I asked. "Hey! Don't eat all the radishes before the guests even get here." "They're good," Pete said. "And by the way—your indoor garden is flourishing like a green bay tree." "Those," I said, "are philodendron and stylytsia and ivy—not green bay trees!" "Well, you've a green thumb," Pete said, "you can't argue about that!" Actually, my garden grows because I take the plants out on the terrace for sun and air every day. The windows behind the table are really French doors, leading to a small terrace. But we've treated them like windows, with Venetian blinds that fall to the floor. The table alcove is across from the fireplace.

Menu

Ham - Cakes in wine  
8 lbs ham \$9.00  
wine \$1.69

Scalloped potatoes  
onions, milk .574

Green Salad  
lettuce dressing  
spinach  
watercress \$1.75

radishes  
2 doz. eggs  
ripe olives  
carrots  
radishes  
celery  
cauliflower \$3.10

cheese and crackers  
rolls  
Gouda cheese \$3.04

coffee  
goody less than \$20! ~~\$19.15~~

The salad bowl below and the small bowls on our Lazy Susan are part of our new set of dishes. It's a very wonderful set, I think, made of scratch- and heatproof mahogany with a Dan River cotton plaid





PETER MASON

We use this early American cobbler's cabinet that Pete inherited from a great-great somebody or other as a party bar and sideboard. Mother D. is reconciled to our modern pieces because this mellow old pine cabinet turns out to look so well with them. People admire it more than anything else we own, I guess, and it's not only handsome—with all those drawers and niches, it's mighty useful, too. I keep table mats, glasses, silver, all sorts of things in it.

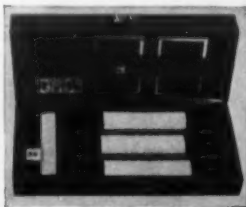
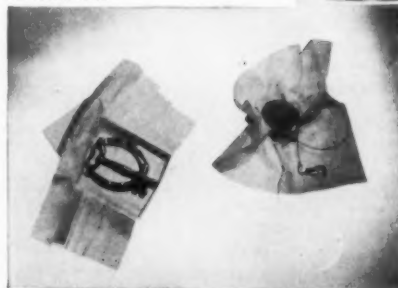
Before the party Pete and I totted up our finances and decided beer was all we could afford. Then this afternoon the doorbell rang, and there was a delivery boy with a big package. Father D. had sent us eight bottles of likker. I have scrumptious in-laws, no two ways about it. We were hoping my mother and father could come up from Baltimore for the shindig, but Dad's so busy, they had to postpone their visit. They sent us twelve green highball glasses that just match the stripes in our curtains. What luck! I put the daisies that Sis's beau Jim sent, in a Boston-baked-bean pot, and Pete said, "I certainly married a cagey one-cent piece." That's what he calls me when he's quite pleased with me but doesn't want

to sound mushy. Marines are extra wary of mush. The two pictures over the cobbler's cabinet are Mexican prints. I found a set of twelve at the F.A.R. Galleries and couldn't resist them. Pete worked out something very clever for me. He tacked two molding frames to the wall so that I can change the pictures around every week. I keep the other ten in an album. "It's like a blasted art gallery," Pete says, but he likes it. He pokes fun at my drawings, too, but guess what he did. He hung two little gnomes I painted for a children's book in his office. "They're gremlins," Pete says, "and they remind me to bring home the bacon because Pennys come high!" "All right," I tell him, "I'm an extravagant wife, and I'll drive you to the poorhouse, you abused darling!" That brings him round. Before long he is telling me I'm a wonderful manager and a genius to have figured out a party of twenty guests for twenty bucks, and after a bit I forgive him. "You know," I say, "I'm cheating a little bit. The party really costs \$21 if we count the beer and cokes." "Then we won't count them," Pete says. And we don't. I'd like to have a housewarming every week!

# Presents for the housewarming



MILLER-KING-WOOD



"Holy gee!" That was Penny, suddenly wide awake after lights were out last night. "Pete—are you asleep?" "Hunh?" mumbled Pete. "Because," said Penny, "it just struck me, they may bring presents!" "Who?" said Pete. "Why?" "Our friends," said Penny. "For the housewarming. Oh, Pete—what'll we do?" "Do?" Pete growled. "Say thank you!" "But, Pete, suppose they bring horrors—lamps with cupids and a Scottie doorstop, and..." "Never look a Scottie gift dog in the mouth," said Pete. "I'm going to give you a ten-foot copy of *September Morn* if you don't go to sleep, but quick!" "I'll love it!" giggled Penny. "Good night! Oh, by the way—I'll hang it in your study!"

Housewarming presents needn't be horrors—as little Doubting (female) Thomas, alias Penny, will discover when she sees how wisely her friends have shopped for her. The Allans are bringing plain Pilsener beer glasses, those nice ones that work down to a narrow stem and cost \$7.50 a dozen. The Schaefflins have a present for Voltaire, an item called a release—a leash that's actually wound on a reel so that Voltaire can be played like a fish. Colin and Betty are contributing a set of metal coasters, eight of them, in wonderful colors—Chinese blue, gold, forest green, at \$2.95 a set. Penny's sister is giving her an old-fashioned salt box containing herb vinegars and herbs, a find at \$5.50. Pete's boss has an extravagant wife who thinks Penny and Pete are the *nicest* young couple. She's contributing a game set in a leather case, with cards, chips, dice—all very handsome for \$19.95. Ralph, Pete's roommate at Dartmouth, has found a silver-plated valve jigger for \$4; it holds two ounces of whiskey, releases it when the spoon is put in the glass—very Roger. Other fine surprises in store for Penny are: a good-luck door knocker, \$3; a set of paper napkins, plates and doilies ripe with roses, \$1; and, to prod Pete toward domesticity, a book called *That Man in the Kitchen*.

To find out where to buy these presents, see page 165

# 7:30 p.m.



Sis and Jim and Betty and Colin were first to arrive, at 7:30 sharp, but I'd already asked Pete: "Suppose nobody comes? What'll we do?" "We'll eat so much supper, we'll be sick," said Pete, who doesn't worry easy. He gave me my new *moire* dress as a surprise. Mother D. helped choose it. I cheated, peeked at the price—about \$30

# 1:30 a.m.

It's fun after a party, too, when you rehash it. "Pure Peace turned out to be marvelous!" I said. "Sure," said Pete, "except she put salt in the sugar bowl." "I know," I said, "but I caught it in time. Before your boss got it, anyhow!" My prim nightgown with ruffles—it's knee-length—cost about \$13

**O**ur first party—and it really was a success!" This is Penny picking up the story. "I only hope everybody had as much fun as I did. They were all thrilled with our apartment. Pete says, 'They had to rave,' but I think you can tell whether it's gospel or just polite. This was gospel. Maybe they liked our Brown Study best. No, maybe the living-room. Well, frankly I don't know *what* fetched them most. The girls thought the kitchen and closets were 'Dee-vine!' and so do I. Okay, Pete, I'm *not* the modest type. And even you have to admit they loved the supper—why nothing was left, not even enough ham for an omelet tomorrow night. And I'll tell you what, I think Sis and Jim are a real thing—no matter what Pete says! I do hope so. I want to help fix up another apartment! At this Pete threw a pillow at me, hollered, 'You insatiable brat!' Well that's me! I'd better face it."



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Below you'll find a list of the manufacturers who made the furnishings in Penny and Pete's apartment. . . . Prices may vary in different parts of the country due to shipping rates, et cetera, but for a list of stores where you can find the same things, turn to page 166

# Penny and Pete's shopping list

## Living-Room

Valentine Seaver Co., Naperville, Ill.	
Two-cushion sofa, covered in green matelassé from Cohn-Hall-Marx.....	\$216.00
Small club chair, covered in woven antique satin in lipstick red plaid .....	107.00
Modern barrel chair, upholstered in Cohn-Hall-Marx lime antique satin....	118.00
Tonk Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.	
2 Sofa end tables, oak finished in lime rubbed lacquer, each.....	25.30
Cocktail table, oak in lime lacquer, with glass insert top.....	28.50
Step table, oak with lime lacquer.....	26.60
Grand Rapids Bookcase & Chair Co., Hastings, Mich.	
Dining table, bleached oak.....	62.50
2 dining armchairs, bleached oak, each	24.50
Mohawk Carpet Co., Amsterdam, N. Y.	
12' x 18' sculptured carpet.....	223.20
Cohn-Hall-Marx, New York, N. Y.	
14 yds. of lipstick plaid antique satin	
\$4, yd., for draperies Penny makes herself.....	56.00
Sun Glo Studios, Inc., New York, N. Y.	
2 checkwood lamps 31" high, each....	25.00
Checkwood floorlamp with brass trim.	39.95
Bertha Schaeffer Gallery, New York, N. Y.	
Cape Cod Scene, an original oil, by Will Barnett.....	200.00
A. Leipzig, Inc., New York, N. Y.	
Wicker dog bed.....	9.75
Geo. F. Bassett & Co., New York, N. Y.	
Bouckware fruit bowl.....	16.50

Heart ashtray.....	3.25
Hexagonal ashtray.....	2.50
S. P. Skinner Co., New York, N. Y.	
Fire set and stand.....	24.00
Wood basket.....	24.00
Log cradles.....	7.50
Bar fender.....	21.00

## Bedroom

Simmons Co., New York, N. Y.	
French Provincial headboard in Waverly's "Beauty Rose" Glosheen.....	29.95
Grand Rapids Bookcase & Chair Co., Hastings, Mich.	
6-drawer chest in chamois oak and mat black lacquer finish.....	118.00
Modern dresser, same finish.....	96.24
Matching nightstands, each.....	39.00
Dresser mirror, mat black frame.....	44.00
Chairside table, mat black finish.....	19.75
Selig Chair Company, Leominster, Mass.	
Slipper chair in green Glosheen.....	24.00
Charm Tred Rug Mills, Chicago, Ill.	
Slate gray shag rug, 9" x 12".....	90.00
Imperial Paper Corp., Glens Falls, N. Y.	
Gray, yellow and white stripe, used on one wall, roll (doubles only) .....	3.35
Waverly Fabric Company, New York, N. Y.	
"Beauty Rose" Glosheen, 18 yds. at 1.50	27.00
Green Glosheen for spread, 6 yds. at 1.50	9.00
Richard, Borden Mills, New York, N. Y.	
Snowberry glass curtains, 2 pr. at 4.00	8.00
Bolender & Co., Chicago, Ill.	
Bedside lamps, gray base with black painted shades, each 17.00.....	34.00

Handpainted floral water colors, framed in black, set of four.....	12.00
Large matching watercolors, pair....	30.00
Pepperell Mfg. Co., New York, N. Y.	
Green percale sheets, pair.....	8.20
Pillow cases to match, pair.....	1.90
North Star Woolen Mills, New York, N. Y.	
Yellow, Nocturne blanket, 72" x 90" .	9.95
SunGlo Studios, New York, N. Y.	
Bubble vase.....	7.50
Bubble perfume bottles, each.....	8.00
Lace pattern plate.....	3.00
Lace pattern ashtray.....	3.00

## Bedroom Closet

Imperial Paper & Color Corp., Glens Falls, N. Y.	
Rose-sprigged yellow paper, triple roll	3.75
Kerk-Guild Inc., New York, N. Y.	
54" Garment bag, yellow and gray striped Everglaze chintz.....	12.50
Hat box, transparent.....	5.50
Hat box, transparent, small.....	3.95
Storage box.....	7.50
Combination tray.....	3.95
Knape & Vogt, Grand Rapids, Mich.	
K-Venience Tie Rack.....	3.00

## Brown Study

Simmons Co., New York, N. Y.	
Daybed (opens up double) in muslin, with matching bolsters in muslin....	117.00

(Continued on page 166)



# Booklets you can use



Do you know your springs—not the Saratoga brand, but those that go into a mattress, a chair, a sofa? If you want to paint your hall a subtle blue, do you know how to mix the paints to get the proper shade? Do you know what to look for besides color and pattern when you buy a rug? If you have any doubts about how to buy home furnishings, what to look for, how to decorate, here are a number of booklets that will teach you your ABC's and prove helpful to you in getting your money's worth. Drop a card to the company, ask for their booklet, mentioning MLLE's LIVING, and they will send you a copy posthaste.

## Color, Paints, Decoration



Nu-Enamel, 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3, Ill., *Help Yourself to Color Styling*, shows color combinations for all the rooms of the home, simple directions on how to paint them, and typical costs of the jobs.

Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Finishes Division, Wilmington 98, Delaware, *Trans-formagic*, how to decorate old, uninteresting furniture and walls into attractive and unusual assets to a home through Peter Hunt's painting methods. Priced at 10c.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., 2200 Grant Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa., *Pittsburgh Color Dynamics for the Home* explains the relationship between wave lengths of light energy produced by color to your home. It also provides hints on how to use color as a safety measure in the home.

U. S. Gypsum Co., Paint Dept., 300 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill. *Color Keynotes to Interior Decoration*, information on how to decorate your home, "recipes" for mixing paint colors; directions for applying. Priced at \$1.00.

American Crayon Co., Sandusky, O., *Do It Yourself*, tells you how to paint on fabrics with Prang Textile paints, shows examples. 25c.

Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill., *Quilts for Today*, an old handicraft is revived. Complete instructions for making, plus some of the old patterns for you to go by. Also a booklet on *Hooked Rugs*, with the complete story of how you can make them yourself and how to take care of them.

Imperial Paper and Color Corp., Glens Falls, N. Y., Jean McLain's *Color Harmonizer*, shows how to plan pleasing color schemes for your rooms and a general color theme for your house. Presents eight Color Harmonizer Charts to help you in your color selection. Priced at 25c.



## Rugs

Lees, Inc., Bridgeport, Pa., *What Goes With What*, shows you clearly in color illustration how to plan color schemes and harmonize rugs with furnishings of all types. Priced at 25c.

Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co., 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, Clara Dudley's *How To Make Your Rugs Last Longer*, a folder giving data on daily care, moth prevention, storage. *Colorama*, Clara Dudley's book on color ideas is also put out by this company.

Amsterdam Textiles, 295 Fifth Avenue, *Tomorrow's Rugs for Homes of Today*, presents rug fabrics, etc., in correct color correlation and gives a color chart.

Mastercraft, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., *The Romance of Hooked Rugs*, tells you important facts about hand-hooked rugs, includes suggestions for cleaning and repairing. 10c.

Nahigan Brothers, Inc., 169 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., *A History of the Oriental Rug*, the fascinating background of Oriental rug suggestions on their use and care.

Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pa., *Portfolio of Room Ideas*, clever decorative suggestions for every room in the house. 10c.

Hoover Company, North Canton, Ohio, Made E. Dilts' *Carpets and Rugs*, a real history of rugs explaining types of construction, with chapter on care, and a glossary of terms used in the carpet industry.

Deltex Rug Co., 295 Fifth Ave., New York 16, *Deltex Home Planner*, on using summer and fiber rugs the year round.

Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, *Keep It Clean*, is a complete booklet on how to take care of your rugs. *Top in Quality* tells you what to look for when you are buying rugs and carpets.

Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., 140 Madison Ave., New York 16, *Matchbook* of paper color samples for working out color schemes, *The Middle House*, a pamphlet showing three rooms in colors, no charge. *Room Planner*, material for laying out floorplans, 25c. *Thumbnail Decorator*, a booklet full of ideas, 25c.

## Curtains and Trimmings



E. L. Mansure Company, 1605 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill., *Here's How to Use Trimmings the Way Decorators Do*, tells how to measure for trimmings, how to make swags, valences and such things. 10c.

Consolidated Trimming Corp., 27 West 23rd Street, New York 10, *1,001 Decorative Ideas You Can Use For Your Home*, directions on how to make slip covers, curtains, upholster furniture, make bedspreads, plan a good color scheme—with lots of photographs in black and white and color. Ask for No. 5, the newest edition, priced at 20c.

Robertson Factories, Inc., 321 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, *How to Curtain Your Windows* by Harriet Stillman, advice on selection of the right style, measurement of windows, correct curtain widths and lengths, how to hang and drape curtains, how to buy hardware and care for your curtains. 10c.

H. L. Judd Co., Wallingford, Conn., *A Sketch Book of Window Style*, tells how to drape your windows, choose the right hardware. 10c.

## Lighting

Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, *Bright Ideas To Put Your Home in a Favorable Light*, by Effa Brown, contains suggestions on where lighting should be located in the home, renewing and re-doing old lampshades.

Westinghouse Electric Corp., Pittsburgh 30, Pa., *Electrical Living*, animated with stills from Walt Disney's film "The Dawn of Better Living" and illustrations on how to get the most out of the new electrical appliances.

## Fabrics

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Inc., Wilmington 98, Del., *About Du Pont Nylon*, explains the care of nylon fabrics, the chemistry of nylon, and how nylon yarn is made.

Dan River Mills, Danville, Va., *Dan River's Dictionary of Textile Terms*. It is just that, between gingham-printed pages.

Aralac, Inc., 230 Park Avenue, N. Y., *From Dairies of America to Serve Americans* shows, besides the uses of Aralac, just how it is made.

Waverly Fabrics, 60 West 40th Street, New York 18, *Color Tricks Galore With Fabrics*, provides directions for making slipcovers, vanity skirts, flounces, draperies, and hints on how and where to use color and fabrics. 10c.



## Bedding

Owen Silent Spring Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn., *How to Choose a Mattress* explains ticking, upholstering and coils and provides a guide in choosing your own mattress.

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York 13, *How To Make Your Towels Last Longer*, gives a yardstick for judging a towel's quality in buying, and for taking care of it later.

North Star Woolen Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn., *This Will Put You To Sleep*, a light-hearted booklet which explains in a scientifically sound manner, the reasons for and methods of cure of insomnia, tips on buying bed accessories, making a bed.

Kenwood Mills, Albany, N. Y., *Here Comes the Bride*, booklet in the form of a scenario. Points out what to look for in buying a blanket.

Pepperell Mfg. Co., 40 Worth Street, N. Y. 13, *Sheets and Blankets* by Kay Roberts, describes pictorially and verbally, how to buy bed accessories, how to care for them, and gives some ideas for planning your linen closet.

## Closets

Protex Products Company, Inc., 347 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16, *How to Decorate With Quiltron*, an assortment of ideas for closet decoration, and methods for executing them in the new satin-smooth plastic Quiltron. Suggestions for windows are also offered.

Hoosier Industries, Inc., 1111-1201 Washington Street, Laporte, Indiana, *Introducing Lazy Dazy*, explains the advantages of the new revolving shelf units, and how to figure specifications for them.

Knappe & Vogt Mfg. Co., Grand Rapids 4, Mich., *How to Make the Most of Your Closets*, a 48-page book by Helen Koues, priced at 10c with which is included a new brochure of ideas and equipment. Also *There's Magic in K-Veniences*, showing the K-V metal closet accessories

with ideas for your own closets, in addition to a list of stores carrying the accessories.



## Furniture

Mahogany Association, 75 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill., *The Mahogany Book*, sixth edition, the whole story of mahogany from forest to your home, with illustrations of veneers and an outline of period styles.

No-Sag Spring Company, 21590 Hoover Road, Detroit, Mich., *You Can't Know Furniture Until You Know Springs*, explains what's under the upholstery of your furniture and how to look for good lasting quality.

The Mengel Co., Louisville, Ky., *The Furniture You Design*, little folder on Module furniture and how to plan your own units with it; booklet *How to Keep Beautiful Furniture Beautiful*, with color chart showing how to harmonize colors with various woods and finishes and also how to deal with burned spots, scratches, etc.

Morgan Manufacturing Co., Asheville, N. C., *Today's Trend—Tomorrow's Treasure*, provides description and explanation of Morgan modern furniture group; how to plan your rooms and care for your furniture.

Vanderley Brothers, Inc., Grand Rapids, Mich., *Jewels of Victorian Furniture*, pictures and tells about the fine reproductions of 19th century pieces made today. Priced at 15c.

Brandt Cabinet Works, Inc., Hagerstown, Md., *Sketchbook of Tables and How to Use Them*, a double score of suggestions of how to select the right small table and how to place it for maximum convenience. 25c.

Drexel Furniture Co., 572 Huffman Road, Drexel, N. C., a booklet describing *Traditional Furniture by Drexel and Touraine*, 10c each.

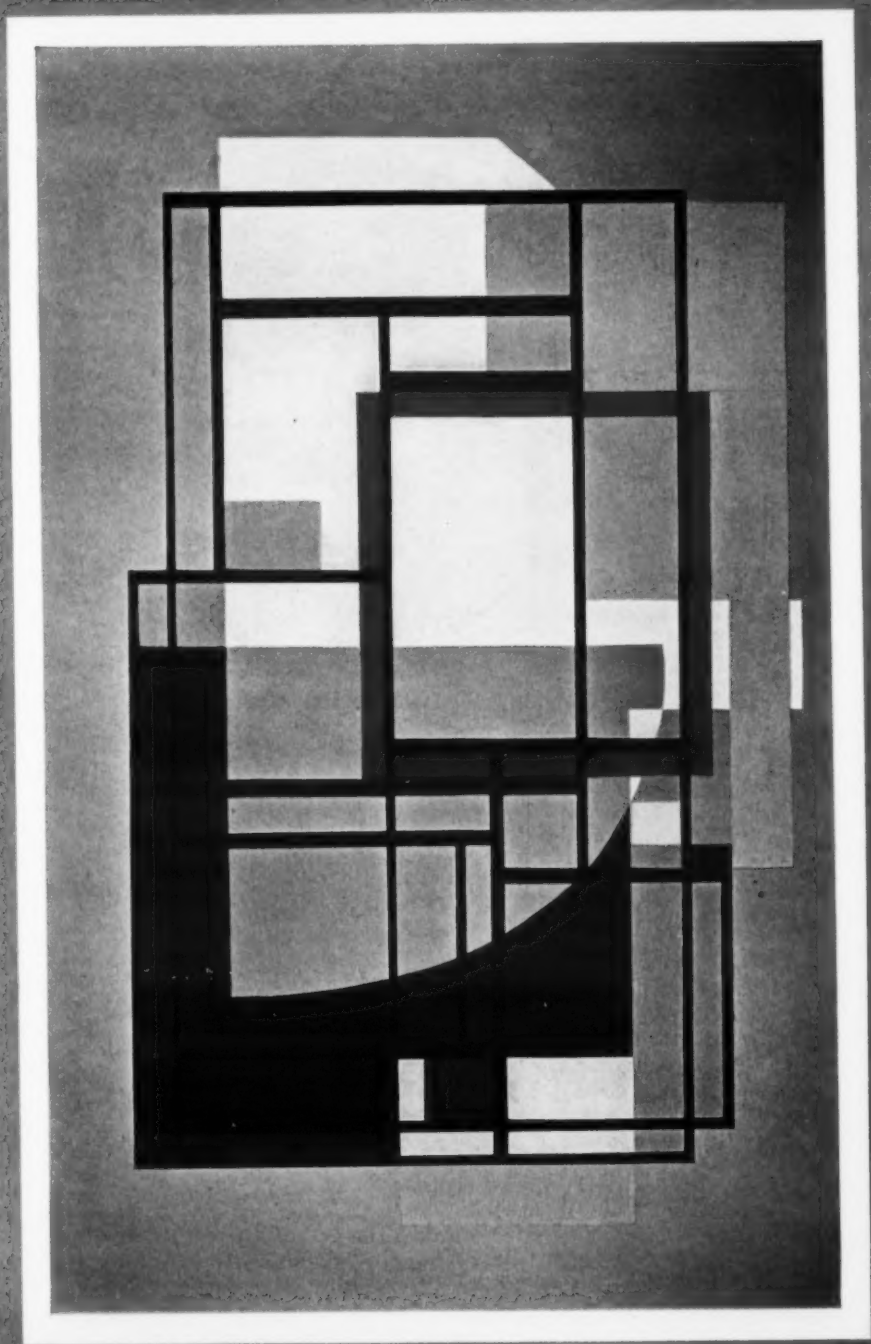
James B. Salterini Co., 510 East 72nd Street, New York 21, publish a beautiful booklet showing their Neva-Rust garden furniture in indoor and outdoor settings. Profusely illustrated in colors. Priced at \$1.

Kensington, Inc., New Kensington, Pa. have a leaflet on their new aluminum and blond wood furniture by designer Lurelle Guild.

# Planning for Tomorrow

- 57 *Composition*, by Ilya Bolotowsky
- 58 What Sort of Homebody Are You?
- 60 Wanted: Young Women to Lick the Housing Crisis, by Charles Abrams
- 62 A Better Way, by Lee Carson Hainson
- 68 Let's Talk about You: Our Homemaker Quiz
- 71 What Is a Modern House? by Thomas Creighton
- 74 Make a Model of That House You Want!
- 76 Landscaping in Three Acts, by Margaret O. Goldsmith
- 80 Plans for Young Houses
- 84 Streamlined Blonds, by Greta Daniel
- 90 Antiques without Tears, by Malcolm Franklin
- 92 Antiques Are Good Matchmakers, by Louise Price Bell
- 94 New Table Talk
- 96 A New Way of Living: Out of the Oven onto the Table
- 98 Everybody Asks Two Questions: About Table Settings
- 100 It's Never Too Soon to Begin to Collect Table Things
- 102 Gruesome Tales: or Home Sweet Home, Where the Careless Die Young
- 104 Booklets You Can Use

**M**añana, mañana—there'll be the sweet sound of the rivet as new houses spring up, we'll have new furniture, linen closets finely stocked, a new car in the garage, no mortgage to plague us and a well-run community for our families to thrive in with never a hint of a slum or a housing situation. Maybe so. But dreams and wishful thinking won't turn the trick. We'll have to plan and stick to our plans if we want tomorrow to come true. What do you see in the crystal ball of the future? What do you see in *Composition* by Ilya Bolotowsky, the non-objective painting we have chosen to symbolize plans, planes, windows, rooms, houses, sides of buildings, roofs, arcs and arches, towns, planned communities, other shapes of things to come? Artists like Ilya Bolotowsky scorn real objects, paint pure designs and colors, wish to create a mood. To us, the mood of this painting is a planned tomorrow with free forms that will influence architecture, many other designs







# A

1. If you had a bulky old furnace, a very bare living-room wall, and \$300 to spend as you please, would you buy:

- a. A lovely original painting (\$225), and have the old furnace repaired (\$75)? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. A new furnace (\$275), and a Cézanne reproduction (\$25)? \_\_\_\_\_

2. You take an influential and wealthy young woman whom you know very slightly to lunch in an unfamiliar restaurant. The check unexpectedly totals \$9.25. You have a ten-dollar bill and not a penny more. Would you:

- a. Put down the \$10 and depart calmly? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Borrow 50¢ from your acquaintance to add to the tip? \_\_\_\_\_

3. At your favorite game—bridge, tennis or whatever—do you:

- a. Make a consistent effort to improve your ability? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Play just-for-the-hell-of-it—win, lose or draw? \_\_\_\_\_

4. In a club or organization that honestly interests you, would you prefer to:

- a. Be an active chairman? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Work but not hold an office? \_\_\_\_\_

5. Pretend that you are a healthy young man. Ready? Now, would you rather spend a summer:

- a. Working your way on a round-the-world cruise? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Loafing in a lonely but comfortably-equipped mountain lodge? \_\_\_\_\_

6. If, by some magic, family and finances didn't enter into things at all, would you:

- a. Like to move to another town, city or country? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Stick to your own native heath? \_\_\_\_\_

7. The day after you (or your husband) get an unexpected 20 per cent raise, the landlord offers you an apartment (or house) the same size as yours but with a terrace and view. Would you:

- a. Take it at a 15 per cent rent increase? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Stay put and gloat over your savings bank? \_\_\_\_\_

Score: \_\_\_\_\_

1. Does the daydream of buying a jewel of an island in the South Seas and living there seem:

- a. Pretty interesting? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Pretty horrible? \_\_\_\_\_

2. If you were taking a brand-new job that you thought would interest you and that you knew you could do, would you prefer:

- a. No written contract? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. An ironclad two-year contract? \_\_\_\_\_

3. When you have a serious personal problem to deal with, do you like to:

- a. Wrestle with it in strict privacy? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Get advice from some close friend? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Everyone can more or less take a deserved criticism, but when someone makes a not-quite-true criticism to your face, do you:

- a. Defend yourself with the real facts? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Let it pass, trusting your behavior to speak for itself? \_\_\_\_\_

# B



5. From Paris an ancient uncle sends you a dress that is wonderfully becoming but recognizably a prewar style. Would you:

- a. Wear it as is and devil take the hindmost? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Have it altered in the direction of 1947-8? \_\_\_\_\_

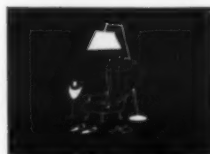
6. In stark candor, complete this statement: "In all-around comparison to half-a-dozen best friends, I am—"

- a.—superior to all, or all but one? \_\_\_\_\_
- b.—inferior to two or more? \_\_\_\_\_

7. Try seriously to make this silly psychosomatic choice. Would you rather have:

- a. Plato's mind and your own body? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Your own mind and Ingrid Bergman's body? \_\_\_\_\_

Score: \_\_\_\_\_



# C

1. Now naturally you want people to like you. But do you:

- a. Want people you don't especially like to like you? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Feel unconcerned as to whether you are liked by those you don't like? \_\_\_\_\_

2. If you found yourself unexpectedly at home alone on a misty evening, would you:

- a. Phone a friend to drop in? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Enjoy an evening's solitude? \_\_\_\_\_

3. You walk into a very literary discussion to find the group voraciously and unanimously damning a writer whose work you think quite good. Would you:

- a. Keep quiet but remain unconvinced? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Enter a firm plea for the defense? \_\_\_\_\_

4. From your private and personal viewpoint, which would you rather have:

- a. \$160 a month the rest of your life? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. \$50,000 cash right this minute? \_\_\_\_\_

5. In a happy marriage, should the budget and bank balance be watched by:

- a. Husband? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Wife? \_\_\_\_\_

6. An acquaintance of yours has a quick temper and a passion for argument. Would you generally:

- a. Humor her and keep the peace? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Tell her off whenever necessary? \_\_\_\_\_

7. After leaving the box office and reaching the ticket taker at the movies, you discover that the cashier gave you 10¢ too little change. Would you:

- a. Forget it? \_\_\_\_\_
- b. Go back and ask for it? \_\_\_\_\_

Score: \_\_\_\_\_

Total score: \_\_\_\_\_

Turn to page 170 for your rating.





# Wanted:

Greenbelt, Maryland, is a planned community near Washington, D. C. Sketch, left, shows: 1, water tower; 2, disposal plant; 3, picnic center and lake; 4, a two-story community building with classrooms, auditorium and gymnasium, workshops, library; 5, store group: theatre, shops; 6, homesteads; 7, gardens





By Charles Abrams

# Young women

to lick the housing crisis!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

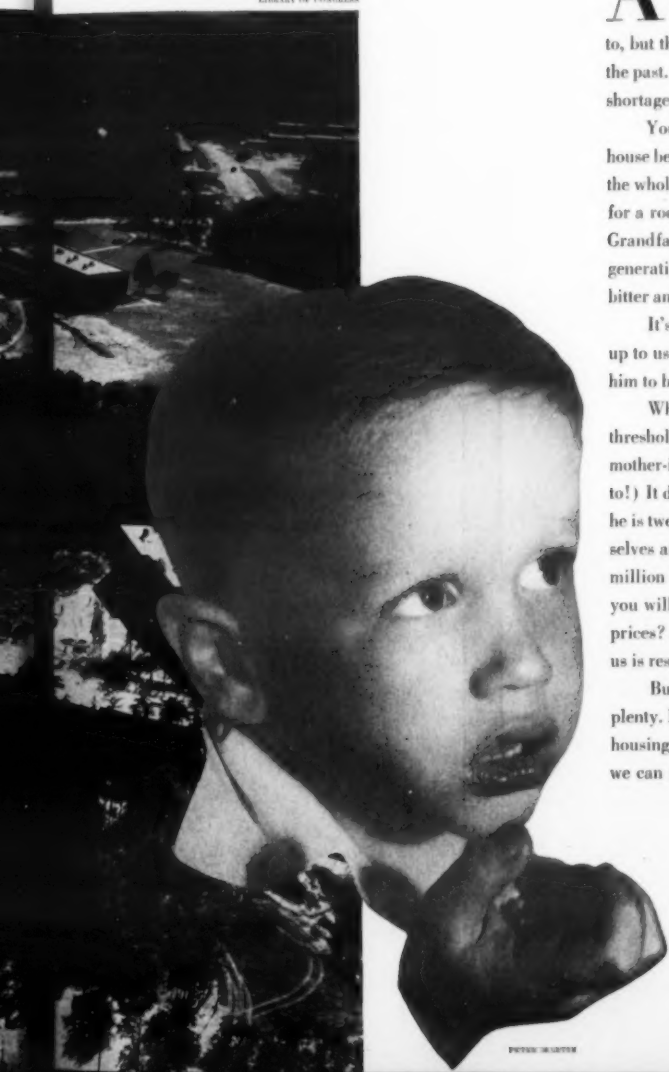
A housing crisis does not develop overnight. Maybe it seems to, but that's an illusion. The roots of our dilemma go deep into the past. Ten years ago experts knew we'd have a serious housing shortage by 1945—war or no war.

You can't find a place to rent? You can't afford to buy a house because prices are so high? You are at your wits' end about the whole situation? It may be cold comfort and a dim substitute for a roof, but you are perfectly justified in blaming Father and Grandfather. One generation's orgy of jerry-building is another generation's hangover. You know from your own experience how bitter and painful this hangover can be!

It's up to us to solve our current housing problem! It's also up to us to show a little consideration for Junior unless we want him to be in our spot when he grows up.

When he marries, will he be able to carry *his* bride over a threshold of their own? Or will he have to slink back with her to mother-in-law's quarters? (You know what happiness that leads to!) It depends. It depends on how many houses we build before he is twenty-one and what kind of houses we build. To insure ourselves and our children of adequate living quarters, twenty-four million houses must be built in our time. Good houses, too! Are you willing to help get these houses built soundly and at decent prices? It's our problem. It's *your* problem. Every single one of us is responsible.

But how can you help? What can you do? The answer is: plenty. First, though, it's important to understand why we have a housing crisis, what will happen if we don't wake up and act. Then we can reasonably figure out how to [Continued on next page]



PETER MURDER

work together for a better future for ourselves and our children. And don't think of the future as some vaguely distant time with which you have little concern. Tomorrow is the future, too.

A city is a composite of the products of prior periods. Our forefathers built some houses for use, but too many for speculation. They gave us the handbox, the ramshackle shacks of the Eastern coal fields, the three-room shotgun of the company town, the triple-decker and the railroad flat. Houses were put up without plan or heed to adequate light, air, comfort and play space. Together with the hand-me-down and the near-wreck, they make up the slums in which nearly 40 per cent of our people live.

No one thought these houses would be standing a century later. But they are. Streets, schools, churches and utilities were built around them, anchored their sordid patterns, prevented neighborhood reclamation, drove new home building to distant areas far from the place where people work.

We have an opportunity to clear these slums of the past, and rebuild our cities while doing so, but we falter. Many of us think slums are being cleared, but they are not! The slums remain—ten million houses below civilized standards, sheltering forty million people. You don't live in them, but they affect your life! They are the focus of disease, infant mortality and crime. In one Detroit slum, the infant death rate is six times the city's average, death from tuberculosis ten times. Juvenile delinquencies in slums are triple the city's average in Cleveland, seven-and-one-half times in Detroit. In a Chicago slum, one of every four boys between the ages of ten and seventeen appeared in juvenile court in a single year. Think of the cost, both in human terms and in terms of taxes, to take care of all that!

These figures are characteristic of slums everywhere, have been emphasized and re-emphasized, but only two hundred thousand slum families have been rehoused. *Instead of reducing slums, we have in our time added millions of new ones.* We are

accomplishing this long-term misfortune in the following ways:

Hundreds of thousands of war houses, put up with barracks-like monotony and intended to last only for the war's duration, have been sawed from their moorings, moved to other areas needing shelter to become a permanent part of our urban horizon.

In our fitful efforts to meet our own housing crisis, we build temporary houses that are no more temporary than the Grand Coulee Dam—a temporary house is a permanent house that should never have been built.

Colonies of trailer slums, many of them publicly owned, dot the outskirts of our cities. Modern equivalent of the covered-wagon community, they lack adequate provision for drinking water, bathing, recreation, schools or decent living facilities. The covered wagon was never looked upon as a permanent habitation. In too many cases the trailer is.

We are perpetuating existing slums. With public as well as private money, we prop up rookeries long ripe for the wrecking crew. Shacks, cabins, dugouts and campsites are being used for shelter. They must be used because we fail to build new houses. In New York City, "dumbbell" tenements (named after the shape, not the architect who designed them, although that might apply too) are being restored as though they were classic examples of Americana. (Some buildings are worth restoring, but not these.) With their windowless rooms and inadequate light and air, with shafts facing each other and exchanging smells, noises and intimate glimpses of family relations, they are being given a new lease on life, will now linger on for generations.

We have dangerously relaxed the standards of new building. In our desire to get shelter at breakneck speed, we allow lot sizes to be cut, substitute cubbyholes for rooms, close our eyes to skimping on workmanship and materials. We are permitting the use of lumber with as much sap in it as the home buyer who buys it. The speculative builder now meets increases in cost by corresponding reductions in standards. When veterans refuse to pay the famine price demanded, cellars, closet doors, even closets themselves, and other amenities are eliminated, room sizes and heights cut down, the house sold uncompleted.

Saddest phase of slum building is its staying power. From the day our early settlers cut out holes in the hills for shelter, slums have defied the effort to clear them. The hill holes were still in use at the time of the American Revolution a century later. Most of the slums built in the nineteenth century are still with us. The slums we build, too, will be in use [Continued on page 180]



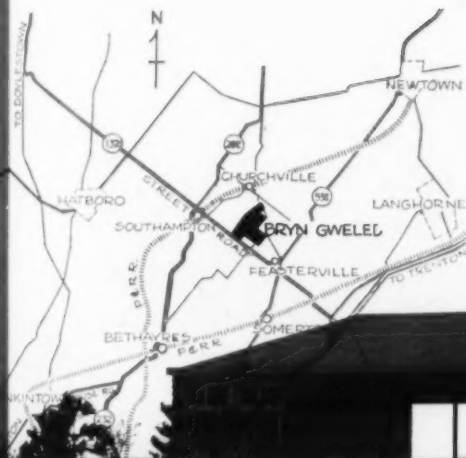
Cracker-box communities like the one left are being built with small thought to community living. They display no imagination in architectural design or interior plan, are jammed together on too-small lots

By Lee Carson Haimson

# A better way

Most of us would like to find a better way to live, but we think it's impossible. There's a housing crisis, and that's that. That's that, but it can be dodged. Some young people, not content with the folk pessimism of the saying, "If wishes were horses then beggars would ride," have proved that wishes can be even better than horses; that wishes, plus sensible action, can move mountains—or at any rate level ground—build good houses at a price, establish a friendly community and a better way of life.

In Bucks County, Pennsylvania, about fifteen miles outside Philadelphia and three miles from the tiny towns of Somerton, Feasterville and Southampton, there is a macadam road leading [Continued on next page]



off the highway up a very green hill. At the turn, a sign says Bryn Gweled, which in Welsh means Hill of Vision.

The second house on the way up the hill is the Morris house. Its contours follow those of the land, an immense picture window looks out over a brook and a bank of flowers blooming almost all the year. Beyond the Morris' live the Reverend Dewees Singley and Mrs. Singley. Their back entrance is close to the road so Mr. Singley can get out in any weather. Their land slopes away to the south, and one story becomes two in the front. The lower walls are cinder block, the upper are stained horizontal siding, which blends into the hill; it stretches across the whole front of the house in a balcony on which all the rooms open. Farther up the road, on one of the three hilltops owned by the Bryn Gweled Homestead, is the Wilson house, with its wide breezeway and the bright blue sky shining through. Across on another hill is the Diano house, low and modern like the rest, with windows framing pictures in every direction.

It's hard to believe real people live in these houses, real people planned them and helped contract and build them. It's hard



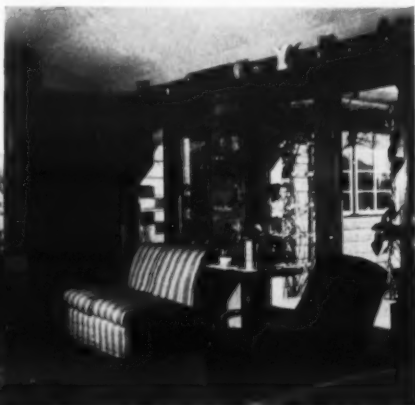
Janet Schroeder says the next step in their five-year plan is a terrace in back of their house. The terrace would face East—their lot is one of the Homestead's nicest—toward the woods and a brook

to believe that the people living there aren't vice-presidents or successful authors, weren't left a fortune by their grandfather or don't own a profitable oil well in Texas. Joe Diano is an artist—the Herbert Bergstroms, Wayne and Marion Dockhorn and Helen Diano are social workers. In Philadelphia, in 1939, they decided they'd had enough of city life. Their income would only cover a house in a subdivision of identical cracker boxes, stretching for blocks—each on its 50' by 100' plot of land. Even in 1939, these "ideal communities" were too dreadfully familiar; but the Bergstroms, the Dockhorns and the Dianos [Continued on page 67]

## A better way

Continued

The Herbert Bergstrom house has a wall of doors traced inside and out with growing vines. The clean modern exterior lines are repeated in the furniture





Every Bryn Gweled house has a fireplace. Around it meet the mothers group (above), the handcrafts class, the literary circle. Nothing is compulsory, yet everyone is in at least one group—because it's fun to work together

PETER MARTIN



Left: School bus gathers and deposits grade-schoolers along a road bordering the Homestead. The majority of Bryn Gweled children are between first and fifth grades, study in Southampton, a mile distant, go to and fro daily by bus

Because of the long walks involved in tending a central co-op barnyard, the Homesteaders each keep their own animals. Below, one of the Peters' rabbits, usually kept in his hutch, receives a rare close-up from Thumper and Zuby



Right: The Diano yard is a favorite spot at Bryn Gweled. Joe Diano built the carousel, a jungle gym and sliding board out of leftover pipes and lumber



There is no rule at Bryn Gweled defining the type of architecture that shall be used. The Dockhorn house (top) is a colonial structure. The two shown next are functional, as is the Wilson house on the title page

The Lampe house (center) uses the stone walls of an old carriage house and the L-shaped living area to frame a sun-bright patio. The large living, dining-room and study are divided by a built-in upright piano

The Morris house (bottom) is built on a slope, which allows an above-grade two-car garage, study and bedroom on the ground floor. The closets are projected outside the building line, forming piers of masonry

On the map you can see where the houses of the various families are located in Bryn Gweled.  
1. Hans and Jane Peters. 2. Dr. Willard and Faith Hastings. 3. Joseph and Helma Dimeo. 4. Ralph and Deborah Preston. 5. Edward and Jane Feltz. 6. Elliott and Ann Morris. 7. The Reverend Dewees and Ada Singler. 8. Edward and Sarah Ramberg. 9. Wayne and Marion Dockhorn. 10. Raymond and Marion Wilson. 11. Chester and Mary Lampe. 12. Gordon and Pearl Fredendall. 13. Alfred and Janet Schroeder. 14. Ray and Babette Newton. 15. Rene Huston. 16. Thomas and Anne Pearson. 17. Henry and Frances Schmidt. 18. Herbert and Georgia Bergstrom. 19. Thomas and Jeannette Michener. 20. Robert and Lydia Bishop.



Babette Newton is small, yet she wields a garden tractor the way most women do a needle, literally racing up and down a field as she harrows it. Her garden contains unusuals like peanuts and popcorn

# A better way

Continued



More increase in animal population: the Elliston Morris' goats have kids. William Morris, aged ten, often milks the goats for his father, helps feed them each night. There's lots of livestock in the community

were determined not to give up and live in such an unsatisfactory way. They had a dream. And then the Newtons, the Pottses, the Wilsons, with the same dream, heard about the first three couples and met to talk things over. All they wanted was a better way to live—room for their children to play, room to breathe, some way to have a real home and not a slit of brick apartment or a cardboard bungalow.

There were meetings and meetings, endless journeys into the country on all sides of Philadelphia looking for land, endless plans. They heard of Ralph Borsodi and his School of Living, at Suffern, New York, and went up to talk to him. Now they'll all tell you that Borsodi, an economist and exponent of a decentralized community organization movement, was the one who [Continued on page 182]



The Newton sheep family was just enlarged by two. Photographer Peter Martin followed them around and around before he could get this picture of the lambs on their own two feet, not beneath their mamma's





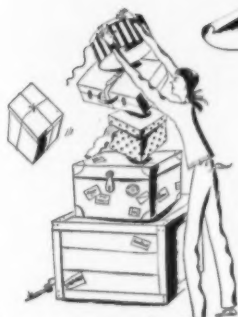
# Let's talk about you

## Our homemaker quiz

"We reproach people for talking about themselves, but it is the subject they know best," said Anatole France. Not only that—it's the subject they treat best, too. People are always interesting when they talk about themselves. We admit we're being circuitous. But you can't expect us to come right out and confess that we have a large bump of curiosity and should like nothing better than to listen at your keyhole or peer, unobserved, through your parlor window. In sober fact this is the truth, but with, perhaps, one saving excuse. Ours is not idle curiosity, not the kind—we trust—that killed the cat. There's a purpose in our prying. A reasonable—or so it seems to us—reason for our snooper. How can *MADemoiselle's Living* be *your* magazine unless we know you—your tastes, your habits, your ambitions? Naturally, we think we have some idea or we wouldn't have gone as far as this Vol. I, No. 1—but to be more helpful we'd like to know precisely where *your* budget pinches, how *you* live today, how *you'd* like to live tomorrow. We need to know the size of your family, the sort of home you want, how much you can spend for furniture and falderals. If we know these vital things we can help you get a home, equipment, furniture and trimmings at your price, to suit your needs, to fit your life. So, won't you talk about yourself? If you can spare the time to fill out our questionnaire, you will help us greatly in our sincere desire to be a magazine of use and value to you!



Your family income?



Need more space?



Thinking of building?



Like modern or traditional?



How many bathrooms?

#### Mailing instructions:

Tear or cut out along the dotted line and send your answers to the Reader Editor, MADMOISELLE'S LIVING, 122 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

### Tell us about yourself

You need not sign your name, but first we'd like to know what state you live in \_\_\_\_\_; your age \_\_\_\_\_; whether you are single ☐, married ☐, widowed ☐, divorced ☐. If you're single, are you engaged to be married? \_\_\_\_\_. If you are married, have you any children? Yes ☐. No ☐. If yes, how many? \_\_\_\_\_. Their ages? \_\_\_\_\_. Did you go to college? Yes ☐. No ☐. If yes, where? \_\_\_\_\_. Was your husband (or were you, for that matter) in the armed services? Husband ☐. Self ☐. Neither ☐. If you're single, do you have a job? Yes ☐. No ☐. If yes, what doing? \_\_\_\_\_

If you're married, do you have a job outside your home? Part time ☐. Full time ☐. None ☐. If any, what? \_\_\_\_\_. Please check your approximate family income (before income taxes). Up to \$2,500 a year ☐; \$2,501-\$3,500 a year ☐; \$3,501-\$4,500 ☐; \$4,501-\$5,500 ☐; \$5,501-\$6,500 ☐; over \$6,500 ☐.

### Tell us about where you live

Is your home in: a large city ☐, small city ☐, suburb ☐, small town ☐, or strictly RFD ☐? Do you live in a house ☐, or an apartment ☐? Is it all yours ☐, or do you share it with parents ☐, friends ☐, others ☐? Do you rent ☐, or own ☐? Would you like more space? No ☐. Yes ☐; (a) if you could find it ☐; (b) if you could afford it ☐; (c) both ☐. Would you like to own your own home if you don't already? Yes ☐. No ☐. Would you rather buy ☐, or build ☐? Regardless of the market price of houses today, about what sum do you think a family of your income should pay for a home, in terms of over-all cost \_\_\_\_\_, or in terms of monthly carrying charges \_\_\_\_\_? If you are thinking of building or buying, how many rooms would you want? \_\_\_\_\_. How many bathrooms? \_\_\_\_\_. If they cost absolutely the same, would you build a modern or traditional-style house? Modern ☐. Traditional ☐. How many stories do you want? One ☐. Two ☐. One and a half ☐. Is a separate diningroom a "must" with you? Yes ☐. No ☐. Does your family have a car? Yes ☐. No ☐. Do you plan to buy one? Yes ☐. No ☐. If more than one, how many? \_\_\_\_\_. Name of make and type of car \_\_\_\_\_.

### Tell us about your housekeeping

Do you do all your own housework? Yes ☐. No ☐. If no, how much help do you have? Full-time maid ☐. Part-time maid ☐. Cleaning help ☐. Laundress ☐. Occasional sitter ☐. More than one servant ☐. Do you and your husband budget family expenses: carefully ☐, in an over-all way ☐, no budget ☐? (See budget article on page 109.) What mechanical housekeeping aids have you? Refrigerator ☐. Modern gas or electric range ☐.

[Continued on next page]

Dishwashing machine ☐. Garbage-disposal unit ☐.  
Electric mixer ☐. Toaster ☐. Electric coffee maker ☐.  
Automatic washer ☐. Ordinary washing machine ☐.  
Electric iron ☐. Electric ironing machine ☐. Electric  
clothes drier ☐. Vacuum cleaner ☐. Other \_\_\_\_\_

What appliances that you don't have now would help  
you most? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you own a sewing-machine? Yes ☐. No ☐. If no,  
is there one you can borrow occasionally? Yes ☐. No ☐.  
Do you make, or plan to make, any decorative items for  
your home? Yes ☐. No ☐. If yes, check which. Slip  
covers ☐. Draperies ☐. Curtains ☐. Bedspreads ☐.  
Table linens ☐.

## Tell us about your furnishings

When you started housekeeping, did you begin: (a)  
mostly with things your family gave you ☐; (b) with  
furnishings from your or his bachelor days ☐; (c) ex-  
cept for wedding presents, completely from scratch ☐?  
If you are single, which of the above most nearly ap-  
proximates how you expect to start? (a) ☐; (b) ☐;  
(c) ☐. Are you filling a hope chest for your future  
home? Yes ☐. No ☐. If yes, is it: linens ☐. silver ☐.  
china ☐. glass ☐ or a savings account ☐? If you are  
married, tell us how much you think a young couple  
like yourselves needs to furnish from scratch, nicely, a  
small apartment. \_\_\_\_\_. About how much did you  
actually spend? \_\_\_\_\_. Do you think you were  
especially clever about it ☐. or did you make mistakes  
☐? Do you have any of the following? Radio ☐. How  
many? \_\_\_\_\_. Record player ☐. Piano ☐. Sterling-  
silver flatware ☐. Silver plate ☐. What style or styles  
of furniture do you have now? Early American ☐.  
Eighteenth-century English ☐. American Federal ☐.  
French Provincial ☐. Victorian ☐. Spanish ☐. Modern  
☐. A mixture ☐. Which style or styles of furniture  
would you rather have if you could begin all over?  
\_\_\_\_\_. Check below what woods or  
wood finishes you have and what you would like to have.

	In your living-room		In your bedroom	
	Have	Want	Have	Want
Mahogany (dark)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mahogany (blond)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Walnut	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Maple (dark)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Maple (light)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Cherry	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Oak (dark)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Oak (blond)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lacquer or painted	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

When you are buying for your home do you look for  
brand names as a guarantee of quality? Yes ☐. No ☐.  
Can you recall offhand three brand names in home  
furnishings and what kind of goods they describe?

Name: \_\_\_\_\_; goods: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_; goods: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_; goods: \_\_\_\_\_



Need a dishwasher?



How's your laundry equipment?

How many radios?



Need a dining-room?



Do you own a piano?

By Thomas H. Creighton

Editor of *Progressive Architecture*

# What is a modern house?



Indian tepee



New England salt-box



Thirteenth century house

In their day, these were modern

**D**o you know what a modern house is? Most people don't. Ask them for a definition and they'll fumble for a technical answer. "A modern house, eh? Why, that's a house with a flat roof." Or they'll say, "It's a house with corner windows," or "a house with glass-brick walls." They think modern is a style of architecture, a style they may choose, if they've a mind to, instead of Tudor, for instance, or Georgian or colonial.

This isn't true. Let's see if we can't find a fairer and more inclusive definition. Suppose we start by eavesdropping while a young husband and wife talk things over before an open fire after a good dinner. The husband is in a mellow mood.

"M'llove," he says, "I've had a good year. How about building that house we've dreamed of for so long?"

"Darling!" his wife exclaims. "That's wonderful! Let's go across town tomorrow and see Jack. He's built so many houses he can plan them in his sleep. You know he built Cousin Paul's house, and your Aunt Emily's. . . ."

"Whoa!" the young husband cries. "Not so fast! I don't want just another house like all the houses Jack builds. I want a special house—just for us. I'd like a big room that we can use for living and dining with a huge fireplace in it. I'd like a great many windows, and to protect them let's have the roof eaves jut

out. I know this sounds funny, but I'd like something intimate and livable . . ." he hesitates a minute. "I can't think of the exact word I want. Let's be . . ."

"Modern?" suggests his wife.

"That's it," he cries. "Let's build a modern house!"

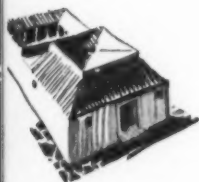
This could be your neighbors down the street planning to build a house today. But it's not. It's a young couple in France—at the end of the twelfth century. They built their modern house, too, and many others copied it, because it was based on sound young contemporary thinking. Before long, churches and town halls were designed in the same modern manner. Stuffy folk—in every century there are people who resent anything modern—criticized the new architecture, called it unfeeling, barbaric, ugly. "Gothic," meaning uncultured, was the word they finally settled on.

Let's look in on another young family who have just built a house. They have built it in order to have a place to live. There is a *real* housing shortage in New England where this couple lives. They were adventurous enough to come to a new territory where they wouldn't be held back by traditions and prejudices—the century is the seventeenth—and they planned their home carefully, working with a local carpenter who has developed a simple, sound construction system using local timber and a few crude

tools. Their house is finished now and open for our inspection.

It has a simple plan. Most of the family's activities will center around the hearth, so there is a central chimney with fireplaces opening to several rooms. Because winters are long and cold, heating systems elementary, marauders not uncommon, and waxed paper is the only material available for glazing—window openings are few and small. There are several rooms upstairs, and a pantry and storage rooms have been added on the first floor at the rear of the main rooms. So we see a roof sweeping down over these lean-to rooms, just as it should, with high eaves in the front to light the upstairs rooms, and a low swing in the back.

The oldsters back in England are shocked when they hear



Old Roman house



California mission



English Tudor

about these New World houses. It isn't correct architecture. It is crude work in the uncultured colonies. They call it, contemptuously, "colonial" architecture. In the twentieth century we'll try to copy it—though that is palpably impossible since theirs was an age of handicrafts and ours is a machine age—and, to make matters worse, we'll add scallops and shutters and other things it didn't flaunt originally—we'll even cover it with imitation asbestos shingles, but it won't make sense in our day of inexpensive glass window panes and radiant heat. However, for the young couple who built it in 1650, it is appropriate and modern!

This brings us close to a definition of a modern house. A house isn't modern because it has this kind of roof or that kind of window or because it has glass-brick dining nooks. It's modern because of the philosophy of those who build it. In any age, a house built with contemporary skills to answer the needs of contemporary people is modern. Through history these modern houses are the ones we admire. Houses built, no matter in what century, in slavish or snobbish imitation of the creative work of other peoples or times lack character, charm, enduring quality.

Every sensible house we build today is a modern house. In fact every house we build is modern. It is dated twentieth century by its workmanship and materials, no matter how quaintly Dutch or venerably Spanish it pretends to be. A house with an oil burner in the cellar, an electric [Continued on page 162]

HERRING & HERRING



Typical long, low modern house as the Midwest likes them, made of brick and wood instead of stone. Severe climate confines use of floor-to-ceiling windows to southern exposure, not shown here. House is in Park Ridge, Illinois; the architects were Schweiker and Elting

HARRIS



Here is a new kind of low Cape Cod cottage, set among the pines at West Dennis. The window wall opens wide to make indoors and outdoors one big living space. A glass windbreak screens the terrace. Thanks to architect David Fried, the cottage fits the land like a glove

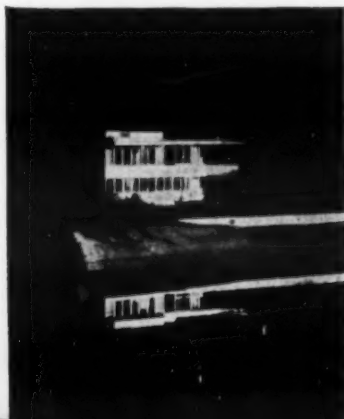


The East does something else again with modern. A good example is this house of natural field stone and wood siding at Cos Cob, Connecticut. Sundecks, terraces, picture windows face a woodland. Architects were Pomerance and Breines

Right: The Northwest builds houses with mammoth windows to catch what light and sun the dim winters afford. This wooden house with a vast view is representative, was designed by Jon Yeon; the architects were A. E. Doyle and Associates

Richard J. Neutra, architect, built this house for himself in California. It's what is often called international modern; this style can be cold, but Neutra has adapted it to the California hillside, made it indigenous, warm and alive

Below: Another house that plainly says it is located in the Northwest flings wide a window to a Portland, Oregon, view. Architect Van Every Bailey designed it to dip with the hill, bend around a rear terrace onto which open French doors



P. A. DRABROTH

EVERETT WOODS

Sketch of an international modern house built in America; it lacks the regional feeling of the other houses shown here, is not the kind of modern this country prefers



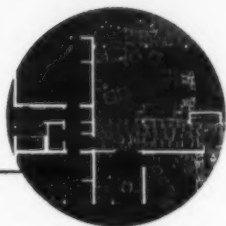
GEORGE CONYER AT DOLBY



Models, made with plastic building sets, of  
MADEMOISELLE's regional houses, designed by  
outstanding architects especially for MLE

## Model it

If there's one thing that creates kleptomaniacal impulses in us, it's anything in miniature. And it may be a hangover from childhood and our fun with a dolls' house (a replica of our great-grandparents' house) that makes us especially covetous of model houses. We've stood in front of displays of tiny model houses and have had to keep a firm grip on ourself not to make off with them. If you share our passion, if you're planning to build next spring or the spring thereafter, you'll be as interested as we were in discovering that it is now possible to turn out a really presentable scale model of almost any house with one of the new plastic building sets. Until the advent of these sets, model building had always been devilishly technical, was usually done by architects or engineers (or both), and the scale models fetched a very fancy price. That still goes, but the plastic building sets are so easy to work with that they are sold not only in stores' [Continued on page 181]



The modern house Paul Thiry designed for the Northwest has a tricky roof construction, but standard set No. 3B, with extra parts and bricks, will build it. Although the house is wood, light brown plastic blocks give an accurate effect



The MLE house for the Southeast, by Henry Toombs, here covers quite a bit of ground, but it is easy to build. Notice the terrace, made from painted board, the tiny metal chaise and umbrella table you can fabricate from paper and bent florist's wire





Even though you can see clearly the plastic-block construction, this close-up gives you some idea of the charm and effectiveness that can be achieved. With a little ingenuity you can carpet your interior floors with colored velvet, wherever they show, before you put your roof on, and you can wire the interior for electric lighting. The instructions come with the set. They also tell you how to make trees, driveways, hedges

On stay-at-home evenings, get out your blueprints and stage a roof-raising with a Du Page plastic building set, as in the MLE house for the Midwest, by George Fred Keck, being constructed here. Work out the house itself *plus* landscaping and planting. Blocks, scaled  $\frac{1}{4}$ " to 1", are basis of construction. Sets contain doors, windows, beams, trim, shingles, \$4 to \$27.50. F. A. O. Schwarz



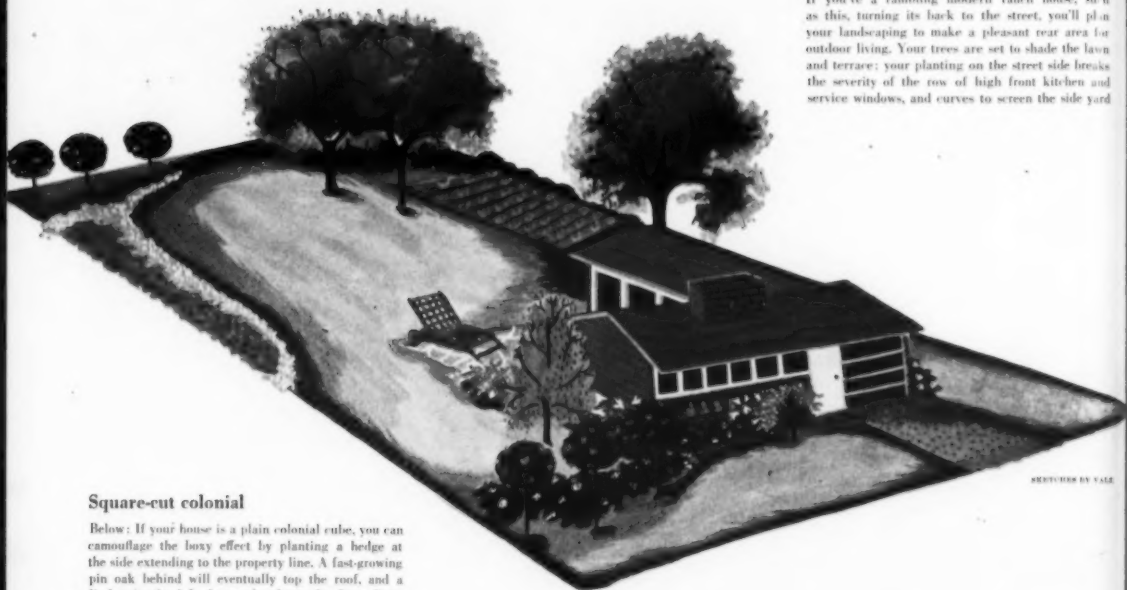
This modern house, designed for New England by architect Hugh Stubbins, Jr., is done with barned plastic blocks to suggest its painted wooden siding. Bits of realism are added by the wash on the line, the wooden pergola and toy automobile



It takes some skill to do the row of clerestory windows in this MLE house for the Southwest, by Harwell Hamilton Harris, and to get the feeling of California in the landscaping. Miniature cacti and other plants liven the usual artificial material

### Back-yard vistas

If you're a rambling modern ranch house, such as this, turning its back to the street, you'll plan your landscaping to make a pleasant rear area for outdoor living. Your trees are set to shade the lawn and terrace; your planting on the street side breaks the severity of the row of high front kitchen and service windows, and curves to screen the side yard.



### Square-cut colonial

Below: If your house is a plain colonial cube, you can camouflage the boxy effect by planting a hedge at the side extending to the property line. A fast-growing pin oak behind will eventually top the roof, and a linden in the left dooryard softens the front lines. Plants in these three yards are charted on page 186



### Compact Cape Cod

Above: You've a small house and a vest-pocket yard but you can pack a lot of charm into your planting. You set a Nisole willow to the rear so it will wave gracefully over the roof in time and be seen from the front. You'll also place flowering plums and crab apples in judicious spots for fairylike color effects in spring.

By Margaret O. Goldsmith

# Landscaping in three acts

and all for \$100

**B**y the time you've bought a house (or settled with the architect and contractor if you're building one), paid off the movers and made the deposit on the gas and electricity, you're likely to wonder where you are going to find two nickels to use for landscaping your yard.

But don't be dejected. It doesn't take a fortune. Not even a small one. It does take time, however—time and know-how and know-what. You need to know what to buy for your type of house and climate; how to avoid the mistakes other people make. And you should have a plan.

Almost any average-sized suburban lot can be planted for approximately \$100. And you don't have to spend it all at once. There are certain things you should set out in the fall—right now. Others you can plant only in the spring. Then next fall you can supplement your first year's planting. Meanwhile, next spring and summer, while your shrubs are getting a start, you can plant fast-growing annuals to camouflage the bareness and newness of your house and plot.

On the opposite page I've taken three different kinds of houses on average-sized lots. For each of these I've laid out a garden plan that will cost around \$100. I've divided the planting into three acts like a melodrama—Act I, This Fall; Act II, Next Spring; Act III, Next Year. Although your house or lot may not be quite the same as these, you may find some ideas here. On page 136 is a chart of the shrubs and trees for each layout, with the approximate cost of each item.

But first let's assume you've moved in and the builders have moved out. You begin by seeing that all debris, chunks of plaster and such that they've left behind have been removed, and that the topsoil (if it had to be dug up for drainpipes and cellar

foundations) has been put back. As far as starting a lawn is concerned, you can easily obtain from any seedsman advice on grading, rolling, preparing the soil and selecting the best seed mixture to sow at this time of the year in your section. But setting out your trees and shrubs takes real planning.

You don't want to set them out haphazardly. You want to be sure you know what they are going to grow up to look like and you want to visualize just what they will do for your house and for each other. And right now is none too soon to begin, because, no matter what, it's going to take them a few years to shape up and do the job you want them to.

Just as you make a floor plan when you are planning a house, you should make a plot plan when you are laying out your lot. Draw the property to scale on graph paper, and lay out the outlines of your house on the lot, drawing it to the same scale as the property. Ten feet to the inch will fit the average sheet of graph paper. Space out the areas for driveway, service yard, tool shed, compost heap, terraces, vegetable garden, hedges and so on. Mark the spots where you would like to set your trees and draw circles to indicate the future spread of the branches. Do the same with your key shrubs.

When you've worked it out on paper, get some stakes and go out in the yard and actually mark off your planting areas with the sticks and string. Allow for the spread of shrubs and trees so that later they will not block entrances or touch the house walls. Allow for height so you will not set trees where they will block views from the inside. Study the sun, and place your trees so the shade will fall where you want it. Beware of tall-growing evergreens, often sold to the inexperienced as shrubs to be planted around the foundations [Continued on next page]

## Landscaping in three acts

These five basic elements  
go into your plan

### Blossoming trees

Small, light, flowering trees and large shrubs soften corners and are lovely in spring



### Roof trees

Besides the usual elms, oaks, maples and so forth, you may choose spire-like spruces to shelter your roof



### Evergreen shrubbery

Use evergreens, both trees and shrubs, to act as windbreaks, and for year-round green dooryard accents



### Hedges and borders

They can be trim and clipped or sprawly and uneven, but you will use them to define boundaries

of small cottages. These grow to beat Jack's beanstalk and look ridiculous. In narrow stretches between a driveway or a walk and the house, avoid thorny shrubs that may scratch you or tear your nylons. In spots like these, stick to a row of dwarf flowering quince, slender deutzia, dwarf-winged euonymus (a rare sight in the fall) or an untrimmed row of dwarf box (in climates as warm as or warmer than New York).

There are five kinds of material in any landscaping plan:

First, trees. You'll want some sort of roof tree (or more than one) to rise up like a guardian angel over your housetop, either in front or in back or, best, in both places. Roof trees may be vertical spires like spruces, straight shafts like tulip trees, pendulous shapes like willows, vase-shapes like elms, broad, picturesque shapes like maples or sycamores, or symmetrically round and oval-topped forms like the beech and horse chestnut. Decide which will best set off your house, which will develop lofty masses of greenery in the over-all composition, soften the corners and give depth to the setting as a whole.

After you've placed your trees, plan your ornamental small trees and shrubs, which come between the roof and the ground. They add grace and often act as a partial screen. Fruit trees and flowering shrubs come in this category.

Next are evergreens—both trees and shrubs—which supply your year-round greenery, act as windbreaks, or sometimes as screening for utilitarian parts of the yard.

Fourth, hedge material of various sorts can be used to define boundaries, screen your outdoor living areas from public view, or serve as a background for flower borders.

And fifth are the annuals—the flowers you'll put in next spring, the morning-glory vine you'll encourage over the door while the first four categories begin to take hold.

That's what I meant when I started off by saying it all takes

### Flowers and such

Annuals of all descriptions for your flower beds, to bring out a pattern of color, to fill in until shrubs grow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY VALE

time. Your roof trees will be no roof trees when you plant them, so I advise at least one fast-growing variety. Both trees and shrubs will need some nursing along at first. Since, in order to do your landscaping at moderate cost, you'll be doing most of the planting yourself, I've included a step-by-step chart on how to plant a young tree and most shrubs (see right). This will help you get them off to a good start and prevent your losing any.

Before you plant a thing, indeed before you even begin your layout on paper, find out what your soil conditions are from your local state experiment station or your garden club. Because whether your soil is alkaline, acid or neutral, loamy or clay, sandy or rich, moist or dry will determine the kind of trees and plants you should choose. Consult your local nurseryman about what thrives in your part of the world.

Then as you plan, consider the kind of house you have. Severe clipped hedges and tall formal evergreens become a large, dignified, formal home, but not an informal cottage. A house in the woods deserves woodland trees and a blend of natural growth with your nursery material. A Southern home calls for a traditional setting, with box, magnolias, camellias, live oaks.

Here are a few tips to help you plan:

Include some blossoming trees, if possible, not all of them spring bloomers. See that the colors of the flowers do not swear at the shrubs that bloom simultaneously. Consider the autumn color schemes you can achieve, combining the beauty of leaves, berries, fruit, bark and even of twigs. Think, too, of the winter effects you can get from your windows by combining picturesque forms of spreading trees with light delicate shrubs, here and there upright evergreens. Not too many evergreens, however, because of their somber effect. Many trees and shrubs have color in the stems and twigs in winter, such as the green of *Kerria japonica*, and the ruddy hue of high-bush blueberries. There is nothing uglier in winter than blankets of burlap around too-tender evergreens. So select only those that do not need winter protection.

Contrasts in form and texture all year round are as important as color considerations. The hugonis rose, light and delicate in effect near the broad-leaf evergreen mountain andromeda, is an example. For a naturalistic and interesting effect, plant clumps of slender-limbed trees, like canoe birch, quaking aspen or shad-blows, instead of trees with single trunks. Such a group, seen against a pine or spruce, makes an unforgettable picture.

Do not attempt to use mountain laurel and rhododendron if your soil is not of acid reaction, as they will not tolerate lime or clay soil. If you use them, be sure to mix fibrous organic matter such as peat, coarse leaves and decayed sawdust with the soil. Rhododendrons resent wind and strong sun, and because their leaves curl up in severe winters, in cold [Continued on page 186]

## Six secrets of success in planting a tree

Whether it's a tree you're setting out, or lesser shrubs, here's a green-thumb technique that will cut your losses. 1. *Don't let the roots dry out.* If possible, buy specimens with a ball of earth wrapped in burlap around the roots. Soak these overnight in a pail of water before planting. Soak bare-root specimens too, and wrap up while planting to keep off drying winds. 2. *Pulverize the soil.* As you dig the hole remove all rocks, break up big lumps of soil and mix it with humus, decayed manure and bone meal. 3. *Dig a hole large enough.* The roots should be able to spread out completely with a foot or so all round. 4. *Use plenty of water.* As you replace the soil make a regular mudbath around the roots. Don't mound the soil up around the trunk, but leave a shallow depression so the rain will run down toward the tree. 5. *Tamp the soil down firmly* into all crevices between the roots. Set your tree to exactly the same depth it had before transplanting. 6. *Don't forget to water newly planted things frequently.* With evergreens, be sure to spray the top regularly for the first two years after you've planted them.



1. Keep the roots wet



2. Pulverize the soil



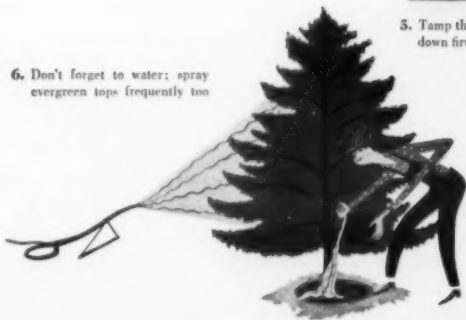
3. Dig the hole big enough



4. Use plenty of water



5. Tamp the soil down firmly



6. Don't forget to water: spray evergreen tops frequently too

## Two-bedroom house

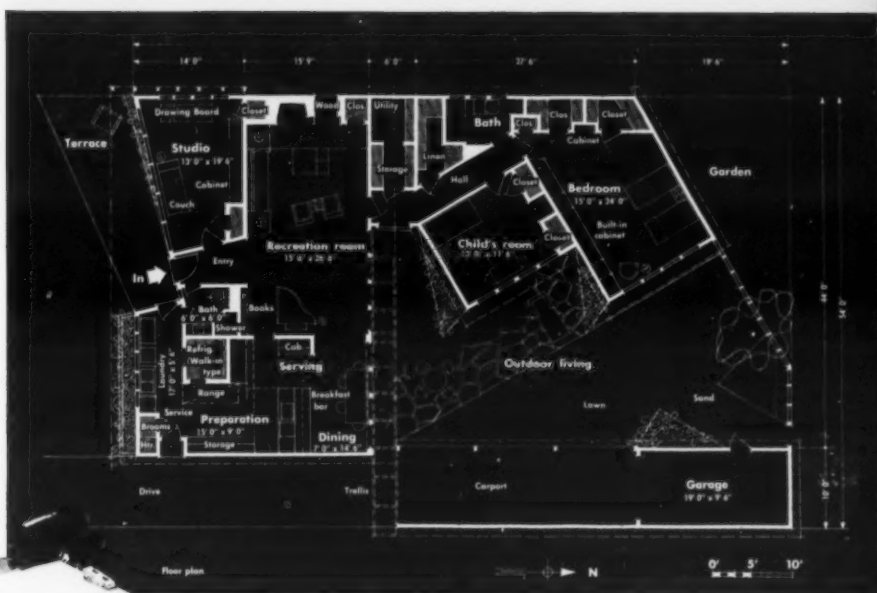
The studio and kitchen face the street; the entrance is through a small, private passageway; the living-room and bedrooms are in back, face the garden; kitchen and laundry are in front



# Plans for young houses

## Architect George Turner's house

When an architect has free reign, when he designs a house for his own family, the results are uninhibited and happy, as you can see by the two examples we show here and on the following pages. Designed by two talented young architects for themselves, these are small houses, ideal for a young, growing family who want charm, convenience, enough elbow room, but not a big expensive place that's too tough for the missus to take care of. In the plans for these houses are many good ideas we might adapt to our own needs. The house above was five years a-brewing in the minds of June Turner, a designer of jewelry, and George Turner, her architect-husband. June says, "We're one family who never wish we'd built our house another way!" "If you spend five years planning a house," George says, "it's bound to be right!" The Turners like privacy, so they turned their back to the street, faced their house on a garden that is an outdoor living-room for the grownups, an enclosed play yard for young Bruce. You enter the house, which is made of stone, glass and redwood siding, through an entry that is quite private; this splays out gradually into a living-room that features openness and space; the walls spread out, the roof lifts and the windows give a magnificent view of Mt. Wilson. Bruce's bedroom angles off from the main axis of the house, opens on the garden. The master bedroom juts out farther. The kitchen has the space-saving features of a Pullman kitchen, but is comfortably roomy.



The living-room windows on the garden bring in the north light. La Cañada gets hot in the summer, so the house is turned to avoid the direct west sun. The floors contain their own radiant-heating systems. Continuous storage counters are built in bedroom and studio. The kitchen is zoned: cooking zone, drink making zone, cleaning-up zone. There's a walk-in refrigerator, a small icebox

### Enclosed garden

The house lifts its eyes to Mt. Wilson: living- and bedrooms give on garden, enclosed on the left by a carport and garage, which also houses a tool room and furniture shop where the Turners work



### Its back to the street

The colors used in curtains, upholstery match the trees seen from the wide windows: dark glossy green of live oak, yellow brown of the sycamore, chartreuse of holly bushes are used



# Plans for young houses

## Architect George Cooper Rudolph's house

This is the hillside house designed by George Cooper Rudolph for his family; it takes its shape from the hill it hugs, opens its rooms to the view of trees and lake to the southwest. On the ground floor are two bedrooms, a living, dining-room, kitchen, bath. Below, where the hill slopes away to accommodate a basement, there is a playroom, also another bedroom and bath, the heater room and a garage. The house uses native Westchester County field stone, and its exterior stonework gives it much beauty, roots it firmly to the landscape. All of the living and work rooms are placed to get the full advantage of the western sun and the southwestern view. Terraces for summer life out of doors are added at both ends of the house. You enter from the north; the entry, living-room and dining-room are all one large room, but are divided from one another by built-in features, storage walls. This makes for spaciousness and privacy at one and the same time. The kitchen is large enough for a breakfast table; the laundry is separated from the kitchen by an L-shaped wall formed by the arrangement of the kitchen equipment.



Corner terrace

The house is entered on the north via this curved terrace of native field stone, which is so designed as to take full advantage of the southwest lake view and the sun. Handsome trees shade it



### Rooms with a view

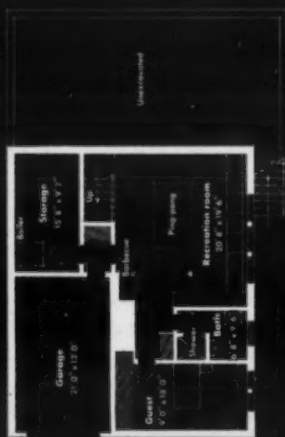
Living and work rooms, facing southwest, overlook the lake. The kitchen is large enough for a breakfast table, and both the kitchen and the dining section of the living-room open on an outdoor dining terrace. The garage is on a lower level for convenience. Playroom in basement has many bins for storing sports gear

### Planning does it

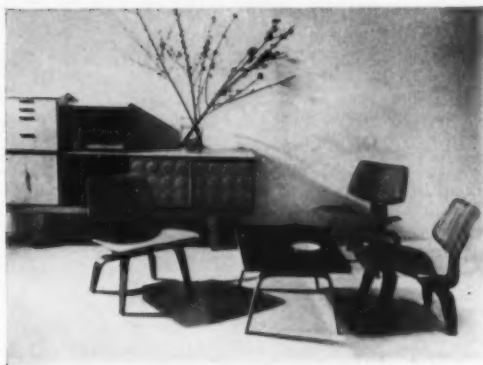
As the plan shows, the entrance hall, living- and dining-rooms are really one room, but are divided by storage walls, built-in features. Kitchen and laundry are divided by L-shaped utilities. In the basement are playroom, garage, heater room, extra bedroom and bath. Upstairs are two bedrooms and bath



0' 5' 10'



Molded plywood chairs with seats and backs to fit the average figger. Part of a group, displayed in a Museum of Modern Art exhibit, now being manufactured by the Herman Miller Co.



**T**hese glamour designs, these light and airy, blond and charming pieces of furniture reach you thanks to the machine. Maybe you think machines are pretty prosaic things—all nuts, bolts, cogs and incomprehensible wheels—but they're responsible for most of the beautiful things made today. These things are designed specifically for the machine; the philosophy and thought that shapes them on the drawing board is dictated by the machine.

The machine has changed furniture as it has changed many other objects, because it has changed our lives and our needs. Before the industrial revolution the wealthy filled their houses with costly handmade furniture and objets d'art, while the poor made, also by hand, their own simple benches, chairs and tables.

Then came the machine and mass production, and there appeared a whole new class of people. Not fabulously wealthy, not dirt poor but, like us, running the gamut in between. They wanted to live comfortably, to furnish their homes attractively, and the reasonable prices and abundance of machine goods made it possible for most people to satisfy these desires.

In the beginning machines were used to turn out imitations of the ornate, elaborate furniture and other objects that had once been made to order for the elite. For centuries the craftsman had covered the things he built with painted, carved, hammered or embossed manifestations of his ingenuity and his moods: his

ardor, sorrow or joy. Gothic exaltation, Renaissance vitality, rococo gaiety were expressed in his works. The machine could faithfully copy what he had done, but the reproductions naturally lacked the flavor and spirit of the originals.

After a while, men began to wonder if the machine couldn't be used to express their thoughts as hammer and saw had once been used by their forebears. They began to design furniture and objects especially for the machine, to handle it creatively, as a tool. They devised new forms to fit the lives of modern people and to give the machine the kind of work it could turn out well.

One result of this was modern furniture. This is how it was born. It is proudly, not apologetically, machine-made—signed by the machine as the craftsman's work was signed by the craftsman.

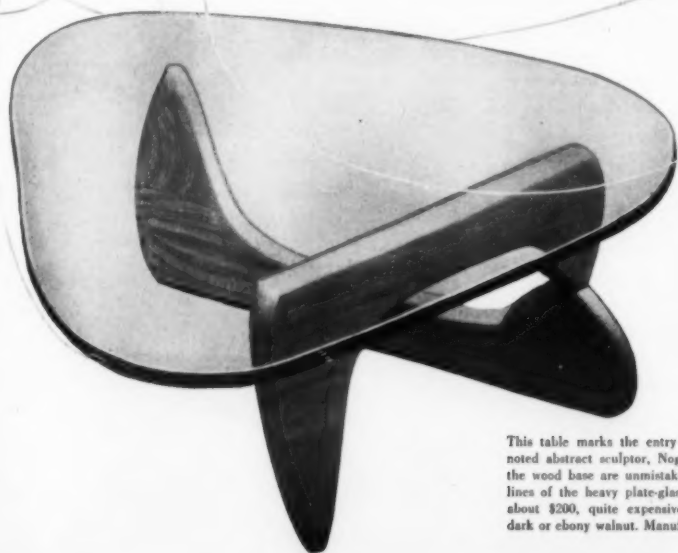
Elaborate ornamentation is out of tune with an age that is founded on machinery. The most acceptable forms, aesthetically, for machine goods are those that reveal and exploit the special qualities of machine work—precision, uniformity and smoothness. In place of the individuality and accidental shapes of handmade work, the charm and eccentricity of the personal touch, machine-made goods offer us other equally pleasant qualities: beautiful, unadorned surfaces, precise and regular shapes, elegant contours and smooth-flowing lines.

To show the difference between modern design and the de-

# Smooth blonds

Natural in color, natural in shape, easy to keep clean, easy to live with,  
modern furniture is one good answer for the modern homemaker

signs of yesterday, let's examine any simple object—a hairbrush, for instance. This may seem a modest choice, yet it tells the whole story. Thirty years ago a hairbrush wasn't a bit like the one we use. It was an unwieldy instrument, clumsy in its heavy armor of curlicued silver or too frail for practical purposes with its delicately carved and ornamented handle. One of its main functions was to sit on Grandma's dresser and impress her visitors. It was less a brush than a boost for her ego. Today we boost our egos in other ways, as we can see by observing the brush we use to give our hair those one hundred strokes per day. It is smooth, it is formed to fit our grasp neatly, and its nylon bristles will last a lifetime. It's easy to keep clean and there's an air of efficiency about it. It expresses its function directly, without any la-di-da airs. It is a democratic brush, a [Continued on next page]



This table marks the entry into industrial design of the noted abstract sculptor, Noguchi. The sculptured lines of the wood base are unmistakably Noguchi. So are the free lines of the heavy plate-glass top with beveled edges. It's about \$200, quite expensive, but very special, in light, dark or ebony walnut. Manufactured by Herman Miller Co.

sisterhood-of-woman brush. Instead of flaunting snobbish pretensions, it says quite simply that it is within the budget of your poor neighbor on the right as well as your rich neighbor on the left.

In our age we like things as well as people to be frank. If we are twentieth century in spirit we like a radio cabinet to be, in all honesty, a forthright, attractive radio cabinet, and not a Chippendale commode that on second glance shamefacedly admits that it houses a radio. The best products of our day state economically, and in every line, their purpose. They are honest in function, design and material. They don't pretend to be better than they are, don't hide inferior quality behind stains and inlays.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Van Keppel-Green designed this tubular-frame lounge chair and ottoman; they're very comfortable for all their airy grace. Seats are of natural white cotton cord, washable, weather-resistant. Lower shelf of coffee-table is of same cord, top is architectural glass

Plenty of furniture, however, pretends to be modern when in truth it lacks the basic modern idea. You have seen it in homes and stores. The old decorations are gone all right, but the pieces still look ostentatious, overdone, full of false emphasis. Examine them carefully and you will see what ails them. They have been styled—they are streamlined, they come in huge squares and rectangles with bull's-eye mirrors and lots of conspicuous hardware or showy waterfall veneers. Or they boast fantastic, meaningless free shapes. Like Grandma's hairbrush, they are tricked up for effect. And that's not modern.

The first test of good modern furniture is its honesty of design. A table should, first and foremost, be a table to eat from or to work on. A chair should invite relaxation, a chest should indicate that it is made to house your belongings. The beauty of a well-designed piece of furniture should be intrinsic, coming from fine materials, good workmanship, simple lines, functional arrangement, not from superficial trimmings or attention-getting aberrations in size and shape.

Having learned to recognize good design, we still can't buy wisely until we take into account our individual needs. One table may be suitable for Mrs. Smith's living. [Continued on page 88]



Work lamp by Kurt Versen: attaches to wall, moves from side to side; frame also bends up and down. About \$14

Swedish group: day bed, chairs and table, designed by Bruno Mathsson, exhibited in the Museum of Modern Art. Swedish designers have had considerable influence on our designs



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



This new group of Swedish furniture, imported by Knoll Associates has lightness and utility for which Swedish furniture is noted. The desk chair is covered in checked homespun. The lamp attaches to the desk like a draftsman's, leaves space for work

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

More of Knoll Associates' Swedish imports. These desk shelves, designed by Florence Knoll, attach to the wall. Fine desk for close quarters



Another Swedish interior that was displayed at the Museum of Modern Art. Axel Larsson was the designer. Traylike drawers are removable; note pull-out shelf



HUTTY LINDBQUIST



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Charles Eames's flexible, stackable modern designs, made ten years ago for a show at the Museum of Modern Art, have influenced many similar groups since

room, another for yours. Where will you use this table, that chair? Is the table high enough and wide enough for your purpose? Is the chair the right height and slant? With chests, consider the things you will store in them. Numerous shallow drawers may hold your clothes more neatly than big, coffinlike drawers, which are a hangover from the days of elaborate gear, men's frilly shirts, many-layered petticoats.

Lamps are important, too. Look for more than a decorative effect. Good reading and work lamps should have a gooseneck or swivel arm. Modern technology has provided us with many new materials and with exciting new properties in familiar materials. We no longer have to buy heavy, overstuffed chairs and sofas for comfort. Today, we get as much comfort from flat springs, foam-rubber padding, from fabric strips slung around wooden frames or metal rods, from bent and molded plywood structures. Comfortable modern furniture is clean, light and elegant.

Since you want to live with your furniture for more than a season, watch for sound construction. This, coupled with the simplicity that is the identifying mark of fine modern design, will guarantee a lasting and happy companionship for years to come.

REDAUX GARDENING



In the far distance, below, Mengel units designed by Morris Sanders are stacked to give drawer space, open shelves, glass-enclosed shelves, and shallow shelves for magazines. Chairs were designed by Edward Wormley for Dunbar Mfg. Co. Coffee-table with glass top was designed by William Armbruster. Left, detail of Mengel unit shows drawer with curved bottom to eliminate dust in corners



Nesting tables made of bent plywood, designed by Marcel Breuer, the architect who designed the house on our covers. Good space savers

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



By Greta Daniel

# I practice what I preach

My furniture is modern

WILLIAM HOWLAND



Left, my Alvar Aalto dining-table and stools. The latter fit under the table when not in use. Above, my bench with foam-rubber mattress serves as sofa, bed for overnight guests, chaise longue for me to lounge and read on. The chair is by Henry Klumb, coffee-table by Aalto. Note my curtained wall

**M**y apartment is a walk-up in an old remodeled cold-water tenement in New York City. When my friends first saw the tiny two-and-a-half rooms I planned to call home they said, "Greta, it's hopeless. You won't be able to live there. It's cramped and depressing. You'll go nuts!"

Maybe I would have, too, if I hadn't treated the place in a simple modern way and furnished it sparsely with good modern pieces. As it is, the rooms seem quite large and restful, and they're not cold and impersonal, either, as people who swear by worn carpets and mantel shelves crowded with knickknacks might suppose. I painted my living-dining-room walls white, and put a blue, lightly patterned rug on the floor. The blue is picked up by plain blue sailcloth curtains that hang from ceiling to floor on my window walls. During the day, when the curtains are parted, they achieve an almost architectural effect, look almost like blue columns. At night, for party festivities and drama, I pull the blue

sailcloth all the way across the walls. Accents of red punctuate my blue-and-white color scheme: red bricks support my wooden book shelves; there's red in the woven cloth I throw over a chair, and red pillows on my low couch. I'm proud of this piece of furniture. It's a modern bench with a sponge-rubber mattress. Banked with pillows, it makes a commodious couch for guests to sit on; I use it as a chaise longue for reading and lounging, and it's a wonderfully comfortable bed for overnight visitors. Almost all of my furniture is light polished birch, most of it by Alvar Aalto. I am as proud of these pieces as some people are of their antiques.

I like my apartment because it expresses my idea of how to live in our age, with the things that our age produces. Like a sweet and pungent dish, my room has a dual personality, and you taste both qualities at one and the same time. It is cool and open, while also being warm and closed in. It's a background that doesn't overwhelm you, but acts like an orchestra, with you playing first violin.



"Go to a dealer you trust" is Malcolm Franklin's advice to inexperienced young antiques. Mr. Franklin, background, far left, at Southby's in London, bidding with other dealers on old prints to bring back to Carson Pirie Scott.



Above: Not only furniture, but household accessories and small decorations are searched out in the British byways. Below: a card table sent back by Mr. Franklin is being checked and put in perfect condition in Carson's workshop.

**F**rankly, I'm prejudiced about antiques. I've been in the business for many years; I've collected antiques here and abroad; I've lived with them, sold them, loved them. I'm strongly in favor of them. But I believe it pays to be cautious when you buy, to know what you're about, to consult museums, books, friends and reputable dealers before writing your name to that check. One of the best things about owning an antique is that its value will increase with every year. If you choose wisely you can always be sure that your money is safe. If you want to sell the piece, you certainly won't lose anything, you may very well make a profit. That's not true of contemporary furniture. The second it is delivered to your home its value decreases. It becomes secondhand furniture, and if you get tired of it, or want to sell it for any reason, you're lucky to get half the price you paid.

Your antiques, however, must be well chosen if you want to consider them investments. Many people would like to collect antiques but are afraid of being stung—everybody has heard tales of fake antiques with fake wormholes and fake hand-pegging. Some people are also uncertain about periods and workmanship, and, even if a piece is authentic, they're not sure how much it

By Malcolm Franklin

# Antiques without tears

should cost. Maybe they'll be gypped on price if not on age.

How to begin? Before buying a single antique, I think a clever buyer should arm herself with a little knowledge. She should get the feel of antiques by visiting museums and looking at eighteenth-century things, concentrating at first on design, later studying color. She should also go to antique shops and browse around. She needn't feel apologetic or self-conscious about it, either. Antique dealers are used to having people look around: they realize, too, that the people who are interested enough to study antiques will eventually be interested enough to buy them. Today's shopper is tomorrow's customer. Besides, I am convinced that one acquires an understanding of antiques only partly by study: the rest is by osmosis—by just being around them.

Begin your study with the eighteenth century. Don't be misled into starting with Victorian things. Instead, acquire an appreciation of the simple lines and designs of the eighteenth century. With these as a touchstone, view the work of other centuries.

Why study the eighteenth century? Because 1750 to 1830 was the period when craftsmen in the United States and in England designed the most beautiful furnishings either country has ever known. Pieces made then are usually more beautiful than

those designed later. In general, the workmanship in this period is much finer, too, than later—or, for that matter, earlier—work.

Incidentally, to be considered an antique a piece must have been made prior to 1830. At least that's the way the United States Customs Appraisers define an antique. The year was chosen because after 1830 taste began to deteriorate, finally reaching an all-time low in the eighties. Of course, some pieces made before 1830 are no good in spite of being authentic antiques, while other pieces made after 1830 are beautiful, and more to be prized than some earlier items.

How much can you rely on yourself, how much should you depend on dealers? I think everyone should buy from a reputable dealer unless he or she is an expert. Not only should the dealer be reputable, but you should like and trust the person who represents the dealer. You should present your problems to him frankly and let him guide you. You should not, of course, buy anything unless you, yourself, get a thrill out of it.

How can you tell whether or not a dealer is reputable? This is a subject to discuss with friends who have owned antiques. There are all kinds of antique nuts and self-appointed experts, and you will have to trust your own [Continued on page 176]



It's in old towns and out-of-the-way places like this shop in Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds that charming old eighteenth-century pieces are found today. Here's Mr. Franklin, left, in England last season on a trip for Carson's

By Louise Price Bell

# Antiques are good matchmakers

Not so long ago, antiques were period pieces, and heaven help the decorator who mixed his centuries. Today a Hepplewhite dining-table is as much at home with modern side chairs as it would be with more Hepplewhite. And no longer must home itself be a colonial salt-box or a classic late Georgian. A southwestern Monterey house bulges comfortably with Victorian pieces. Pennsylvania Dutch mixes happily with modern in the Arizona adobe on these pages. A Tucson couple bought this old Territorial house, turned it and their ideas over to architect Arthur T. Brown and decorator Alfred Messner. To decorator Messner they also handed their rare and lovely antique pieces. They didn't believe their antiques had to be surrounded by china figurines and historical printed chintzes, nor their modern splashed with ceramics and purple tweed. They were like many young people who imagine themselves in a modern house but can't reconcile this with their love for old things; or like others who inherit a few good pieces and

find their budget recommends working these pieces in with the new. This couple believed their antique sewing-table would be nice next to the low lounge chair in the living-room. They saw no reason why their new rough-textured sofa wouldn't fit in with the curved-back Pennsylvania Dutch chairs. They thought the old tin-shaded store lamp would be wonderful over the dining-table. They liked the idea of hanging their ironstone washbowl-and-pitcher and an ancestor's award for Sunday School attendance in the study. Now they have a house they believe anyone can have—modern spiced with a flavoring of antiques—just a dash, or a full serving.

A high serving bar and louvered doors close off the tiny kitchen from the dining area. The table is walnut, the arrow-back bench is pine



Below: Decorator Messner scalloped the pass-the-food-through window, cream-whitened the walls. On them hang walnut spoon holders with old Dutch porridge spoons, and twin shaving bowls



Opposite: The living-room is low and adaptable, with lines that could be developed as modern or traditional. There is a rich antique warmth from the pedestal drop-leaf table, from the old brass wall-brackets on each side of the fireplace, and from the fireplace itself—of the era of 1860, found and installed in the originally fireplace-less adobe. Toward the modern: the sofa and lounge chairs, the deep window uncluttered by curtains. Obviously, neither this nor any room need be only one period

NEW FLOOR PLANS

Below: The bookroom combines an ordinary studio couch, Rex Brasher nature prints on the wall and an antique stretcher chair



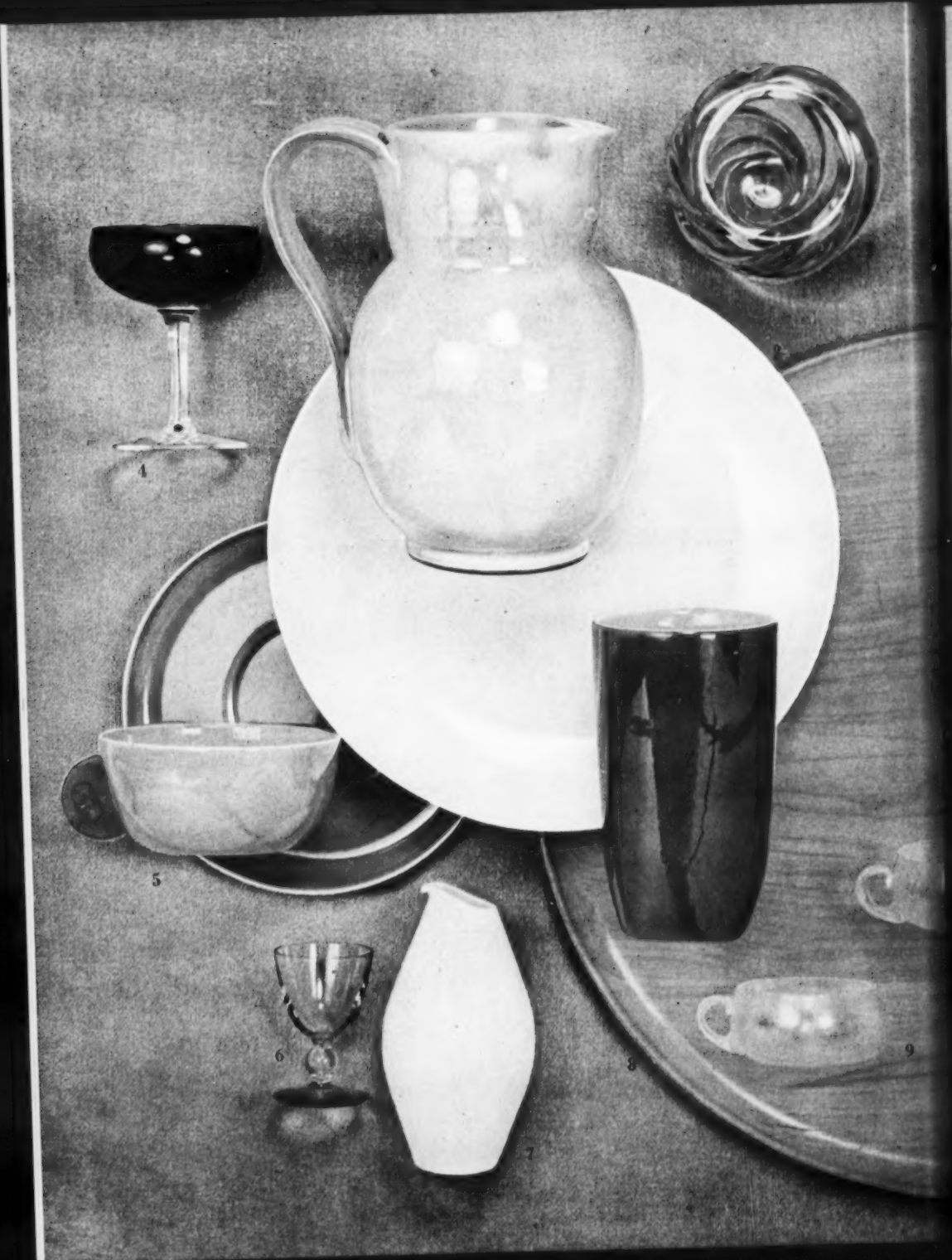
Above: Chest of drawers, treasure-chest cabinet, mellowed Pennsylvania Dutch chair at entrance

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# New table talk

We envy you—if your table is bare, and you're going to collect china and glass this year. There's a renaissance on drawing board and potter's wheel here and abroad, and you'll reap the benefits of the new patterns evolved by designers and craftsmen to meet our present-day needs. Much of their work has already found its way into museums, some can be seen in the shops right now, and more will soon be available to make table talk in your own home. These designs are simple, clean, chaste. They have no extraneous detail, depend on their flowing lines and their material for beauty and appeal. Fine as they are, they're intended for daily use. On these pages and the two following, we give you a panorama of the exciting new materials, glazes and up-to-the-minute designs. 1. A swirl of fine clear glass makes a vase by Val St. Lambert of Belgium. 2. The broad white china plate, hollowed out like simplicity itself, is from the hand of Eva Zeisel. This, with many other pieces, including the handleless cream pitcher, 7, is being made by Cauleton China. It's named, appropriately, Museum Shape, because the first models were given a one-man show in the Museum of Modern Art. 3. In New Hampshire, the Edwin Scheiters hand-turn pottery with graceful lines like this pitcher's. 4. From Finland, once more, Karhula crystal of simple beauty. 5. California contributes a kind of ware peculiarly American and suited to our informal living: for instance, these Vadna pieces with the wooden-handled cups or, 8, the pottery tumbler of La Mirada. 6. From Sweden, too, fine crystal is returning and, 9, Orrefors designs a heavy frosty glass for small Martini cups like these. 10. But in West Virginia, center of our own glass industry, craftsmen are turning out handmade glass such as this blue-ringed glass by Blenko. 11. Although California specializes in pottery, a fine, creamy-white true china has been developed there in such graceful shapes as this tall oval coffeecup and tiny demitasse. 12. A stemless cordial glass from Finland and, 13, a low-footed goblet from Sweden. 14. An irregular-shaped stoneware dish by Alessandro Gianpietro, typifying the work of many independent ceramic artists in developing new ways with design.



10



11



12



13



14



# A new way of living

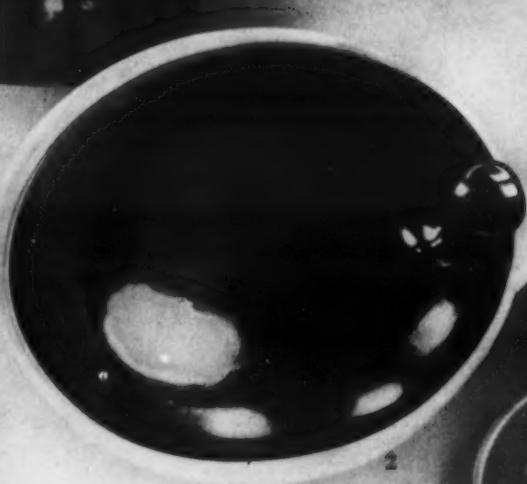
## Out of the oven onto the table

Our new way of living is casual but not careless. Time was when style meant formality, but today we realize that informality can have style of its own, or *our* own. For a great deal of this style depends on us and how well we plan our table things to fit our way of living. We want to streamline the chores, but we want our streamlining to add something, not be bare subtraction. So we select with forethought equipment that will bring color and gaiety to our kitchen and table, but we also keep in mind the fact that it has to do double duty for us. Designers have been working away to produce—in metals, glass, china and earthenware—things that are utilitarian and good-looking at the same time. We're a wide choice. We can copy the French with earthenware casseroles, copper pots, brown pottery plates and authentic red-and-white-checked napery. We can borrow sizzling platters, pottery coffee mugs and their relatives from steak houses or barbecues. Or we can look for more sophisticated modern wares. But the stove-to-table theme runs through them all, with every piece as much at home in the oven as it is on the table.

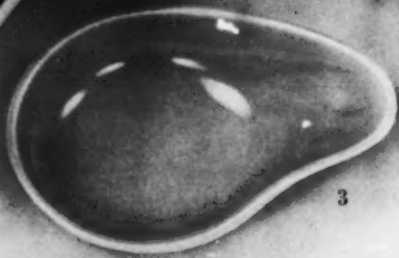
We turn to native American crafts for traditional informal ware—this blue stone-ware pitcher, 1, from Bybee, Kentucky, keeps the coffee hot or the ice water cold. At Bloomingdale. 2, Eva Zeisel, who designed the Museum Shape on the preceding pages, has done this interesting ovenproof casserole, with its thumbprint cover, and other pieces, 3, 4, for Red Wing Pottery—they come in many colors, Macy's



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Taking a page from French chefs, you can use this copper crêpes Suzette set, 9, for crêpes or for other table cookery. Gleaming copper, lined with tin, 10, makes a handsome covered casserole, shirred egg dish or a miniature skillet for melted butter. It's fun, too, to serve up hamburgers on sizzling platters of cast aluminum, 7, just like the ones in restaurants. All. Bazar Français. The blue-and-tan Danish casserole, 8, is from Georg Jensen. Whenever you bake, this apple-shaped pie plate of Glasbake ware, 6, is your dish. This, plus the individual ones, flourishes in the icebox as well as the oven. Both from Marshall Field, Chicago. The center pottery plate with brown and beige concentric rings, 5, from Design Technics, is found at Cardel, Ltd.

# Everybody asks two questions

about table settings

## Where to begin?

"Where to begin?" If you're like most young brides, you survey your wedding presents and wonder how in heaven you're going to put them together with any semblance of style or color theme. Where to begin, indeed? With the Wedgwood from Aunt Minnie, or Grandma's silver epergne? What governs the theme of a table anyhow? Well, usually we think, what a lucky gal you are to have so many nice things given you! And we say, if you have inherited treasures, by all means begin with them and work toward acquiring glass, china and napery to set them off. That's whether your heirlooms happen to be tableware or Chippendale dining-chairs. Sometimes your house itself, if it is something definite like eighteenth-century or ranch house, will give you your clue, but mostly you, what you like and how you live and entertain will be your best guide



Begin with you



Or your heirlooms



Or your house



Or your dining furniture

1



Formal traditional styles



Provincial and informal

2



Modern with formality



Informal modern

## What goes with what?

Here's the second most popular question from the mail-bag—how to put your china, glass, silver and table linens together so you don't get a hodgepodge effect. What kind of silver pattern should a bride choose when she hasn't any idea yet what she'll have to go with it? And when she's put the finger on the silver pattern, what next? If you're wondering about all this yourself, study the chart on the opposite page. It was impossible, of course, to include all the patterns available, but we have tried to show examples to fit four different tastes

## Formal traditional

## Informal traditional

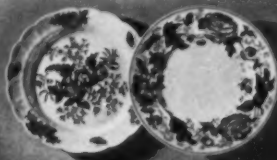
## Formal modern

## Informal modern

WILLIAM HOWLAND



For old-world dignity, choose aristocratic Buccleuch by Minton, or crested Lovestoft by Spode, Plummer



Charming as an English garden are Booth's Peony, at Plummer; Wedgwood's Surrey, at Kirk, Baltimore



Castleton's newest—Museum Shape—available soon. Simple classic grace in Lenox's Imperial. From Plummer



Clear colors key Russel Wright's casual china, Bloomingdale; gay tracery on Glidden's Will-o'-the-Wisp, Altman



Gracefully classic: Tiffin's Concerto, at Plummer, and Val St. Lambert's Vignes, at Samuel Kirk, Baltimore



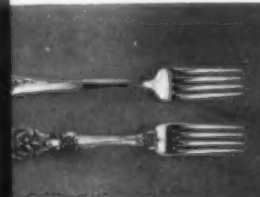
For a Colonial room, try Fostoria's Colony tumbler, at Plummer, or Imperial's Twist, at Bamberger, Newark



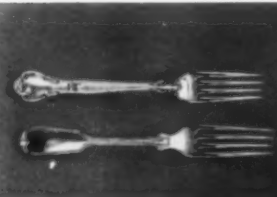
Val St. Lambert's flaring Nuits, at Samuel Kirk, Baltimore, and Orrefors' tumbler, at Black, Starr & Gorham



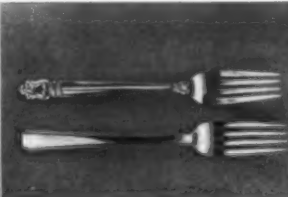
There's an informal charm in Tiffin's optic glass, and in the ring-based tumbler by Stuart. Both from Plummer



Early gardens inspired Oneida's Damask Rose pattern (top), French ornamentation Reed & Barton's Francis I



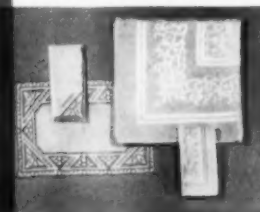
In graceful traditional vein are Gorham's scrolled Chantilly (top), and Frank Smith's sturdy Fiddle Thread



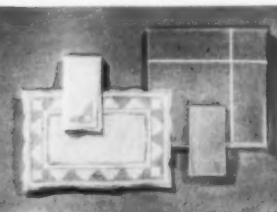
Contemporary design at its best in Lunt's Modern Classic (top), and again in International's Royal Danish



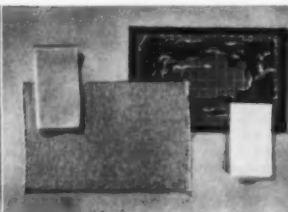
At home on modern tables are simple styles such as Towle's Silver Flutes (at the top) and Alvin's Romanticque



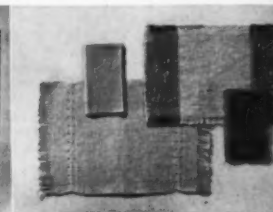
For a handsome background, choose hand-embroidered linens, or perhaps a Celosheen damask cloth. McCutcheon



Pick up flower hues in hand-embroidered linens or in Gondall's textured Morocco cloth. Both from McCutcheon



Choose woven mats shot with metal threads, at Jensen, or dramatic mirrored ones, at Lewis & Conger



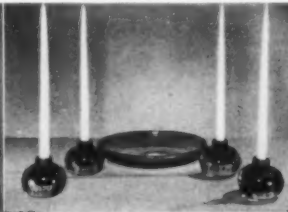
Contrasting mats and napkins of hand-woven linen, America House; colorful Mountaineer cottons, Carole Stupell



Tall silver candlesticks lend formal grace to your table; also an antique gold and white basket. Plummer



For centerpieces: candles in small silver hurricane holders, garden flowers or fruit in a silver bowl. Plummer



For quiet elegance, float a few blooms in an Erickson glass bowl, use low candle holders. Designed for Living



Straight lines of the candleholders are echoed in a low bowl—to be piled high with fruit. Designed for Living

It's never too soon to start collecting your sterling, and that's a fact. **1.** Maybe you can afford only a few place settings by your wedding day, but they'll give you a start on a complete set. **2.** When you get back from the honeymoons you can whip out and get some gay plastic-handled cutlery to fill out and, **3.** maybe next Christmas you can promote a half dozen teaspoons in your sterling pattern. **4.** Each anniversary could bring you another place setting and, **5.** everybody has birthdays, so you might hint for a sugar spoon or butter knife or other serving pieces; **6.** also, there're plenty of Christmases coming for extra forks, a creamer and sugar bowl or other hollow ware you may need.

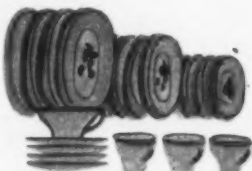


**1** You can begin modestly with a few sterling place-settings



**2** . . . Supplement with gay informal plastic-handled cutlery

While you are picking your silver pattern, you'll be smart to choose that wonderful china pattern you've had your heart set on. **1.** Plenty of shops nowadays (write to us and we'll tell you who they are) make up starter sets for young brides in fine china patterns, so you can get four plates, in three sizes, and four cups and saucers right in the beginning. **2.** Of course you'll need some inexpensive dishes for breakfast and as fill-ins—and, **3.** later you can work on favorite aunts to add plates to your "good" china. **4.** Your anniversary might bring you some additional cups and, **5.** you can add place settings as you go along plus, **6.** things like gravy boats, vegetable dishes and platters.



**1** A brave start—pieces-of-four in your favorite china pattern

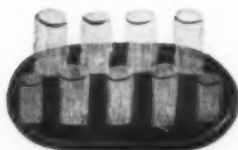


**2** . . . Add a set of inexpensive, lighthearted dishes for everyday

Just because you may not want to splurge on a whole set of fine crystal at first is no reason why you shouldn't get along very nicely with. **1.** a quad of slender-stemmed goblets, to use with your starter set of china, above. **2.** But you'll need a flock of eight-ounce tumblers for water, iced tea, long drinks or whatever. **3.** If you didn't get them for wedding gifts, some old-fashioned for Christmas will come in handy. **4.** A few more goblets are fine for an anniversary and, **5.** you might start thinking about wine glasses to match, and later, **6.** finger bowls, with glass plates, will add a lot, and they can also be used for stewed fruit or dessert.



**1** Four fine goblets, to go with your china, set your first table

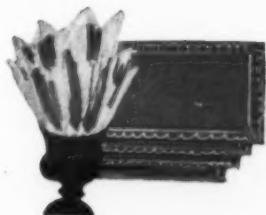


**2** . . . But—you'll need a whole trayful of all-purpose tall glasses

A bride can usually count on at least one really presentable tablecloth or luncheon set, **1.** from loving friends or relatives. But a smart gal, **2.** will eke out her linen supply (and save on laundry too) with stacks of big paper napkins (even men will tolerate them for some occasions) and washable plastic mats. **3.** You'll acquire bridge or breakfast cloths on gift-giving occasions. And, as you can, **4.** you'll add more or less formal doily and runner sets suitable for both luncheon and dinner. **5.** For really dressing up your table, there's nothing like a linen or rayon damask tablecloth with large dinner napkins—elegant with your monogram.



**1** You can step off with a minimum of dress-up table linens



**2** . . . Fill in with plastic mats, paper (or inexpensive cloth) napkins

# It's never too soon to begin

to collect table things



3 ... Maybe Santa will bring six spoons in your pattern



4 ... Birthdays are good times to angle for serving pieces



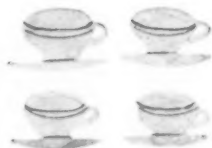
5 ... A place setting for each anniversary is a happy idea



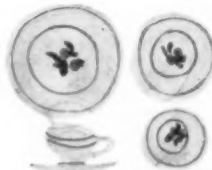
6 ... Ask for extra forks or hollow ware for Christmas



3 ... Plates are good firsts for expanding your basic group



4 ... Cups come in handy, and you'll need more but fast



5 ... Whole place settings may seem an easier way to build



6 ... Promote platters, sauce boats, et cetera, for Christmas



3 ... You can almost count on some cocktail glasses as gifts



4 ... Begin adding to your goblets as soon as you can



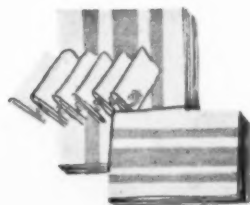
5 ... For elegance on your table, hint for matching wine glasses



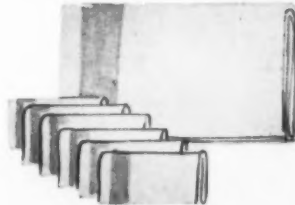
6 ... Finger bowls come next, for a proper dessert service



3 ... Christmas ought to bring a gay breakfast cloth



4 ... Anniversaries, birthdays—maybe a new luncheon set



5 ... Look forward to at least one fine Irish damask cloth





Francie was experimental (her ma's the one to be reproved!)  
Francie ate the spot remover, shortly after was removed.

Matches make a pretty fire, young Sammy found it so  
Lighted up his own attire, now is laid below.  
Sammy's parents weep and sigh, and too late keep matches high!



102

## Gruesome tales

Statistics show that 70 per cent of the people  
killed each year in home accidents are under thirty.  
Best plan for tomorrow: don't die today!



Lazy Lil leaned out the tub to turn the electric switch on.  
She met her death, poor Lazy Lil! without a single stitch on.





The phone rang and Mrs. Spratt put down her iron and went to chat.  
That was the end of Mrs. Spratt. Do you guess she gossips where she's at?

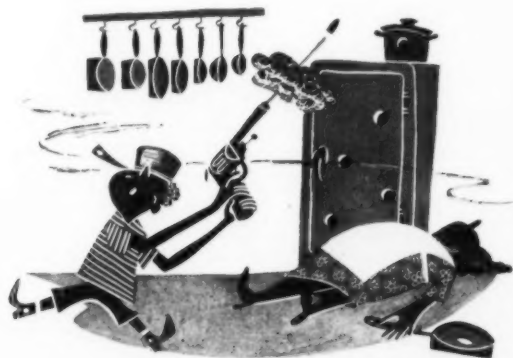
The light bulb blew on the cellar stairs.  
Sue figured: "What's it matter?"  
She missed a step, we must report:  
Sue made an awful splatter.

The snow was snowing all around  
It looked so white and soft  
But it was frozen on the ground  
When Alice down the steps did bound.  
Now Alice wears a golden crown, aloft!



Romping Pete felt sure that he was firm of foot as a cat is.  
The rugs weren't moored, Pete socked his head,  
Now he's crazy as a bat is!

Daddy's gun was on the table  
Loaded, sad to say.  
Bang, bang, bang, went little Harold—  
Blew the cook away.  
And cooks go easily enough without that!



"Why bother with a ladder when a chair is near at hand?"  
Now Henry knows the answer, address him: Promised Land.

# Booklets you can use



Pipe dreams are a lot of fun, but aren't you ready to brush the smoke out of your eyes and do something really constructive about them? You want to learn everything you can about home planning, new materials for building, the latest thing in heating and insulation, and yards of other fascinating information. You can have exciting times studying floor plans, and honing up for when you start to build. And even if you aren't interested in building, you dream over other kinds of planning for your home—say lovely china, glass, silver, and linens. Manufacturers in these fields have compiled many beautifully illustrated booklets which may be had for a few cents or in some cases for the asking. And when you ask, be sure to mention *MADemoiselle's* LIVING.



## Home Planning

Industrial Publications, Inc., 5 South Wabash, Chicago 3, Ill. A brief booklet, but complete in its planning of homes from initial cost, to the features that add to gracious living. 25c.

Insurance Company of North America Companies, 1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia 1, Pa. A 64-page booklet telling of the hidden hazards in building that would never occur to a non-professional.

Douglas Fir Plywood Association, Tacoma, Wash. A complete story on the prefabricated house, with some attractive examples you may not have seen.

Delta Manufacturing Co., 600 E. Vienna Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This excellent brochure is crammed with all kinds of home maintenance information for the neophyte. It's 25c.

Besser Manufacturing Co., Alpena, Mich., *This Business of Building a Home*; also *Planning*

*Your Home*, accurate information about concrete masonry houses.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio, *Beautiful Homes*, attractive booklet of houses using large glass area. Filled with constructive suggestions.

Libbey-Owens Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio, *The Solar House*, attractive provocative plans, free; also *Planning Ahead With Glass*. 10c.

Celotex Corp., Chicago 3, Ill., *Your Home Is Your Biggest Plan in Life*, full of valuable tips for the home buyer or builder.



## Building Materials

The Tile-Tex Company, Chicago Heights, Ill., *Floors that Endure*. Specifications, patterns, and colors of asphalt or plastic tiles for floors.

New Castle Products, New Castle, Ind., *Modernfold Doors*. Suggestions for the use of a modern accordion-type folding door.

E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tenn., *Bruce-1947*. About wood flooring—woods, grains, finishes.

U. S. Gypsum Co., 300 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., *Popular Home Ideas Galore*, full of ideas on remodeling and decorating. \$1.00.

Revere Copper & Brass, Inc., 230 Park Ave., N. Y., *The House You Live In*. About those important life-lines of a house: pipes, flashing.

U. S. Plywood Corp., 103 Park Ave., N. Y., *Weldwood Plywood*, planning plywood installations. *Beautiful Wood for Beautiful Homes*, paneling and doors of Weldwood Plywood.

Ponderosa Pine Woodwork, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill., *Today's Ideal House*. Pictures of rooms with pine woodwork. 10c.

Douglas Fir Plywood Association, Tacoma Bldg., Tacoma, Wash., *The House in the Sun*. Pictures of the demonstration plywood home built in California.

American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp., Pittsburgh 30, Pa., *General Home Booklet*, on plumbing and heating. *What the Well-Dressed Kitchen is Wearing*, all about kitchen sinks.

Johns-Manville, 22 East 40 St., New York 16, *Comfort That Pays for Itself*, 24 pages of useful information on home insulation.

Burnham Corp., Irvington, N. Y., folder on Base-Ray Radiant Baseboards for heating.

Marsh Wall Products, Inc., 717 Main St., Dover, O., *Modern Wall Magic*, on easy-to-clean marlite.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2743 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis 8, Minn., *Comfort Unlimited*, on Moduflow heating control system for your home.

Hotpoint Institute, 5646 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44, Ill., *Recipes For Hot Water* and descriptions of various kinds of boilers.

F. C. Russell Co., 1836-H Euclid Ave., Cleveland 15, O., booklet on Rusco, all-metal self-storing combination screen and storm sash.

General Electric, Chicago, Ill., *Planning Your Home For Better Living*, . . . Electrically, guidance in avoiding the usual electrical mistakes in wiring, priced at 25c.

Kimberly-Clark Corp., Kimsul Div., Neenah, Wis., *Put Your Home in the Comfort Zone* is a booklet on proper insulation.



Crane Co., 336 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., *Planning Ideas*, on bathrooms and kitchens. *Plumbing and Heating for Every Home Building Budget*, is a handy catalogue of equipment.

Briggs Manufacturing Co., Detroit 11, Mich., a 28-page booklet, *Planning Your Bathroom and Powder Room*, with lots of ideas on planning bathrooms, advice on choosing fixtures.

Eljer Co., Ford City, Pa., *Styled Plumbing*, a catalogue of plumbing fixtures, including some luxurious details you may not have thought of. Also, *Women Tell Us*, with specific ideas for the type of bathroom best fitted for your needs, desires and pocketbook.

Airtemp Division of Chrysler Corp., Dayton 1, Ohio, a catalogue of heating, cooling and air-conditioning equipment for the home.

General Electric, Air Conditioning Dept., 5 Lawrence St., Bloomfield, N. J., history of

heating from the most elementary to today's modern methods. Sensible plans for you.

Westinghouse Electric Corp., 150 Pacific Ave., Jersey City 4, N. J., technical information on heating and air-conditioning.

Norge Division Borg-Warner Corp., Detroit, Mich., booklet of home heaters with suggestions that may solve your own problem.

Libbey-Owens Ford Glass Company, Toledo 3, Ohio, *Bright Ideas with Decorative Glass*. Suggestions for building or remodeling with glass.



### Table Things

Irish Linen Guild, 527 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17, *Irish Linen the Fabric of Elegance*, history of linen and how linen is made, with helpful suggestions on how to buy linen.

R. Wallace and Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn., *All Silver and Well Worth It*, showing how the patterns look in different table settings, and ideas on using holloware.

Frank Smith Silver Co., Gardner, Mass., *To Have Done Well, Obliges Us To Do So Still*, showing photographs of the making of silver.

Doulton & Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., fully illustrated booklet includes correct table services, priced at 10c.

Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass., *For Gracious Living*, a booklet on table setting and how to choose your silver.

The Gorham Co., Providence 7, Rhode Island, *Entertaining the Sterling Way*, gives correct table service for every occasion, priced at 10c.

Reed & Barton, Dept. 990, Taunton, Mass., *How To Be a Successful Hostess*, table service and care of silver, priced at 10c.

Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, 162 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., *The Rise of Wedgwood*, showing the making and patterns of his fine tableware, 10c. *The Story of Wedgwood* from its founding to the present. 25c.

Castleton China, 212 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10, *Things You Should Know About China*, booklet containing sketches and a little story of how china is made and what to look for in buying it.

Copeland & Thompson, 206 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Booklet on Spode dinnerware with color photographs of the various patterns, and silhouettes accompanying them to show styles, and shapes of the serving pieces that go with the patterns, priced at 10c.

Onondaga Pottery Company, Syracuse, N. Y., *Syracuse China*, information about dinnerware; *Chinaware, Its Selection and Maintenance*, hints on how to care for your china for long life.

Vitrified China Association, 1010 Shoreham Building, Washington 5, D. C., *American Vitrified China*, information and illustrations on vitrified china.

Fulper Pottery Company, Trenton 4, N. J., *Attractive Settings for Your Table*, suggestions using Stangl dinnerware, priced at 10c.

Theodore Haviland & Co., Inc., 26 W. 23 Street, N. Y. 10, *Fine China—To Have and To Use*, and *History of a Name*, both for 10c.

Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, W. Va., *Let Tables Glisten*, pointers on choosing and using glassware.

Libbey Glass, Div. of Owens-Illinois Glass Co., Toledo, O., *The Story of Libbey Safedge Glassware*, history of glass-making in general, including the Libbey process.



Jayne Henri Studios, Div. of Art Lamp Corp., 1750 West Fulton St., Chicago 12, Ill., *The Art of Hand Decorating*, folder showing decorated frosted glassware.

American Art Alloys, Inc., Kokomo, Ind., 1 West 34 St., N. Y. 1, *How to Set a Beautiful Table with Golden-Hued Dyrillite*, suggested table settings in color, priced at 15c.

Lenox, Inc., Trenton, N. J., *The Making of Lenox China*. Back of the scenes with this famous American china.

Fischer, Bruce and Co., 219 Market Street, Philadelphia 6, Pa. *Lamberton China*, a booklet showing patterns for every table.

- 107 *The York Family at Home*, by Joseph H. Davis
- 108 Money, Money, Money, by Lynn Root
- 112 Use Your Senses: a Study in Values
- 114 Around the Clock with the Missus
- 120 Around the Clock with Better Tools
- 126 Space Is Where You Find It
- 128 It's All Done with Cans, by Phillip
- 131 Feeding That Man
- 132 Mr. and Mrs. at Breakfast: or the Egg and They
- 134 Free As Air, by Virginia Forsythe
- 137 Set the Stage for Yourself, by Stewart Chaney
- 140 Collecting with Design
- 144 Children Like Modern Art
- 147 Rooms for the Young, by Kay Hardy
- 150 Beer and Ballads, by Peta Fuller
- 153 Supper and Games
- 156 Punch and Pay-Off
- 158 Books You Can Use

**T**here's no blinking the facts of life. Money is a fact. So are time, tools, space, food, art, children and fun. We can handle these facts with humor and charm to make them pleasant integral parts of our lives. Or we can wring our hands and let them swamp us. In 1837 a young American named Joseph H. Davis painted this quaint little scene, calling it simply, *The York Family at Home*. Their names were Thomas, Harriet and Julia Ann, and we have chosen this amiable family in their cozy home to symbolize the facts of life. Mr. Davis' charming little water color is part of the collection of American primitives in the Museum of Modern Art, a gift to the museum by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. While this painting could be called primitive, it is also modern. The Yorks are obviously industrious, but they also have time for art and fun and conversation, and it is quite apparent that Mrs. York is a feminine soul—aren't we all—interested in her own appearance and the appearance of her home. Many of the touches in the decor are her handiwork, as personal and as appealing as the individual touches we put in our homes.



Received of the  
Messrs. J. & W. G. & Co. 25 August 1870.  
By order of the  
Messrs. J. & W. G. & Co. 25 August 1870.



# Money

# Money Money Money

One of the most nagging and inescapable facts of life is money! Maybe the best things in life are free, but offhand we can't name many. Health, beauty, love, a few things like that—we don't underestimate them—and from there on in everything costs you an honest dollar, probably a dollar-fifty today.

Most of our expenses are fixed. The rent (or the mortgage and loan on the house) has to be paid every month. So does Papa's insurance. The gas and electric and telephone companies coldly request their stipend on the dot. The butcher, the baker, the babysitter, the three-hour-a-week maid who cleans the bathroom and kitchen, the grocery store, the gas station and auto-repair shop collect their monthly slices. When these steady drains are counted up, what's left? About 25 per cent of the total, rarely more.

This is the part of our income that can make or break us. One quarter out of every dollar is ours to push around. These quarters can be treated gently, wisely, to give us the good life, or

they can get out of hand (slip through our fingers one by one and where on earth did they go?) and deal us the debt-ridden blues. Twenty-five per cent of our income is our piece of pie. We can gobble it all in a bite, or save it to nibble at.

Fixed expenses are *fixed*, but our piece of pie requires managing. You and your husband should make decisions together: Do you want to drink to your first anniversary in champagne? Or in cider and bank the difference? Would you rather have a new winter overcoat apiece, or a new dinner jacket and a new dinner dress—with your pride and woolen underwear to keep you warm? Whatever you conclude, there's no need to feel apologetic. It's your money. Only you can decide how to spend it.

But *do* you decide? "Do you," as Bruce Barton asks, "tell your money where to go, or does it tell you where it has been?"

Questioning a cross section of young homemakers from coast to coast about their incomes and out- [Continued on page 184]





## The D.'s: We rate them C

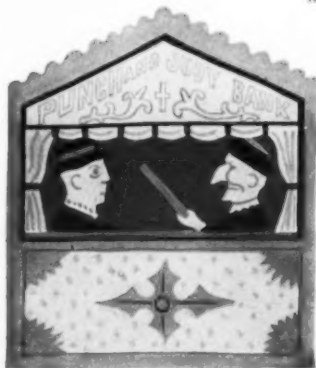
The D.'s live in a large West Coast city, have two children: Nicky, one; Sue, five. **Income** is \$5,160 a year. They spend \$50 a month for six rooms; \$100 a month for food; \$8 a month for laundry and cleaning; \$7 a month for gas and elec.; \$75 a month for liquor, entertaining, movies. Clothes cost Papa \$200 a year; Mamma, \$300; \$100 "plus many gifts" is enough for the children's clothes. They spend about \$150 a year on furniture and trimmings for the house, \$300 a year for Papa's life insurance. They are buying a refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, washing machine on the installment plan, pay \$20 a month. **Budget:** None! They have no savings. Meet unexpected expenses by borrowing. They say: "We're dying for a vacation, but can't afford it. We'd like to build our own home, but we haven't the money." **Our analysis:** Notice the \$75 a month they spend on entertainment. Notice that they can account for only \$4,170 of their \$5,160 a year. It is not really impossible for the D.'s to save or plan ahead. A budget would certainly help them live better. After income taxes, since Mr. D. is the family's sole support, they should have \$500 to \$600 a year to spend for vacations and to save toward that house they want to build. This is no small sum to lose every year. In addition, they could cut down on that \$75 a month for entertainment if they are determined to have a home.



## The R.'s: We rate them A

The R.'s live in an Eastern college town, have two children: Jerry, three; Donald, two. **Income:** \$4,100 a year. Rent: \$65 a month for five-room apartment and bath. Food: \$56 a month. They garden and can. Laundry, cleaning and sitter: \$20 to \$25 a month. Entertaining: \$10 a month. Clothes: \$390 for the family. New car: paying for it under the GI Bill. Income tax deducted from pay roll; doctors' bills by monthly allotment of \$5; also carry Blue Cross Insurance. Belong to Christmas Club, Vacation Club. Savings: \$638.60 a year, of which \$438.60 is for insurance. Car insurance: \$90 a year. **Budget:** Carefully planned out together on a two-week basis. Mrs. R. budgets in a portfolio bought at five-and-ten. Each manila envelope contains cash allotment for two-week period, for example: food, \$26; Mrs. R.'s clothes, \$5; children's clothes, \$5. Mrs. R. takes out money as needed. Mr. R. pays monthly bills. **Long-range plan:** They will build in three to four years, already own land, finance one article a year. **Our analysis:** The R.'s do very well. Their long-range planning is excellent. But their budget is too rigid. Even on the books, categories should not be quite so ironclad. In the summer the clothes allowance might occasionally go on a picnic. In spite of which, the R.'s lead a good life, get a lot for their money, and are up near the head of the class with an A rating.

SKETCHES BY TOM FINE





### The B.'s: We rate them C-minus

The B.'s live in a Southeastern city, have a four-year-old daughter, Nellie, a year-old son, Stevie. They mark themselves "extravagant." Income is \$8,400 a year. (They need \$10,000, they say.) Housing costs them \$73.25 a month, including carrying charges, mortgage payments on a \$7,900 house. Food: \$120. Laundry and cleaning: \$8; gas and elec.: \$11; entertaining: \$30; clothes: \$250 a year for the family. They usually have a full-time maid at \$100 a month; when big expenses loom they let the maid go, cut luxuries to meet payments. Papa is a doctor so no doctor's bills. Belong to Blue Cross. Visit in-laws for vacations. Nellie's school is \$250 a year; summer day-camp, \$150. Other expenses: \$800 for office and charity. No savings except life insurance at \$115 a year. Fire, auto, education and health insurance come to \$428.95 a year. They are often behind in the payment of bills. Budget: "We don't budget!" "Have no long-term plan." Our analysis: Even if the B.'s kept their full-time maid at \$100 a month, their expenses would add up to only \$6,400.95 a year. Somewhere a chunk of their \$8,400 is sneaking away. Their clothes allowance is modest. They pay no more for insurance than other couples with comparable incomes. The B.'s don't seem to live high, but they do spend wide. Control would get them more for their money, cash in the bank too.

### The P.'s: We rate them B-plus

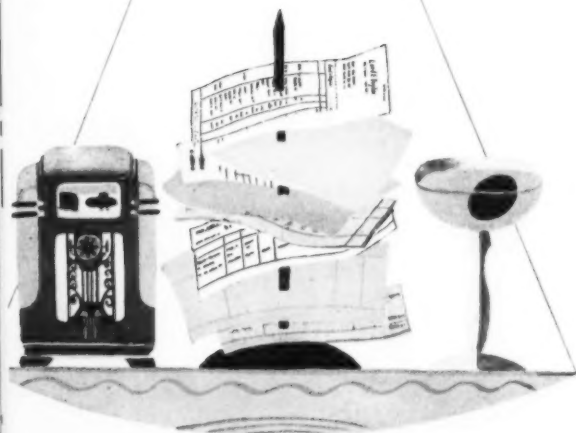
The P.'s live in a large Midwestern city. They have a five-year-old daughter, Polly. Income is \$4,100 a year. They pay \$49.50 a month (including mortgage payments) on a \$7,250 house financed through GI Loan and Building and Loan Association. Mrs. P. does all her own laundry, cleaning, housework. Phone, gas and elec.: \$17.25 a month. Food: \$60 to \$75 a month. Entertaining: \$25 to \$35 a month. Clothing for the family: \$175 a year. No car. Meet big expenses by regular savings. Pay taxes through escrow fund with Building and Loan Association. This has been a big year of home furnishing expenses: furniture, \$1,500; repairs, \$300. They spend \$179 a year for Papa's insurance. Fire and hospitalization insurance: \$61. They have some debts, because of financing furniture, gas furnace and so forth. Repaying at \$145 a month. Our analysis: the P.'s are making a fine start on postwar living. They know what they want and are getting it. They have had to eat into their savings and borrow for house and furnishings, but have a long-range plan, expect soon to be saving \$40 to \$50 a month. Their attitude and optimism are fine, better perhaps than their judgment. They may have overdone a little, but we hope that when they've unloaded their debt and start working out their financial plan they'll continue to accentuate the positive. Surely it doesn't hurt to be cheerful.



The mechanical banks of our thrifty forebears were a real inducement to tuck away coins. Today these banks are collectors' items, cost anywhere from \$5 to \$500. Many are most ingenious. The coin is tucked away for safe keeping in amusing ways: dropped from a skirt, from a hat or hand

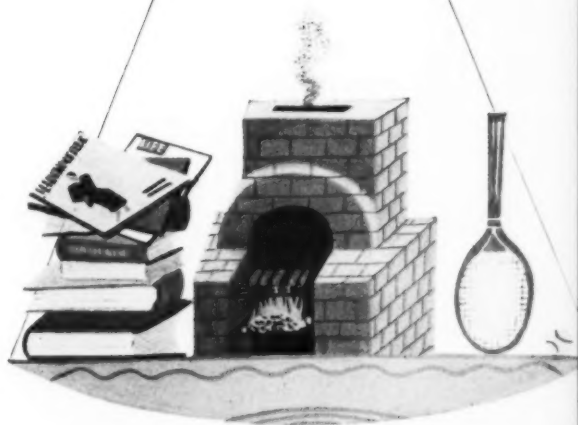


### Use your senses



"Of course it's darling," you tell your friends sniffily, after viewing Emmaline's new house. "All the money she has to spend—it *ought* to be!" But this is not necessarily a sequitur. Money does not guarantee anyone a darling house or smart clothes or a life that's a matter of envy to others. Taste does, and that's why we emphasize taste as one of the important facts of life. Taste is primarily a matter of balance and proportion. If you go overboard in one direction or another, you tip the scales, and taste takes a tumble. Taste results from using your five senses plus your own good common sense. Taste keeps you from painting every room in the house red. It also keeps you from being afraid to use *any* red. Taste tells you that you'll need a few really good pieces in your house as investments, as background, as foundationwork. It then permits you to pick up bargains from the junkman, make

inexpensive curtains, assert your whims and fancies. Taste points out that likker is fine in moderation but that other things are important, too, and that spending all your money on night clubs and whoopee won't pay off five years from now. Taste says balance your budget and balance your life. Which means you'll buy books and pictures as well as new curtains and slip covers. That you'll collect records and play tennis and have enough money to entertain—not spend every cent on *things*; that your home won't rule you or enslave you; that you'll take care of yourself as well as your diggings, seeing to it that you're both dressed suitably and becomingly, with enough originality to be amusing, enough conventionality not to be freakish. Taste rules out piddling fear, and the snobbish conservatism that wears a price tag. Taste has humor; it weighs and balances, keeps you smartly on an even keel.



Around the clock with the missus

## The case of Mrs. S

Time Chart  
(from 7:15 A.M. till she tucks the children in at night)

	Hours per week
Personal: Dressing, washing and setting hair, giving self a manicure.	4:09
Meals: Part of cooking (maid does four days), serving and eating breakfast with family, feeding children lunch and supper (her and Mr. S.'s dinner is on their own time).	15:52
Dishwashing: When maid isn't there.	2:43
Cleaning: Maid helps four days a week.	6:29
Laundry: Mostly in washer. Sorting, hanging up, folding and putting away. No ironing.	2:42
Making beds.	1:30
Marketing.	6:20
Chores: Talking to laundryman, carpenter; feeding cat.	1:41
Telephoning.	1:19
Mending: That is.	1:55
Children: Everything but feeding, which is under meals.	7:28
Social: Friends to tea or chat.	2:30
Rest: Also reading during rest periods.	3:40
Total hours per week accounted for.	56:19
Actual hours spent on meals, cleaning, making beds, washing clothes, chores and marketing.	36:17

Valerie S.

**K**eeping house isn't

an eight-hour job. But it has its compensations. The missus is the boss: she rules the roost. Time is a haunting fact in her life, but it's hers to control. Her day isn't standardized, that's one of the joys of being a housewife. If she likes to whip up soufflés, she can spend hours in the kitchen and whisk through the cleaning in a trice. If it's fun for her to scrub and polish, she can shine the hours away and dish up a Birds Eye dinner.

The trick is to organize the work and have the proper equipment. Cutting time doesn't mean cutting standards. Often it results in raising them. However, before you can improve your schedule or lessen your work load, you will have to know how your time flies. That means keeping a record of dawn-to-dusk tasks for a

while. Then you can sit down and figure out some short cuts.

To show how it can be done, we asked three young mothers to follow themselves around the clock and chart their activities, hour by hour, for a week. First we consider the case of Valerie S.

You'll see a breakdown of how Valerie spends her time on the chart at the left. She has three children: Stuart, seven; Janet, four-and-a-half; and Nancy, one-and-a-half. She and her husband have a two-story, eight-room house in the suburbs, with a laundry in the basement. Georgia, the maid, comes in each day from 9:30 to 7:30 except Tuesdays, Wednesdays and every other Sunday. Alternate Sundays she works from 9:30 to 2:30. Valerie has a nice lot of mechanical equipment: a Mixmaster, Airway vacuum cleaner, Westinghouse electric iron, waffle iron, Toast-O-Lator,





Up at 7:15 every morning, Mrs. S. gets breakfast on the table in time for Papa to catch the 8:20 train. Although she lays out Stuart's and Janet's clothes before she comes downstairs, leaving them to dress themselves (she hopes), Janet often wanders down in pajamas, as above. But at this hour Mrs. S. is too busy to notice. Meals added up to nearly sixteen hours a week for her in the time chart of her housework and child-care activities she kept for MLL's LIVING

and a brand-new Bendix washer that she positively dotes on.

Valerie gets up every morning at 7:15, changes baby Nancy, lays out clothes for Stuart and Janet, slips into something herself, fixes and serves breakfast, and kisses her husband good-bye as he dashes for the commuters' train. This is her busiest hour of the day. Five minutes at this time are worth twice as many at any other. Right here, experts suggest she might lay out the children's clothes the night before in the order of putting on and train them to start dressing themselves while she is changing the baby. It might be built into an important family contribution and a game to see who can get dressed and downstairs quicker each morning.

After breakfast Valerie goes into her cooking, cleaning, laundry, marketing routine, with frequent interruptions to let Janet in or out, feed and potty the [Continued on page 188]

PETER MARTIN



Left: Valerie S. strips and changes four beds in twenty-five minutes. Experts say a bed can be made in two and one half minutes. "Oh yeah?" asks Mrs. S. "With Janet pouncing on it?"

She has a maid four days a week who cooks and helps with the children. Valerie does the dusting (below) and upstairs cleaning—spends six hours, twenty-nine minutes per week on this job

Below, left: Mrs. S.'s marketing takes over six hours a week, but she considers it fun and often goes with a friend for company. It's fun for Janet too, especially what's in Mamma's bag



## Time Chart

	Hours per week
Personal:	
Bathing and dressing, but no hair care, beauty parlor for this.	3:35
Meals:	
Cooking, breakfast with family, lunch, feeding baby supper, an family dinner.	21:30
Dishwashing:	3:30
Cleaning:	10:10
Laundry:	
Dusting, straightening, vacuuming, washing and ironing, includes table linen, but no sheets or shirts, includes occasional scrubbing with hot-water heater.	10:00
Making beds:	1:50
Marketing:	
Usually by phone, sometimes with baby's airing, occasional dash for forgotten items.	2:00
Chores:	3:30
Phone:	3:05
Sewing:	1:30
Children:	
Good deal of play and small talk with baby, important for older child when there's a new baby.	17:07
Social:	4:05
Friends to tea, Child Study association and so forth.	
Rest:	
Includes daytime reading of magazines, papers; time out for a cigarette, at cetera.	8:10
Total hours accounted for per week:	85:40
Actual number of hours spent on meals, dishes, cleaning, laundry, beds, marketing and chores:	55:36

Patsy R.

N

ow let's look at Mrs. R.'s merry-go-round: she has two children, Kenneth, six-and-a-half, and a nine-months-old baby, Marian. Her house has seven rooms and a basement laundry. A part-time maid comes in a total of eight hours a week.

Patsy R. has some mechanical tools—most of them thoroughly pre-war. For instance, she has an old-type washing machine, which she optimistically asserts is better than nothing—just about, that is—and a senescent electric iron. She has a tank-type vacuum, a waffle iron, a toaster and an electric sewing-machine. She longs for an automatic washer, a garbage-disposal unit and an upright vacuum, in addition to the tank.

The maid comes on Friday, helps with the ironing and the heavy cleaning. Even so, Patsy's actual housework week (not counting bathing, changing, dressing the baby, or time spent with Kenny) runs to fifty-one hours, thirty-six minutes. Nor does this count the time she spends getting dinner for her husband, which she considers extracurricular work. Her design for living allows little time for marketing—or sewing. The only

Around the clock with the missus

## The case of Mrs. R

sewing she did while charting her work week for us was to sew a new seat in the pantie-girdle her pup chewed up. It took her half an hour.

Her day begins at about 7:30. Breakfast is on the table in twenty minutes, and baby Marian is taken up and fed while spouse Dr. R. and Kenny eat. Sometimes Mrs. R. grabs a minute for the newspapers over a second cup of coffee. But usually she's off on a round of dressing, bed-making, putting the wash in the machine, getting Marian bathed and into her pen or back to bed, so it's midmorning before she has time to subside, light a cigarette and read the mail and headlines. Cooking, which she loves, is her one indulgence. Every night Dr. R. relaxes with a cocktail while she cooks. There are several short cuts that would ease Mrs. R.'s housework. She usually does dishes after each meal. If she combined lunch and breakfast dishes, left them in the drying rack, she could put them away before dinner, saving towels and time. Tarnish-retarding cloth for the flat-silver drawer, special lacquer for large pieces would eliminate silver-polishing. Her cleaning would take less time if she had a schedule.



Patsy R. makes her four beds in jig time, averages two minutes per bed, thus shattering the experts' batting average



After she tidies the upstairs, Mrs. R. gives baby Marian her bath. This usually takes about twenty-five minutes. While Marian takes her nap, Mrs. R. starts on the downstairs



Each morning the R.'s' living-room gets a once-over-lightly—Patsy plumps up cushions, dumps ash trays, carts out old newspapers, dusts. Twice a week she gives it the old one-two with the vac.



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JOHN MARTIN

Mrs. R. says she wouldn't mind the laundry if she had a new washer and if the hot water heater wasn't so ornery. She washes twice a week (second wash is largely baby things!); spends ten hours on that job plus the ironing. Here Papa and Junior kibitz while she makes with the clothespins.



Far right: Casseroles are favorites in Mrs. R.'s repertory, because she can leave them to simmer while she and Papa enjoy before-dinner cocktails.

The men of the family lend Patsy a helping hand when company is expected. Papa often helps with the dinner dishes anyway; Junior is an expert at table setting. His grandparents are coming tonight.



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Around the clock with the

## The case



Above: When the twins are having their afternoon naps, Baby H. tries to snatch forty winks herself; sometimes she only stretches out and relaxes with the papers, a new book or magazine



PETER MAUTIS

Top left: Mixing the formula for baby Diana is just one of Mrs. H.'s jobs. Prudence and Priscilla watch her every move. They are fascinated by the new baby, are not at all jealous of her

Above, left: A big item on Mrs. H.'s time schedule is feeding the baby and spooning food into the twins, who don't need much urging. Left: Her pressure cooker cuts hours from preparation



Below: Pris and Prue take the five flights of stairs in their stride. Mrs. H.'s husband markets on the way home and goes with her weekends to the chain store to help cart the groceries upstairs



# of Mrs. H

Time Chart		Hours per week
Personal:	Dressing, taking shower, washing hair, doing nails.	2:50
Meals:	Cooking, eating with children, feeding baby, making formula. Dinner with husband not included, nor time out for coffee, cigarettes and papers while baby sleeps.	34:23
Dishwashing:	Husband helps at night.	4:50
Cleaning:	Sweeping, dusting, washing floors, washing kitchen, bathroom, et cetera.	9:10
Laundry:	Washing diapers, children's things (cleaning women does main work and ironing sheets and towels to laundry).	8:41
Chores:	Talking to cleaning woman, polishing silver vase, et cetera.	1:50
Making beds:		1:35
Marketing:	Includes 2:30 of deep work, bills, et cetera. Husband often markets on way home. Cash stocked about once a week at chain store.	3:20
Phone:	Also chats with neighbors.	2:16
Rest and relaxation:	Includes back to bed after feeding baby, rest with coffee and papers; afternoon naps; listening to symphony; lying down while friend called.	15:30
Social:	Friends came to tea.	1:25
Children:	Includes much play and taking them out.	27:19
	Total hours accounted for:	107:19
	Actual number of hours spent on meals, dishes, cleaning, laundry, beds, marketing and chores:	57:49

Babs H.

**B**abs H. says

her day is not so much round and round as up and down. Stairs are a big factor in her life. She lives on the fifth floor of a New York brownstone walk-up, and consequently never has to watch her weight. By the time she has gone down and up, up and down, taking the twins to the park, whipping out to the grocery or the cleaner's, she's had a workout. It takes time, too. Five minutes down and nearly ten up with the two-and-a-half-year-old twins. When she takes the baby out as well, it's another five minutes to get the carriage from the cellar.

Mrs. H's family consists of her husband, who is a young doctor on the staff of one of the city's big hospitals; the twins, Prudence and Priscilla; and Diana, who is three months old. She has a cleaning woman—landlady who comes in two days a week, and a sitter to take the twins out one afternoon and stay with them one evening so she and Dr. H. can have a night on the town. Except for a carpet sweeper (not a vacuum), an electric iron and a shiny new pressure cooker, Babs H. has no household aids. She spends nine hours and ten minutes a week cleaning house, and she herself puts in four hours, forty-one minutes washing clothes, though she sends household linen out, has help with the laundry.

Mrs. H. puts in a long day. In her records she accounts for one



The children's room, the biggest in the H.'s four-room apartment, has lots of light and space to play in. In her "spare" time, Mrs. H. paints clever Mother Goose murals just above the baseboard—that's the right height for the twins to appreciate

hundred seven hours of activity per week. Of these, nearly fifty-eight hours were devoted to actual housework, with a little over twenty-seven going into the care of her children. In an entire week, night and day, there are only one hundred sixty-eight hours, so, allowing that Mrs. H. slept eight hours a night, she has a bare five hours unaccounted for—five hours for eating dinner with her husband and relaxing.

Mrs. H. snatches rest periods between work, however. While the children nap she often naps too, or at least lies down and reads. The one thing that upsets her about her busy routine is the lack of time for reading. She's a college grad, and before her marriage was a crackjack copy writer in an advertising agency. With a three-months-old baby, she still feels the need of considerable rest, but tries to make it count in terms of reading and listening to symphonies over the radio.

Babs H.'s work week is long for several reasons. First there's the lack of household machinery, then the age of the children. A scientific study made at the University of Vermont shows that the average time spent on the children in a family is governed by the age of the youngest child rather than by the number of children. When the youngest in the family is as much as six or seven, only three hours a week on an average are spent on child care. This rises to twelve [Continued on page 165]

Around the clock with better tools

The case of the

# Automatic washer

Time and tools are the Siamese twins of homemaking. Modern appliances make a dramatic difference in the young housewife's working day. In the long run they save her money, too. As an example, there is Valerie S., a young wife with three children. Until recently, Mrs. S. did not own a washing machine. She used to send a good many things to the laundry and her bills were over \$5 a week. She washed the children's clothes and her own underclothes at home, and seemed to spend an unconscionable amount of time over the washtub, and the ironing board as well, even though, whenever possible, she bought seersucker and crinkle crepe things that didn't need ironing. Now and then Mrs. S. would get fed up and send the whole shebang to a laundress, but this cost so much that after a few weeks she always went back to the tubs herself.

These were the sorry facts before an automatic washer came into her life! Figuring things out one night, Valerie S. was struck by the thought that an automatic washer would pay for itself in a little over a year. That settled it. The next day she bought a Bendix for \$239.50. (This happened to be her choice; there are, of course, many other good automatic washers, too.) Valerie still sends table and bed linen and her husband's shirts to the laundry. This costs about \$2 a week. With the Bendix, she is saving \$3 to \$5 a week. It will have earned its board and keep shortly after she buys a new calendar. Valerie now does a bundle of wash every day, five days a week. It takes her about twenty minutes to sort and hang up the clothes, load and unload the Bendix. That's all! While the machine churns away, Valerie reads to the children, gives herself a manicure, shampoos her hair or just lies down. She can even have friends to tea on Blue Monday. She says the time the Bendix saves her is even more fun to spend than the money it puts in her pocket. On both scores Mrs. S. is richer and happier than she was.



Mrs. S. loads her Bendix once every weekday. The whole job—including sorting, hanging out, folding and putting away, takes only twenty minutes



When the clothes are washed and rinsed, the inside cylinder begins to spin at a great rate, flinging the water from the clothes. They're just damp enough to iron when Mrs. S. tumbles them out into the basket

There's more time now (and she's more in the mood for it) to devote to the children. Jan and Stuart both love to be read to, and these days she can leave the washer chugging away and be off with them to the land of Oz

PETER MARTIN



Besides saving between \$3 and \$5 a week on laundry and extra help, Valerie says she can't measure what she saves herself in time and wear and tear. Nowadays she can even invite friends in to tea on a Monday!





## Around the clock with the missus

The case of the

# Washer and ironer

Mrs. H. is the busiest homemaker in our survey. With three children and no modern household aids, she used to average twelve hours of household slavery per day. Some days she was on her pins—cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing—for fourteen interminable hours. But that was before she bought a washing machine and electric ironer! She used to spend four hours and forty-one minutes a week doing the laundry, and her part-time houseworker put in a good part of a two-day shift at both washing and ironing. Then Mrs. H. decided to invest in some laundry equipment.

She discovered that for the price of an automatic washer she could buy an ordinary washing machine with an electric wringer and many of the new features that make it safe and easy to use, plus a folding electric ironer. She settled for these two aids and finds that she can now do her entire laundry in about an hour and a half a week. She uses the washing machine and ironer every Monday. It takes her a little over half an hour to wash, a little over half an hour to iron. Her new tools have made her a present of three full hours a week to spend as she jolly well chooses. More, really, because her general houseworker is now free to help with other chores. Another bonus she rates is easier work. It's not half so tiring to run the laundry through these machines as it was to scrub clothes on a washboard and iron them by hand. So all around the clock Mrs. H. saves wear on herself and time. In the old days, she dressed her little girls in plain clothes that didn't need ironing. She always longed to see them in frilly things, and now she can. This is what a washer and ironer will do for a busy homemaker. Time and energy saved adds up to at least a half day a week!

Mrs. H. always used to send household linens out to a commercial laundry. Now she does them at home in practically no time, saves nearly \$3 a week, also saves on the ironing she used to pay a cleaning woman to do

With her new Universal washing machine, Mrs. H. does her entire wash in the time it used to take just for baby things. When Pris and Prue "help" she doesn't have to worry about little fingers. Even the wringer stops at the slightest tug

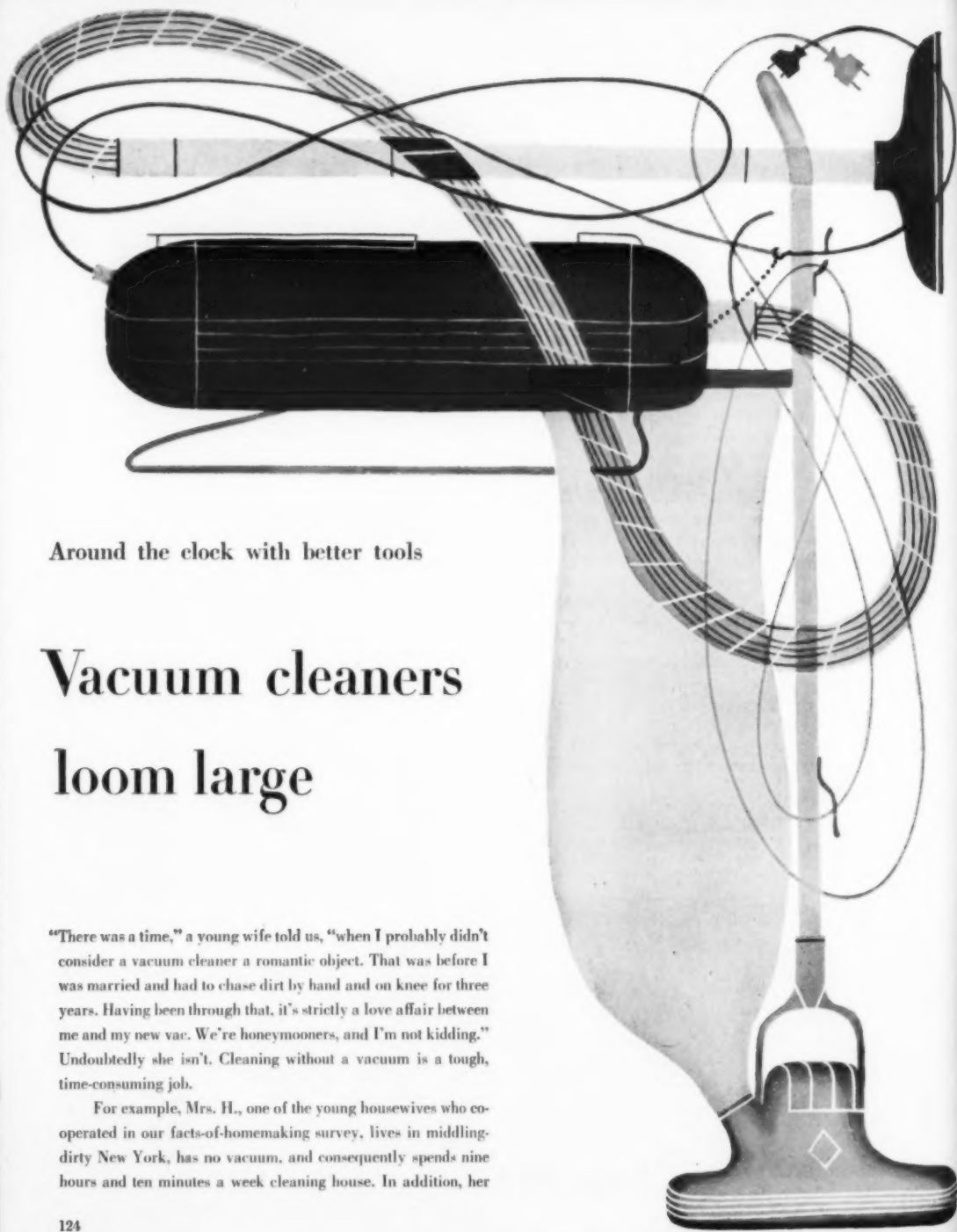


FRANK WARDON

When it's not in use, Balis H. can tuck her Thor Gladiron away in the kitchen closet or under the table. It folds to a compact 1½ square feet of floor space







Around the clock with better tools

## Vacuum cleaners loom large

"There was a time," a young wife told us, "when I probably didn't consider a vacuum cleaner a romantic object. That was before I was married and had to chase dirt by hand and on knee for three years. Having been through that, it's strictly a love affair between me and my new vac. We're honeymooners, and I'm not kidding." Undoubtedly she isn't. Cleaning without a vacuum is a tough, time-consuming job.

For example, Mrs. H., one of the young housewives who co-operated in our facts-of-homemaking survey, lives in middling-dirty New York, has no vacuum, and consequently spends nine hours and ten minutes a week cleaning house. In addition, her

FOR FUSE

part-time maid spends extra hours twice a week at the same thankless job. Even so, Mrs. H. complains that her apartment is far from spotless. She carpet-sweeps the living-room rug, goes over the floors with a mop, dusts by hand—all chores that a vacuum cleaner can do in half the time. Besides, Mrs. H. finds that every few weeks her floors are so dirty, particularly in the children's room, that she is driven to washing them with soap and water. A vacuum would eliminate this necessity almost entirely. In short, a vacuum cleaner is a real wife-saver. Two other young wives whose daily secrets we shared, Valerie S. and Patsy R., own vacuums. Though they live in eight- and seven-room houses, much larger than Mrs. H.'s apartment, it takes each of them only ten hours a week or less to keep things clean. Patsy R. has a tank-type cleaner she's owned since she was married. She longs for a newer model. But, as we diagnose it, she's largely dissatisfied with her tank cleaner because it isn't right for all the carpets and rugs in her life. When it comes to everything else it performs like new. So what Patsy will do eventually is add a sweeper-type cleaner to her array of household tools. Then she'll have a complete cleaning system, like the girl in the pictures on this page. If you can afford it, that's ideal. If not, choose the cleaner best suited to your particular needs. The sweeper is fine if you have heavy rugs and carpets. The tank-type is an all-around-drudge, does everything: cleans books, upholstered furniture, draperies, snoops down under things and crawls up high to get at cobwebs. Check on the particular attachments that you will want, then be sure to use them—they'll give you much more leisure time,



Above: The tank-type cleaner is a snug fit in an upstairs closet with electric cord wrapped round tightly; its attachments, tucked in a carrying case, hang on door



Right: The flat brush slips under sofas and leaves a swath of clean floor in its wake. The long handle adds maneuverability with a minimum of your own effort



Above: The soft round brush on a shorter tube makes dusting easy—even the books. Below: A small flat attachment removes dust from high draperies and valances

PETER MARTIN



Left: It's easy to keep wood and linoleum floors shining with the power-driven brush for waxing and polishing that fits right onto your cleaner



Right: The upright cleaner is a special blessing if miles of carpet are your worry. If you live in a dirty city, you need both kinds of cleaner for a thorough job



Above: Closet floors are simple to do with the upright cleaner; this Eureka one plus tank and attachments, a complete cleaning system, costs \$149.95



Right: Except for the waxer and polisher, all of the attachments are used on the tank. This thin, flat attachment reaches into mattress edges



A feeling of space comes when two small rooms are thrown together to make a multipurpose living-room. Hall is screened by low partition

## Space is where you find it

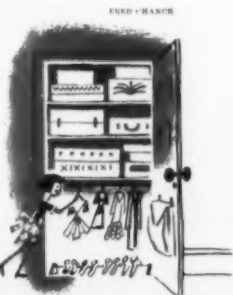
**S**ome people can live in a trailer without feeling cramped; others feel, and are, cramped in a house with a dozen rooms. It's partly psychological, partly relative—it depends on the size of your family, the amount of gear you hoard and how tidily you can fit yourselves into the space at hand. Houses today are mostly small, but often, by the intelligent arrangement of storage space and the opening up of downstairs areas, you are less crowded than you would be in a larger house where provision has not been made for getting things out of sight. Your own cleverness at making the best of the space you have is important. You'll keep your possessions to a minimum; you'll put the things you use all the time in a different spot from those you need only once in a while. You'll watch for waste spaces to put to good use. On these pages are a few ideas that may help: ways to tuck things away up high in closets; ways to make closet doors serve for storage, too; ways to stack and arrange paraphernalia neatly on revolving shelf units or in specially built racks.



Above: The linen-closet floor is a convenient spot for your cleaner. Keep attachments on the closet door



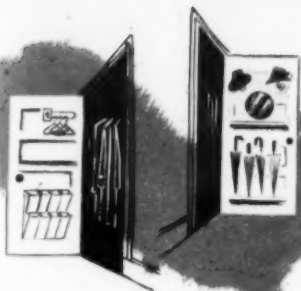
Put an extra shelf or two in Junior's closet and you can use the top ones for dead storage. Box on floor is for boots, junk



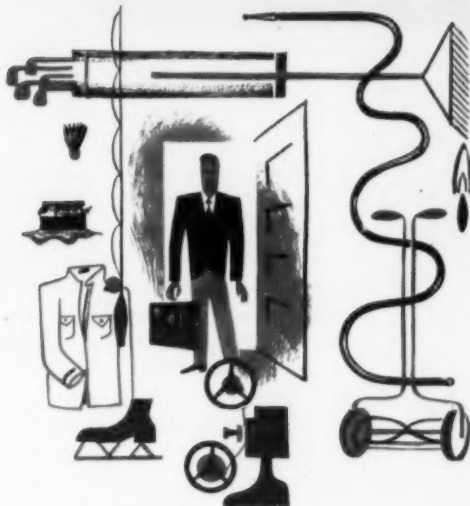
Sister will like a low rod in her closet, too; also a shoe rack. The low bag on her door, the basket on his are for laundry



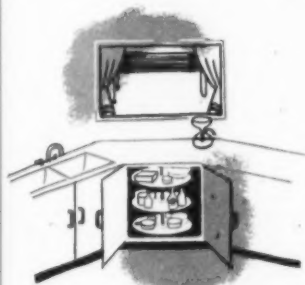
Good planning will give you extra space. Hang short things together to make room for a lingerie chest



Above: Use closet doors. Put shoe bags low to allow for extra hanging room at the top. Coat closet door is handy for umbrellas, mirror, hats



Papa feels crowded if your house doesn't have space for his purely masculine paraphernalia. Not only his clothes and everyday stuff, but all those treasures he uses only once in a great while



Above: That baffling cupboard corner where everything loses itself turns efficient as an office file with a new Lazy Daisy revolving-shelf unit inside



Left: New wrinkles for your kitchen cabinets: File your china like phonograph records in a special rack; St. Charles cup racks make more room, and the Dor-File closet-door racks hold spice jars



Above: If your top shelf is a dead loss because it's too high for you, get one of those long-armed grocery hooks and keep light cereal boxes there



You'll be happiest and feel most efficient if you can arrange your clothes and household tools so you can lay hands on them easily, keep them out of sight except when they are needed

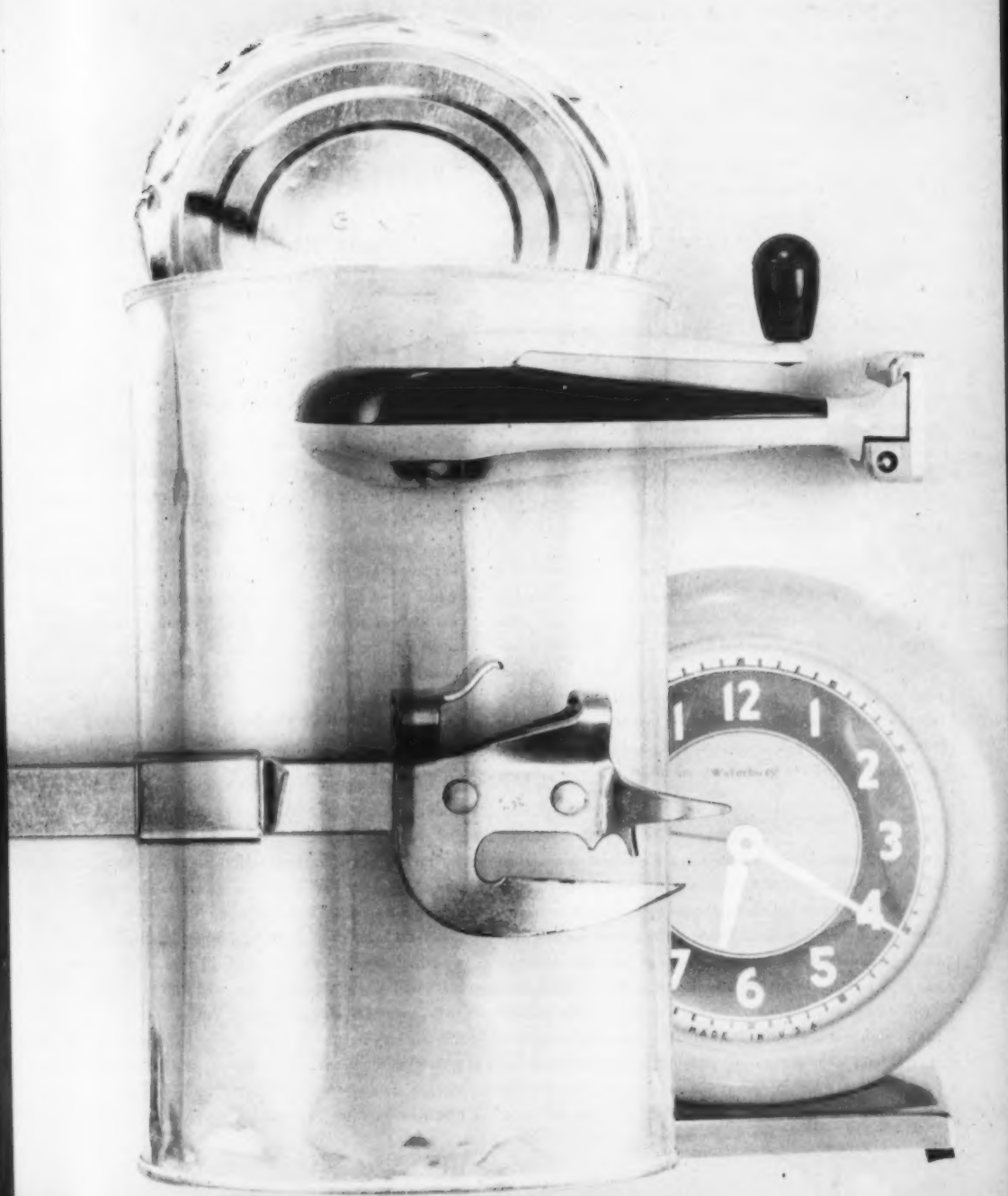
Time was when a tin was a sin (almost) and the can opener a badge of the cook-in-a-rush. But now suddenly it's epicurean, it's gourmet, it's Art—cooking with cans. And gathered here is a set of not just food—but dishes incredible. All so easy, so quick, so wonderfully good. Chefs' dreams, Escoffier specials. A repertory of workless wonders planned to bring you fame as a cook. For example: **Chicken pâté amandine.** This is One Beautiful Thing to serve with crusty French rolls, sliced pumpernickel or heated crackers as cocktail nibbling when there's no time or inclination for fussy hors d'oeuvres. Or you might be Continental as can be at your next dinner party and serve it with salad. Combine one tin of minced chicken with 4 tablespoons butter. Add 1 tablespoon dry sherry. Put into a small earthenware crock. Cover with coarsely chopped salted almonds or walnuts. Provide two or three butter spreaders. Everybody does his own spreading and eating. And raving—because this appetizer is extra special. [Continued on page 130]



By Phillip

# It's all done with cans

Before you can say "Boo"



### Chilled aurora soup

Should you be the confidential type that tells All about Everything, you may want to disclose the secret of this lusciously roseate and wonderfully delicate chilled cream soup. But leave us warn you . . . practically no one will believe it can be as simple as it is.

Latch on to a can of V8. Be sure it's exceedingly well chilled. Pour into a large bowl along with 1 cup sour cream. Go to work with your rotary egg beater and whip to a pretty froth. Serve in chilled consommé cups or small glass bowls with plenty of chopped chives or parsley. Thinly sliced cucumbers or radishes may be used as a garnish. Float them on the soup.

### Apricots flambé

Dinner ends in a blaze of glory and a fanfare of flames when you serve forth that pint of ice cream from the drugstore with a garniture of flaming apricots. Go through the fiery routine right at the table. In a chafing dish, heat the apricots in very little juice. Warm a couple of tablespoons of brandy. This may be done over a candle flame. Set a match to the brandy and pour the blue flames over the apricots. Serve apricots atop ice cream.

### Boula gratiné

Lore and legends galore cluster around this kingly concoction in the way of a soup. Pure theatre! This soup is served straight from the oven in its own baking dish. Heat together 1 can turtle soup, 1 can green pea soup and 1 can of water. Pour into a baking dish pretty enough to bring to the table. Add 3 tablespoons sherry and top with 1 cup cream, whipped, and a couple of tablespoons of grated cheese. Set under the broiler for a minute or two till the cream topping comes up puffy and golden. Serve but immediately, and try to look casual about the big applause.

### Veal chops jardiniere

Once on a summer's day we rode in a high-wheeled limousine along the chalky coast of Normandy and turned off into a little road under blossoming chestnut trees to an inn close by the towers of Rouen cathedral. There for luncheon we had veal chops jardiniere, a dish touched with magic and one which you can copy any day of the week in this wise: Brown 4 thin veal chops or cutlets in butter or Crisco. Put in a lightly greased baking dish and cover with 1 tin of Heinz vegetarian vegetable soup, diluted with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white table wine. Bake in a moderate oven (352° F.) for one hour; remove the cover for the last ten minutes. Everyone *knows* you spent the day over the stove.

## Magic in the kitchen

These recipes should stuff four people; serve six

### Kidney beans in red wine

This is a meal in one—a whole sumptuous feast that brews itself while you bathe or file your nails or read. Grease a bean pot. Pour 2 cans of red kidney beans into it. Partly fry 8 strips of bacon. In the bacon grease fry 6 chopped leeks, 1 chopped pepper, 1 mashed clove of garlic and a cup of chopped ham, if you happen to have some ham or want to buy a little from the butcher. Add 1 cup of red wine, simmer for ten minutes. Empty the works into the bean pot and stir. Add a cup of water. Cover the top of the beans with the partly fried strips of bacon. Put in the oven, uncovered, and cook at a medium temperature for about an hour.

### Boeuf en daube

Down New Orleans way in some of the great plantation houses on the bayous there are families who have treasured for generations a recipe which, after hours and hours of calf's-foot boiling and gentle-beef simmering, turns out tasting very much like this: A most elegant cold meat specialty. Start with a tin of Sell's beef stew. Add to the stew 1 cup strong beef broth, easily made by adding 1 teaspoon Vitalox to a cup of hot water. In the broth dissolve 1 tablespoon (1 packet) Knox gelatine. Pour all into a shallow serving dish and chill till firm in the refrigerator. Sell's beef stew is so joyously seasoned with herbs and spice you don't have to add a single thing in the way of extra umph. If you like you may unmold your beef or serve directly from the dish in the French peasant fashion. A green salad, made with tarragon vinegar, plus crusty French bread (rub with garlic, olive oil, heat in oven), completes one of the best of all possible luncheons.



It is a shock to learn on good authority—on the best authority: the men themselves—that such is not the case, that the poor fellow we—and you—cater to with chops, hamburgers and potatoes six nights out of seven is really dreaming of quail, veal cutlets *parmigiano*, chicken *sous cloche* with white cream sauce and Virginia ham, avocado pear with lobster and shrimp filling and Russian dressing, broccoli heaped with hollandaise sauce, creamy thick lobster soup, watercress salad à la milanaise, and other gourmet delights. [Continued on page 183]

# Mr. and Mrs. at breakfast

or the egg and they

Five days a week most of us are lucky if we can gulp down coffee and headlines for breakfast. Our husband has a train to make; our young must be squeezed into rubbers and rushed off to their organized finger painting; we've housework or an office job waiting for us, too. So—the meal is on-the-wing and, in spite of all the good advice doctors give us, not too nourishing. Weekends are different. Saturdays and Sundays breakfast should be a feast—the best meal of all! We set the table with our prettiest china, tie a bow round our hair, and serve something special—maybe the Ronald Reagans' feather pancakes, or else the tabasco eggs the Van Johnsons dote on, or Penny's and Pete's own favorite breakfast dish. We come out from behind the newspaper and flirt with our spouse and it's fun. The five recipes on this page—favorite leisure, weekend breakfasts of five young married couples—are made with eggs. All are eggs in . . . eggs with . . . or just eggs.



PETER MARTIN

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Penny and Pete have breakfast at their built-in breakfast bar. Penny tends the Toastermaster in her Dorian wool housecoat. Pete keeps track of the time on their Tele-Tone radio



## Chipped beef and scromlet

For each person, break 2 eggs into a bowl. Add a shake of salt; a grind of pepper; 1 tablespoon of cold water. Beat with fork until whites and yolk are well mixed but not frothy. Heat 2 teaspoons of butter in a heavy pan until very hot. Pour in eggs. Keep flame high, shake the pan back and forth while pulling the egg from the sides of the pan with a spatula as fast as it sets. Flip the scromlet over on itself and tip it onto a hot plate furnished with a mound of creamed chipped beef.

## Royal Stuart popovers

To make fifteen, dump 4 eggs in a bowl, add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk and 1 cup plus 1 tablespoon of flour sifted with 1 teaspoon of salt and a shake of sugar. Butter your muffin pans *lavishly*—say 1 level teaspoon of butter, Crisco or lard per muffin. Heat iron pans in 450-degree oven. Beat your batter briskly but not for long. Overbeating seems to knock the breath out of it. Fill smoking hot pans half full of batter. Bake at 450° to 475° F. for twenty minutes. Then turn heat to 300° until popovers are done.



## Tabasco eggs

Heat  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of heavy cream (or light cream with a tablespoon of butter added) just to the boiling point. Dash in about 6 drops of tabasco and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt. Now slide the eggs in (say, 2 per person) and sprinkle over them a mixture of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated Parmesan (freshly ground, please) and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of fine bread crumbs. Now spoon the sauce (enough for 6 eggs) over the eggs until they are set. For an extra flourish, scatter on some chopped chives before you serve them.

## Canary-feather pancakes

For four hungry people, beat 2 egg whites stiff. Then whlop their 2 yolks till thick and creamy. Sift  $1\frac{1}{2}$  table-spoons of yellow corn meal, 1 teaspoon soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and 1 table-spoon of sugar with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of flour. To leaven yolks add flour mixture alternately with 2 cups of sour cream. When blended, flop in fluffed whites. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot, lightly greased griddle. Tip griddle slightly to spread the cakes. Turn only once. Lather with butter and let the maple syrup flow.



## Blueberry muffins

Should be served hot out of the oven. Sift 2 cups flour, 3 table-spoons sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder and 1 rounded teaspoon of salt. Fish out a couple of table-spoonfuls and use to dust  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of blueberries. To the dry ingredients add 1 cup milk, 3 table-spoons melted butter and 2 well-beaten eggs. Then gently fold in the floured berries. Fill greased muffin tins about half full and bake in hot oven (425° F.) for twenty minutes. (Recipe can be halved to make nine muffins.)

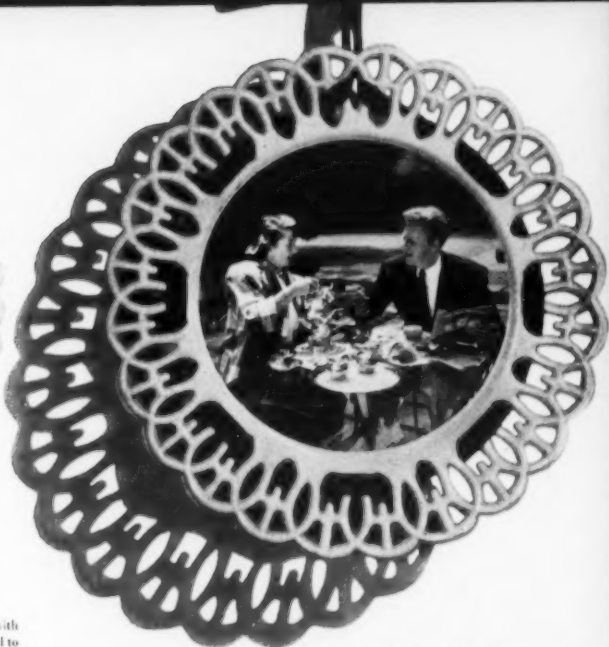
Antique milk-glass plates like these from Ruth Alling Barber are a fresh decorative note for walls or mantel. They can be threaded with ribbon to match curtains or upholstery. We show five patterns: the S pattern, the wicket, the H pattern, forget-me-not and pug

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PLATES, WILLIAM HOWLAND



SHAGBARK  
BLACK STAR

Most of the time Esther Williams breakfasts outdoors with her husband Ben Gage. Esther is an old friend of ours, used to pose for *MILK* before the movies nabbed her, made her a star



Van Johnson has breakfast with his wife, Evie, on the terrace of their home at Santa Monica Canyon. Ordinarily, when making a picture, he has just enough time for a cup of coffee



Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, happily married Warner Brothers' stars and parents of small Maureen and Michael, make a ceremony of breakfast between studio assignments



ALFREDO VALENTE

Weekdays, Jinx and Tex McCrary have breakfast at a drug-store counter; on Sundays, at home. Year-old Patrick climbs over typewriter and Tex, who writes television show at breakfast

## Facts of Life: the Arts



A



D



C



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED TARDIO

A. Therina Carpenter, singing star of the Eddie Cantor show, beside a radio-phonograph in bleached mahogany. It has two FM bands, slide-in disappearing doors, a wire-recorder connection. A Stromberg Carlson, \$493. B. Peter Lind Hayes, master of ceremonies, beams above a Stromberg Carlson table model with walnut finish, about \$600. C. Henry Morgan closes his ears to another commercial. The Ansley radio-phonograph, available in dark or light woods, functions also as a chair-side table and trash-storage cabinet, \$249. D. Charles Collingwood, thirty-year-old newscaster. The modern radio-phonograph, in blond oak, has storage space and a lift-out radio. By Westinghouse, \$1,399.95. E. Gladys Swarthout. The Crestwood blond mahogany radio-phonograph has AM, FM and short-wave bands. An RCA Victor, \$425. F. Dinah Shore. The good-looking FM, AM short-wave radio-phonograph in bisque mahogany is by Zenith, \$399. Prices higher in Western Zone.



By Virginia Forsythe

## Free as air

I used to be a radio snob, and proud of it. "Radio?" I'd say, lifting an intellectual eyebrow superciliously. "My dear, I can't *stand* radio—all that caterwauling and yipping for Tootsie soap and Breakfast Crunchies and Lovey-Dovey deodorant! Radio is for morons, not for me!"

I was the moron. I found that out when I was asked to do a radio research job that entailed listening to all kinds of programs at various hours of the day and night. The assignment came to me wrapped in so many nice crisp dollar bills that I couldn't show it the door in a dudgeon. Figuratively holding my nose, I began turning the dials. The experience was an eye opener. Or maybe I should say ear opener. I've become an ardent tub thumper for radio, ready to do battle at the drop of a snooty syllable about the industry I love. "Why, radio's got *everything*," I say hotly. "It's the Greatest Free Show on Earth!" Though still somewhat surprised to find myself a radio shill, I'm completely sincere.

Maybe it's because radio *is* free that so few of us use it intelligently. There are real values for everybody in radio and it doesn't take much trouble to [Continued on next page]

E



ferret them out. On Sunday mornings, now that I'm a convert, I go over the radio listings for the whole week, check those I think I'll want to hear, save the paper for reference so I can be within radio range at the appointed times. I check the daily papers, too, because occasional gems—*Hiroshima*, the dramatization of John Hersey's book, was one—are put on the air with only a day's notice. As a researcher I discovered the value of shopping by ear. It's fun to try out different programs until you find the one of each type that pleases you most, and I enjoy snapping off speakers and entertainers who bore me—smack bang in the middle of a pompous word. This makes me feel as grand as the queen in *Alice* who offed with their heads so imperiously. Besides, if you're not selective, if the radio yammers away all day, you soon reach the saturation point and don't hear a word it says. So, with a twist of the wrist and a flick of the dial, my policy is: "Take it away—South America, or whoever fancies it. *We* are not amused!"

Listening technique, or how to hear a radio once it's turned on, depends, I've found, on the program and what you want to get out of it. Some of the best dramatic and forum programs, for example, are worth pretty alert listening—no chore for me as

Elliot Lawrence, twenty-two-year-old handleader. Modern, high-style radio-phonograph has a white oak face, top and sides of synthetic leather, foreign and domestic short wave. By Magnavox, \$187



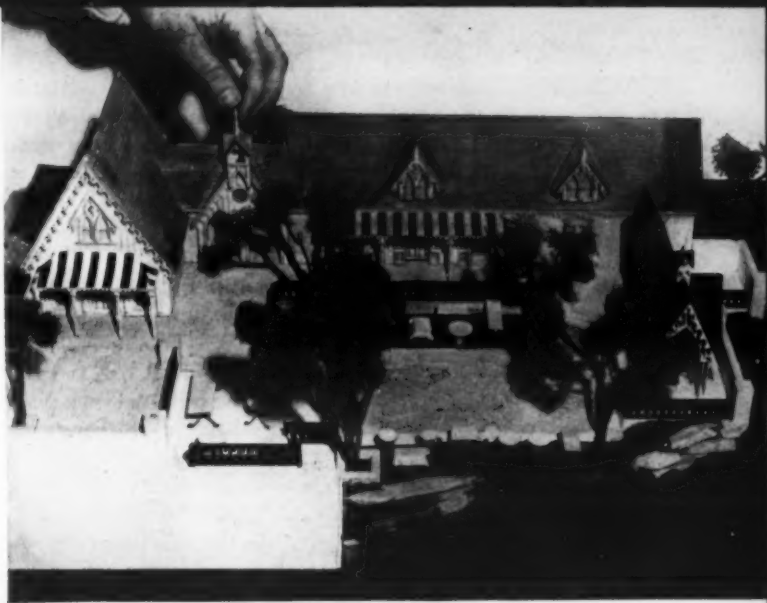
Fred Allen listens in on Jack Benny, is obviously enchanted. The neat portable radio is covered in tan simulated alligator leather, has a roll tambour cover in walnut. By Philco, \$49.50 including batteries

they're my kind of fare. At the other extreme, I enjoy popular music, which serves nicely as a background while the other half of me is washing stockings or balancing the checkbook. A little sweet music takes the curse off many routine jobs. How did I ever shell beans and press dresses in that lonesome pre-radio silence I once affected? The jobs were certainly more tedious.

To get even more out of radio, the apparatus can be used as free, high-class entertainment for a quick party. With a bit of organization a group will actually take part, right in your living-room, in a quiz program. You can get friends together for good music and plays or use top humorists to set the group's wits to working, and generally improve the conversation in your diggings.

Take quiz shows, such as *Information Please*. Fortified with a prepared batch of your own questions and answers, and with large beers all around, you can play the game before or after the program. My friends like it fine and are soon adding their own questions to the ones I've supplied. At one time or another, almost everybody has thought of a question he'd like to send to quiz pundits. Now's the chance to ask it, and though the folk who answer may be a little less pundit-y than the radio McCoys, it's amusing, you learn things—and an evening kept on a more stimulating plane than usual doesn't hurt a bit. [Continued on page 190]

1. This is the model for an opulent country club set used in a popular Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Can you identify it and the sets from stage and screen on the following two pages? Five right is a good score



By Stewart Chaney

## Set the stage for yourself

The set at the top of the page and those on the following two pages are all from smash-hit plays or movies of the last decade. How many of them can you identify now that the actors—who paced the floors, flung themselves laughing or weeping on the sofas, swept gaily or gloomily in and out of the doors—are removed and the houses and rooms themselves are featured? If you find that you flunk this test badly, don't feel chagrined. You're not likely to identify many of the sets even if you are familiar with the plays and movies. There's a good reason.

Scenic designers work hard to keep their sets from stealing the show. People, not props or sets, are of first importance in the theatre, on the screen—and in life. So designers apply many tricks to keep their backgrounds *in* the background; some of these tricks you may find useful in decorating your own home where you, not the décor, should be starred.

Once at a party in my apartment one of my guests, an

enthusiastic theatregoer, showered me with complimentary remarks about the stage sets I had designed for *The Old Maid*. Then, practically in the same breath, she exclaimed, "Why Stewart! Where did you *ever* find this charming couch? It's perfect in your apartment!"

With a smile I thought, "Lady, you have just paid me a greater compliment than you realize." For that same sofa, a lovely American Empire one, by the way, had sat as big as life in a prominent spot in the living-room of *The Old Maid*.

Many friends who come to my apartment never realize that they've seen some of my finest pieces of furniture on the stage. In the same way people often aren't able to identify a photograph of a stage or screen set even when they've seen the show only a short while before.

Why is this? Chiefly because the designer wants it that way and uses every art at his command to [Continued on next page]



make his set a harmonious and effective backdrop for the play. There are some exceptions. The first that comes to my mind is the recent magnificent production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, designed by Cecil Beaton, where the lush backgrounds and splendid costumes made the show. The problem here was different from those that usually confront a designer. Oscar Wilde's play is a beautiful antique: it could best evoke widespread new interest by flaunting its antiquarian qualities in sets and costumes as well as in its philosophy and dialogue. As for the protagonists, they exist only to make witty epigrams, wear sumptuous clothes, move in a mannered way through a mannered world—so that the beauties of the production high-lighted rather than swamped them.

Though sets are usually unobtrusive and rarely call undue attention to themselves, they do often represent the best kind of interior decorating; so I believe that a woman, seeing plays and movies, can if she is observant gather quite a few ideas to try out in her own house. Since many of my sets are seen by millions all over the country—*Life with Father* and *The Voice of the Turtle* alone have been seen by twenty-one million persons—I feel that I might be considered, vicariously, interior-decorating consultant to millions. Stage and screen sets represent typical homes in all walks of life. Being typical, they often have much to teach aware and smart young homemakers.

When I decorated my apartment in New York and my country place at Sneed's Landing, on the Hudson, I was interested to see how far I could appropriately use ideas from my stage and screen sets for my own living quarters. I found that many decorating rules apply as well behind one's own front door as behind the footlights. To name a few: that simplicity is always the best taste; that quality in furniture and materials is worth all it costs; that a room should, first and foremost, express the personality not of the decorator but of the person who lives there. On the stage it is sometimes necessary to dramatize a room by accentuating the negative qualities of its inhabitants; in the home, we naturally try to dramatize only our positive, or best, qualities.

As a matter of fact, interior decorating has been greatly influenced by recent findings in psychology. From these we learn

which human characteristics to emphasize in our homes, which to soft-pedal. All of us have our own individual qualities, some positive, some negative. Among the positive qualities are peacefulness, relaxation, contentment, constructive energy, forthrightness and many others. These should be played up in our surroundings. Among the negative are nervousness, timidity, fear and so forth. These should be played down. Before decorating our homes, it is wise to recognize the good and bad qualities we happen to be heir to, so that we can keep the negative side of our nature from dictating the shape and color and arrangement of our home.

Take, for example, a woman who is highly nervous. It is her inclination to fill her rooms with too much furniture and to arrange it poorly; to clutter tables, mantels, other surfaces with bric-a-brac; to hang too many pictures topsy-turvy on the walls; to choose the wrong basic colors. Instead of finding peace in these nervous rooms, which are an expression of her own nervousness, she is more fidgety than ever, yet can't understand why. In order to keep from emphasizing our faults, which like to get out of hand and rule us, it is wise, if we don't know the basic principles of decorating—as well as our own basic qualities—to consult a first-class decorator, or one of the excellent books that explain the psychology of color and furniture and room arrangement.



2. Modern set from a drama with Bette Davis



3. Set from a famous Technicolor picture

On the stage, however, it is sometimes necessary to point up human frailties, to accentuate the negative qualities of the human beings whose problems and stories are being shown. In those instances we are not concerned with the rules of good decorating, but with truth to life. Unfortunately, there are many homes where the uglier sides of the occupants' natures are featured in the furnishings. Sometimes we must show such homes on the stage. Naturally these are not the sets to copy.

Although it was ostensibly in good [Continued on page 164]



4. Set from a Warner Brothers' comedy with Barbara Stanwyck



5. Stewart Chaney's set for the play that has broken Broadway records



6. Set for Brock Pemberton's production of a Pulitzer prize-winning play



7. Drawing-room set by Stewart Chaney for a renowned period play

Can you identify these famous sets from stage and screen?

**Turn page upside down for answers**

1. Set from *The Razor's Edge*. 2. Warner Brothers' *Desecration*. 3. David L. Selznick's *Love with the Blind*. 4. *Chastity*, a commercial flop. 5. *The Scarlet Empress*. 6. *Harvey*, set by John Ford. 7. Set not at *Life with Father*. 8. *The Sign of the Cross*. 9. Another *The Wild Man*. 10. *The Late George Adcock*. 11. *City Girl*.



8. Seen by millions, this three-room flat is the set in a popular play



9. The author designed this set for a play taken from a best-selling novel



10. Set from a movie by Warner Brothers with Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck

# Collecting with design

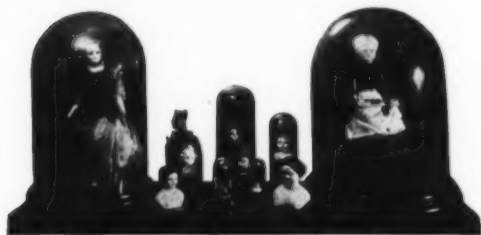
Most of us are as acquisitive as squirrels. We accumulate. We collect. We go shopping with Nancy to help choose the material for her living-room curtains and come home with a china mouse nibbling a bit of golden cheese—such a bargain we simply couldn't resist it. We laugh at the curio cabinets and corner shelves our great-grandmothers used to stuff with a hodgepodge posse of possessions, and yet before we know it our mantels and tables are cluttered with unrelated objects. Since we don't like clutter, there's only one thing to do about our acquisitive instinct: that's to canalize and discipline it, to collect with design. There's a vast difference between a collection and a clutter. Behind a clutter there's nothing but whimsy and lack of control; behind a collection there's thought and purpose. Once you decide to collect butterflies, china cups, shoes, hands or even sea horses, sea shells or leaves, you won't be led astray by every bright bauble, you'll stick to your design—and so will your friends when the time comes to give presents, and you'll end up with a collection to display all together in some original and dramatic modern way. [Continued on page 142]

Peter Pinning, modern designer and artist, paints abstract butterflies, collects real ones. Opposite you see a wall of his living room, highly stylized and patterned in a modern way with butterflies—a painting set off by rare specimens in shadow boxes. He also collects leaves, uses them to make modern designs on fabrics, furniture; highlights a collection of sea flora and fauna on a fish-net draped shelf

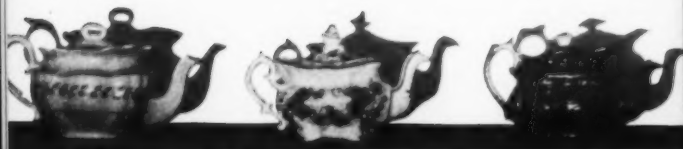




Another of designer Plening's collections consists of duck decoys, some picked up for as little as 25c. On a dining-room wall they make a charming pattern

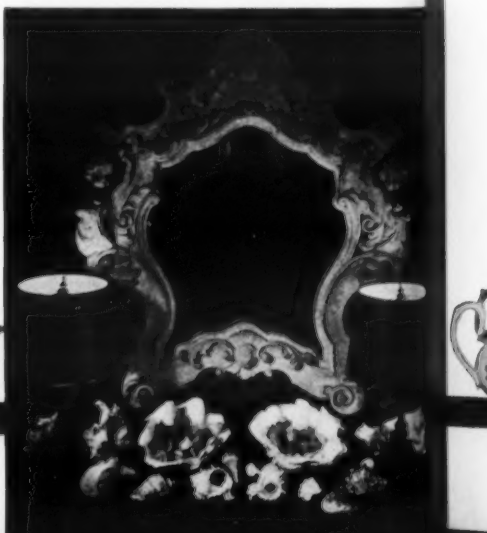


Editor of MADMOISELLE'S LIVING collects antique dolls. Here are some kept dust-free under glass bells. Lady doll, dolls' heads and, right, rare peddler doll



"The eccentricities of collectors are as merry as the cantrips of unicorns on a grassy plain," said E. L. Pearson a number of years ago, and we're of the opinion that they get merrier all the time. Your own eccentricity needn't be expensive. You can collect wooden duck decoys and, by being an ingenious and stealthy snooper, never pay more than \$1 for even the rarest specimens. On the other hand you can collect toy banks (see samples on pages 109 to 111) and pay as much as several hundred dollars for a special treasure. The world of objects is yours to choose from, and your final choice will probably be regulated by subtle Freudian compulsions as well as the stern dictates of your pocketbook. One of the most satisfying things about being known as a person who collects milk-glass plates (we show some on page 132) or antique dolls or early samplers is that your friends will add to your collection on those occasions when, if you weren't known as a girl with a special foible, they'd rack their brains and finally send you a marble ash tray that you'd hate or soup plates that you wouldn't need. It's a good idea to start collections for your youngsters, too, even while they're toddlers: beer mugs, shaving cups or old trains for boys; miniature furniture, old animal prints or angels for girls. This, too, gives doting relatives and friends a specific and sensible lead for birthday and Christmas presents. Whatever you collect, keep it neat, keep it together, arrange it in an orderly way. Don't let your teapots or horses or whatnots wander about your rooms. Assemble them on a special shelf or table, use them to decorate a wall, dramatize them somehow!

Miles White, the designer who dressed last season's circus, among other shows, collects sea shells— finds them, buys them, uses them before a mirror made from the back of an old chair





QENK FEN

More of Miles White's collections: boxes and antique crosses. The center box was a gift after he'd designed the costumes for *Bloomer Girl*; front of the box shows the stage; top, the ropes; sides, the scene from the wings, and back, the dressing-rooms. Center, Russian sixteenth-century cross, has been kissed through to the bronze



Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Stegmuller's collection of china teapots: Wedgwood, Staffordshire, Spode, Chelsea. Here is part of their display, ranged along a library shelf





*The Circus* by Jules, a young modern American painter, was an all-odds favorite with the children. Its subject matter, gay clowns, clowning animals, bright colors, fetched them. They were taken with its youthful humor, too. Silk-screen print, 16" x 20", \$7.50

"We like these best," the children said



*The Green Fiddler* by surrealist Chagall was the children's third choice. "Look, he is green!" they said. "Look, he plays the violin!" "And see the little houses and animals and flying people!" Silk-screen print, 26" x 14", for \$15

"It makes me laugh. It is gay. It is red. It is pretty," the children said when they saw *Dutch Interior* by the abstract painter Miró. It was their second choice, had five votes for best. Silk-screen print, 27" x 21", \$18



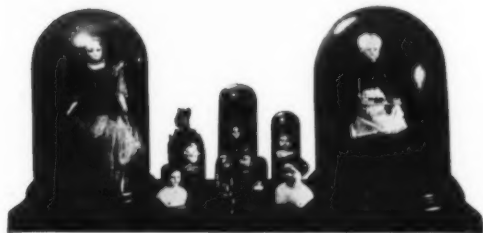
"My, how do all those people fit in that cart?" "I love the horse. And the dog." "It is a pretty picture!" *The Cart*, by the modern French primitive Rousseau, rated fourth place. It is a pochoir print, 16" x 23", for \$15







Another of designer Piening's collections consists of duck decoys, some picked up for as little as 25c. On a dining-room wall they make a charming pattern

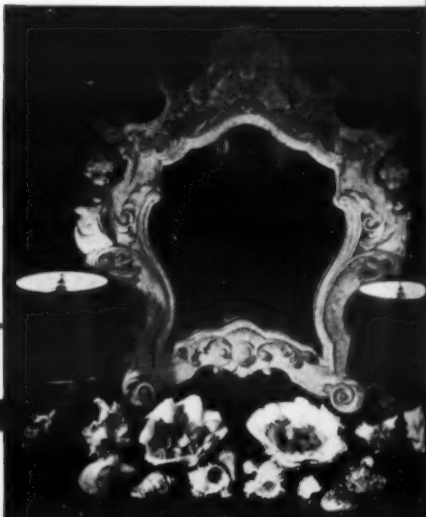


Editor of *MADEMOISELLE'S LIVING* collects antique dolls. Here are some kept dust-free under glass bells. Lady doll, dolls' heads and, right, rare peddler doll



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OSCAR REID

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# Children like modern art

Kate is four, with red curls and a pointed vocabulary. It was her turn to look at the twenty-three prints in our exhibition and choose her favorites. Kate stopped in front of Mr. Reynolds' celebrated *Age of Innocence*, a painting that parents for scores of years have fondly considered appropriate for children's rooms, and said in a clear voice:

"This one is no good! It stinks! It is brown. I don't like brown. I paint, too. I can paint better than this!"

She moved on, came to Miró's *Dutch Interior*, a painting that confuses and even shocks many adults, and announced jubilantly:

"I like this one best! It is funny. It makes me laugh. It is red. I like the dog. It is a good picture."

According to our survey Kate is not an exceptional youngster. We showed twenty-three large prints of modern paintings, traditional paintings and conventional tripe to boys and girls between the ages of four and seven at three schools, one private nursery school and two public primary schools. When we tabulated their votes we found that four modern paintings had won top honors and that many paintings that children are supposed to love didn't even rate a vote.

These four-to-seven-year-olds knew in a flash what they liked and didn't like, and weren't inhibited. [Continued on next page]

PETER MARTIN



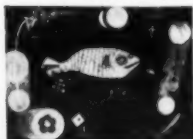
Some of the children stop to study Dufy's *Château and Horses*. Behind them on the wall are Miró's *Dutch Interior* and Goya's *Don Manuel*. They liked Don Manuel's red suit and the birds and cats at his feet. Red is their favorite color. "Especially shiny red!" as Adrian, aged six, put it. They like Dufy's horses, too.

Many of the children were familiar with Van Gogh's *Fishing Boats*, had the picture in their homes. One little boy recognized Klee's *Around the Fish*. It is in his library at home. Gauguin's hungry *Three Puppies* were eighth in the popularity poll.

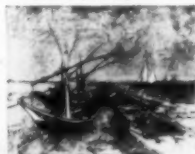
*Don Manuel*, by Goya



*Around the Fish*, by Klee



*Fishing Boats*, by Van Gogh



*The Old King*, by Rouault



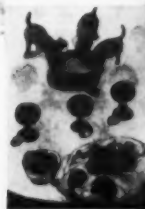
*Plane, boy and dog*



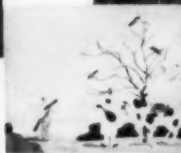
*Manchester Valley*, by Pickett



*The Age of Innocence*, by Reynolds



*Three Puppies*, by Gauguin



*Ballist*, by Derain





Klee's *Around the Fish* fascinates Nancy, while five-year-old Lou points to his first choice, Pickett's *Manchester Valley*, an American primitive. Few of the children liked it. Lou did because his family has it in their country sitting-room. Alice and Jeff examine *Deborah and Nietzsche* by Gladys Rockmore Davis. This ranked sixth in the voting. The children liked the dog and the girl, said, "They're cute"

ited, as older children might be, about sounding off. In fact most of them were fiercely frank and even violent in their reactions.

Pete, aged five, said of Modigliani's *Girl in Pink*, "Ugh! She is ugly. She is uglier even than my sister! My sister is eight and ugly, too."

A little girl of six with the unlikely name of Peregrine turned up her nose at Arthur Davis' *Master Simpson*, saying: "He's a

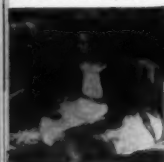
sissey. He looks like a girl." She was enchanted by Dufy's *Château and Horses*. Asked why, she said: "He draws well. Also, I like firemen." So much for Dufy's fancy coachmen in their red coats. To Peregrine they're firemen, and the customer is always right.

Monroe, aged seven, gave Chagall's *The Green Fiddler* first place. "I like it because I am going to be a violinist," he said. He studied the picture thoughtfully. "I [Continued on page 185]

Cat and butterfly



Deborah and Nietzsche, by Davis



Girl in Pink, by Modigliami



The Blue Window, by Matisse



Picasso's *Three Musicians*, an abstract painting much admired by the cognoscenti, was the second choice of two five-year-olds with sophisticated tastes. Velasquez' *Infanta Margarita* was given honorable mention by only one child. Modigliani's *Girl in Pink* and Davis' fared no better

Three Musicians, by Picasso



Master Simpson, by Davis



Château and Horses, by Dufy



Madonna of the Chair, by Raphael



Infanta Margarita, by Velasquez



The Procession Kingdom, by Hickey

By Kay Hardy

# Rooms for the young

as they like them

Suppose you said to Johnny or Madeline: "Here's your room, dear, completely empty. You may choose any wallpaper you like; any fabrics, any furniture." What would happen? Would they want ruffles at the windows, dear little animals romping on the walls, pretty white furniture? Or something quite different? In other words, are children's rooms usually furnished to please Mother or the children? To find out, we visited schools, talked to two hundred youngsters from six to eight years old.

These modern sprouts know what they want all right, and they are used to expressing their opinions—the result of modern education, we suppose, and a generation of parents who read Gesell. Their chief desire is for more functional furniture. They want a desk at home similar to the worktable-desk at school. One mechanically-minded male moppet, aged six, dreams of a desk top that will slant up or down to accommodate his working whim. Several of the children own old roll-top desks and like the fact that the top pulls over to hide clutter and give them privacy.

A passion for privacy is typical of youngsters past four. It's an early manifestation of the possessive instinct, and it shows up most strongly when two sisters or two brothers occupy the same room. Then matching toy chests (preferably furnished with locks and marked with individual initials), identical desks and identical bureaus solve the problem. The children make acid comments about parents or older brothers and sisters encroaching on their precious space, whether in a chest or closet.

Most children are proud of the art work they do in school. They want to take their pictures home and put them on the walls, but Mamma doesn't want the plaster ruined. There are ways to please both Mamma and the children. An effective bulletin

board may be made of beaverboard where the children can hang their pictures with thumbtacks. Or large frames with mats can be grouped together and the young artists can fit their paintings in the back slots. Pictures hung in a group appeal to the children. They like their works assembled in one place, not scattered about, and they want pictures hung low where they can see them. Children's eyes aren't way up here with ours, you know.

Mary Ellen, not quite six, spoke with enthusiasm of a Disney picture in her bedroom that glows at night and keeps her from being afraid of the dark. The whole group reacted favorably to the idea of having luminous stars on the walls and ceiling. One child said it would look like nighttime through the window of her room at Grandfather's farm. These luminous stars come ready to attach, make a pretty design.

Youngsters are avid collectors and most of them want more shelf space for their displays. Margot [Continued on page 149]

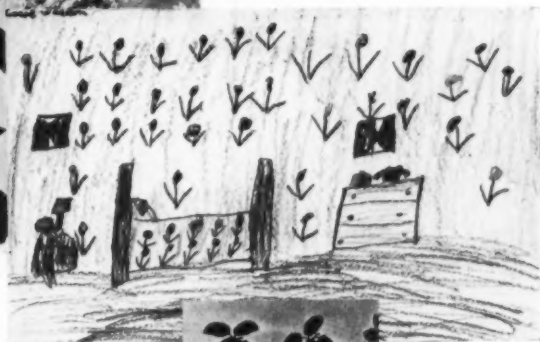


Master James Robbins wants a perambulating toy wagon for his room, but we really can't give this bright thought our unqualified approval—we have visions of a trail of destruction in its wake

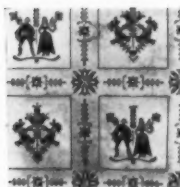
ALFREDO TALENTI



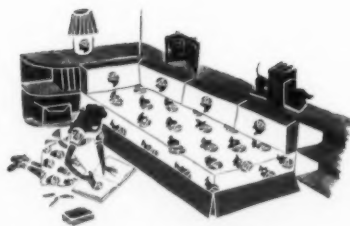
Left: Prime favorites with children are fabrics and papers with large-scaled flowers; they want brash colors with plenty of contrast. Next in favor are gay provincial patterns. A few small girls approve ribbons and bows—but they must be dramatic and colorful. Below: Tiny Miss Carol Walton draws her dream room. Parents please note!



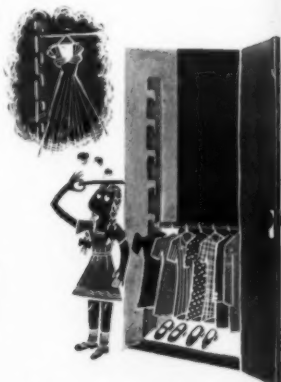
CAROL WALTON



The younger set, with a passion for privacy, demand "safes." For superspecial treasures we suggest a large carpenter's chest with its own padlock. Desk also locks, has a large flat top for drawing space



Lorna likes the bins Daddy built in over her bed. In them she stores larger toys, keeps smaller current ones on top so she can start playing just as soon as she wakes up, even before she gets out of bed



Daughter won't mind hanging up her clothes—not too much—if she can conveniently reach the rod. We like this notched arrangement, that will grow up right with her

is an exception; she has lots of shelves because Daddy built a complete storage wall around her bed. The cupboards behind the bed, which aren't easily accessible, are used for seasonal outdoor playthings. The other cupboards are used for everyday toys and games. Margot also has a large sturdy lamp that pleases her. Children turn thumbs down on little lamps and cute lamps, definitely prefer the large workmanlike variety. Doctors caution parents to be sure their chicks have proper lighting for reading and studying. Poor lights are often responsible for eyestrain. Several small boys told us they'd like to have their bed and desk close together so the same lamp could be used for working at the desk and for reading in bed.

Their reaction to wallpaper and paint was interesting. Some prefer plain walls because they feel they're easier to keep clean. Several say they'd like wallpaper if it could be washed. They don't want to have to be "careful of it."

We showed them a variety of wallpaper samples; they ignored the sweet and dainty, chose clear-cut designs with strong color contrasts. Both boys and girls like provincial wallpapers because of their sharp, clean colors and attractive designs. When asked if they wanted a strip of animals around their rooms they said no emphatically, explaining that they can see "all that

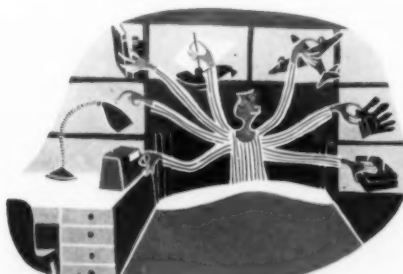
stuff" in books. They like the idea of ships, planes or trains in a wallpaper border, but they want the McCoy. They are mighty conversant with the latest methods of locomotion. Most of the children said they'd like to have special furniture built for them. "Big doll cribs," the girls said; while the boys want workbenches. All of them vote for a really adequate worktable. You can make one of these easily by cutting down an old-fashioned round dining-table to a convenient height.

When asked their favorite color schemes, the girls usually said pink and blue, the boys red, white and blue. But when we showed them actual color swatches they selected more sophisticated colors, such as turquoise, chartreuse, deep purple and sunshine yellow. Our biggest surprise came when we asked them to pick their favorite fabrics. They showed absolutely no interest in polka dots or candy stripes, were indifferent to small checks and plaids. They indicated that conventional flower prints of medium size are "okay," but were filled with real enthusiasm for huge prints of out-sized flowers.

All of which proves it's a good idea to let the young help decorate and choose the furniture for their rooms. Even when their ideas aren't practical, they're good; and a way can usually be found to give them what they like.



Young gentlemen prefer bamboo-slat blinds, are indifferent to draperies. "Of course," remarked a worldly one, "if there was a fabric with the flags of all the nations, I guess I'd like that all right"



An air-minded lad wants everything within reach of his bed—all his model planes, his radio, books, lights. During the day the bed should slide out of sight, leaving more space for him to play in



Luminous stars that glow when the lights are out will make a dreamy ceiling, scare away the ghosts. Better get some extras—they'll scare away your insomnia too!

The crowd will have fun around this informal setting for a beer party. On the service table, a flexible 3' by 5' petate straw mat in color, \$3.50 at Fred Leighton, Mass.; bright paper napkins, three dozen for \$1 at Bar Mart



ERIC HOWARD

By Peta Fuller

# Beer and ballads



The Mexican tin box can be used as a vase—or even a paper-napkin container, \$3. Bottles add local color. Dustpan server holds cigarettes or canapés, \$2.25. Pan American Shop. Country Fair's mug for beer or Sunday coffee, \$9 a dozen; matching brown and green casserole, \$10.50 a dozen. Altman

**Q**uiz. Why is a beer and ballad party always the merriest, most informal, unstrained and successful form of entertainment? No, not because it is the least expensive, simplest to arrange and easiest to manage. It is because song is as natural to the human being as breathing. Song and brown October ale are inseparable. A beer and ballad party never flumps.

You don't sing? You're not musical? Listen! Can't you hear a tune, inside there somewhere? Everybody lives to music, whether he admits it or not. Even the deaf. Even the tone deaf. What do you do, swinging along a country road? Or alone in the house, in the car, while you sort the laundry? You sing! A boy whistles in the station and you catch up the tune in your mind and carry it with you to the train. Song is one of the few pleasant sounds left in the din of a cacophonous world. But a terrible thing has happened to us. Whatever benefits radio has brought mankind, it has pretty effectively stifled one of our most innocent pleasures. We've become a nation of listeners instead of singers. But just give us a chance and we carol, warble, yodel, chirp and trill, undismayed that we have a voice like a corn crane.

Crisp fall weather, beer, people, song. That's a formula. If you want to be fancy you can write your invitations on the backs of paper coasters (supplied, probably gratis, by your local brewery). Good and corny. The cornier the better. Or hack up old copies of the *Stein Song* and scrawl address and hour across them. Or, abandoning corn, use the tricky little invitations below. Or—oh, all right, then, ring them up.

Then all there's left to do is chill the beer, get out mugs, strew some bowls of chonkies around (popcorn and the like) and crocks of things to spread on bread. And assemble some records. Stack your selection near the player as starters, punctuation, pace-changers, background or reminders [Continued on next page]

WILLIAM HURLAND



Amusing invitations, a box of twenty-five plus envelopes at \$2.50; Crane stationery available at Lord and Taylor



## Beer and ballads continued

(everybody's nostalgic from the age of six). Put out all your own favorites, buy a couple of new albums, maybe, and borrow in all directions. Get together a wide variety of records and jockey them according to the way things develop.

You might start off with background music—the sweet swing of Carmen Cavallaro—then slide over to the strict tempo piano work of Frankie Carle *Encores*. (Somebody Loves Me, After You've Gone). At this point the temptation to pipe a "second part" will overtake some uninhibited soul and you're off.

Certainly ballads. Burl Ives, naturally, and Josh White. That Yale Glee Club album has a terrific variety of singables, from sea chanteys and Negro spirituals to the *Whiffenpoof Song*. Balladomanes always want John Jacob Niles. And that collection of Ohio River Valley songs called *Rounstabout Songs*, done by Conrad Thibault, is authentic stuff. Before anybody gets too deadly earnest, spin in Dorothy Shay, the wicked "Park Avenue Hillbillie." Variety is the thing. But don't let anything check the fine free rapture of homemade barbershop. And if you know a free-ear piano player or someone with a push box, invite him.

The return of beer in tidy little cans that stack so accommodatingly is a blessing to small kitchens. For a really big Do, though, keg beer is the most fun and economy. A quarter keg gives up about 125 glasses and costs around \$7.50. Almost any brewery will send one over, ice cold and complete with coils, or, for around \$1.50 extra, with cooler and pump.

Fat loaves of light and dark bread set forth on a cutting board and two crocks of wonderful glup to spread are enough to support a long evening of beer and song. So prosit! Here's how!



Common denominator for salads, fruits or cocktail tidbits. In Country Fair pottery, \$4. Altman

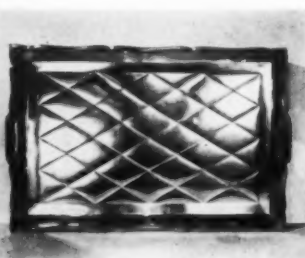
## Recipes for beer snacks

**Liver and mushroom pâté.** Remove membranes and skin from 2 pounds beef liver. Marinate overnight in a half-and-half mixture of milk and water to cover. Next morning, drain, cut liver into strips and sauté it quickly in butter with  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound sliced fresh mushrooms. Run meat and mushrooms through grinder, using fine blade. Moisten with some of the marinade, adding it a little at a time until the consistency is right for spreading. Season with salt, pepper, dash of lemon, a few grains of cayenne. (This pâté can be stretched: add Philadelphia cream cheese.)

**Vitello tonnato.** For a *pièce* that meets no *résistance* whatever try *vitello tonnato*. It's a lot of trouble to fix but worth every day of it. Thread 2 pounds of veal round (boneless, cut in slices and flattened) with 2 large fillets of anchovy. Meanwhile, bring to a boil salted water (enough to cover the meat eventually), 2 carrots, 1 stick of celery (chopped), a bay leaf and 2 rounded tablespoons of salt. Add meat and simmer for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove meat, drain, cut in small, thin slices. Place slices in crock or glass casserole; pour over them a sauce made of 2 anchovies and  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of tuna fish pounded to a paste. Add the juice of 2 lemons and enough olive oil, a little at a time, to make a smooth, rather wet, sauce. Toss in 2 tablespoons of capers. Cover tightly and shove into refrigerator where, for two or three days, it does all its own work. Warning: This dish needs a police escort, it's that popular. Serve it on snaps of bread. It's nourishing, incidentally—in fact, on big pieces of bread, it's almost a meal.

**Cheese pâté.** (Frankly, this recipe comes straight out of Margaret Yardley Potter's high-spirited cookbook, *At Home on the Range*.<sup>\*</sup> But she admits bribing it from a famous chef.) Use a round-bottomed bowl and with a silver fork crumble and cream  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of well-aged Roquefort cheese until not a lump remains. Mix in 2 tablespoons finely minced chives or  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of scraped onion. Add 2 small packages or  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of cream cheese and blend well before thinning with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of dry sherry. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of hand-ground black pepper, a few grains of cayenne and 1 tablespoon of Hungarian paprika (or domestic if necessary). Mix all thoroughly, form the pâté into a roll, wrap it in wax paper, and let it season and harden overnight in the refrigerator. For chunkies, fresh-buttered popcorn with, for its entertainment value (since results are usually more risible than edible), a box of uncooked kernels and a popper near the fire. Also, pretzels for the conventional.

<sup>\*</sup>Copyrighted 1917 by Margaret Yardley Potter; published by J. B. Lippincott Co.



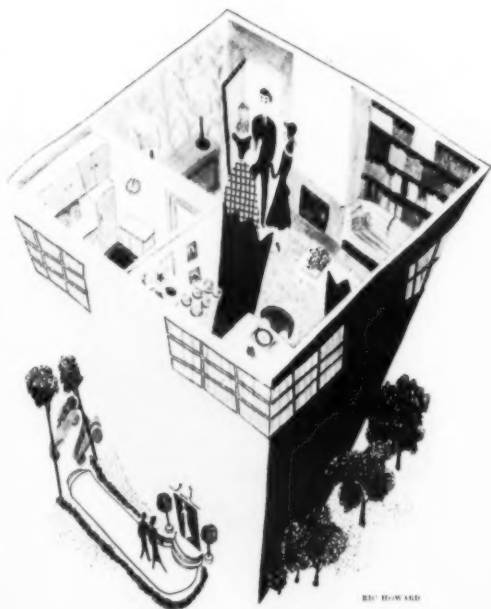
Decorative on the shelf or under your beer barrel, Pan American Shop's big quilted tin tray is 17" by 24", cedar-backed, \$11.50



A stainless-steel value in carving sets with its own maple block, to be brought right to the table, \$5. Kresge, Newark



# Supper and games



BY HOWARD

We wouldn't want to stick our neck all the way out. We wouldn't claim the Good Old Days were actually here again. But there's a trend. There's definitely a trend toward uncomplicated, old-fashioned, American-style hospitality. Not the cocktail party that runs far, far into the night and the liquor supply before it staggers off to a restaurant to eat. But friends at your own table by invitation or taking potluck.

After dinner, group games take precedence over bridge among most young marrieds. "Bridge," they say, "is for older people." (Meaning those pitiful prewar relics now creeping feebly around in their forties.) The Game has reverted to type and become charades again. A modern note, sometimes used as punctuation for this old tribal pastime, is a wit-challenger known, elegantly, as "Stinky-Pinky." Briefly, Stinky-Pinky is a word game to which the clue is the number of nonsense syllables in the question. Question: "Give me a stinkeroo-pinkeroo for the father of your child." Answer: "Potential essential." Question: "Give me a stink-pink for having a good time at your own party." Answer: "Shirk work," once the party's under way!

Here is how: a young hostess we know, whose comfortable hospitality is rapidly becoming famous, outlines her rules for *How to Be Happy Though Hostess*: 1. *Plan!* Impromptu parties are often good but seldom serene. Any woman capable of managing Junior's feeding schedules should be able to organize an evening of supper and games for eight so that she doesn't have to lift a finger after five o'clock of the afternoon of the Day. 2. Cocktails are fine, but, if expense is a factor, sherry *before* and wine *with* stretch the budget farther and with more grace. If you have guests so hardened to Martinis they can't taste anything milder than brimstone, offer the apéritif in those new double sherry glasses by way of appeasement. Canapés? *No!* Croutons dusted with grated Parmesan can be made hours before, and kept crisp. Cheap, too. 3. With no maid, buffet service is the only comfortable thing. Until the return of that wonderful prewar device you plug in to keep the water hot around casserole dishes, you can make do with a two-burner electric stove, turned low. And for heaven's sake set places so people can sit down to eat . . . even card tables. Women are natural lap-feeders but men hate it. 4. What's more, somebody always dumps his coffee on the rug. 5. Two courses are enough. Main dish and salad. *No cerises flambées* or crêpes Suzette. If you *must* have a flourish of dessert, choose one that doesn't require you to be slapping around with whipped cream in the kitchen while Bob is telling his best story. And put it on the buffet table. Nothing so disturbs the easy flow of conversation as a leaping hostess. 6. Don't *be* hostessy. Once you've put food and people together, your job's done. [Continued on next page]



Southern Pottery, cream with sprightly green trimming—plates, \$12 a dozen, butter plates, \$5.50—makes a dainty arrangement with Dorothy Thorpe's linen lace mats, sixteen-piece set, \$30. Designed for Living shop, Gorham's Nocturne is a pattern that goes well with formal or informal settings



## Here's how

"Thank you, dear, wonderful party!" Jackie's guests mean it. She gives dinners for six or eight people, easily and without a maid. Jackie has had time to fix dinner and dress. She is relaxed. There is no jumping up and down, for when it's time to eat, guests gather at the sideboard where casserole dishes she prepared before dressing remain hot on electric hot plates. (Lacking a sideboard, she might use card tables.) Everyone helps himself and sits down to a table to eat. None of this teetering of plates on the knee, thank you. Men especially abhor it. Short-stemmed fall flowers and candles are the table decoration. After dinner there may be conversation in one corner, a game in another. And Jackie enjoys the choreless evening as much as do her guests.

## Menus

Pot roast slices in brown gravy  
Fluffy horseradish sauce  
Poppy-seed noodles  
Mixed-greens salad with avocado  
Buttered hot rolls  
Deep-dish apple pie, coffee

Roast Canadian bacon  
Rex Stout's sweet potatoes  
String beans with mushrooms  
Fruit with honest cheese, coffee

## Wine suggestions

Imported: A Chambertin, 1937, produced by Joseph Drouhin. A full-flavored Burgundy. About \$4.

California: Napa Pinot Noir, 1941. Made here from the grape that produces all the fine red Burgundies of France. About \$1.25.

Imported: A Gewürz Traminer, 1942, produced by Jules Müller. About \$3.25.  
California: Almaden Grenache Rosé. Made from the grape that produces Tavel *vin rosé* in France. About \$1.50.

**Pot roast.** Three days in advance buy a 4-to-5-pound hunk of lean round of beef and ask for a piece of rump suet along with it. Put it into a bowl with a big crushed clove of garlic, 2 large onions (sliced) and a sprinkling of thyme, dill or coriander. Pour over it about 2 cups of claret. Cover tightly and shove into the refrigerator. Turn about every six hours. The morning of the party (or even the night before) lift out the meat. Dry the beef, dust it with flour and brown all over in the "fried out" suet. Use a Dutch oven or other heavy kettle. Now pour the marinade, onions, et cetera, over the meat, shake in a tablespoon of salt and a generous grind of black pepper. Cover snugly and simmer (on top of stove over low heat or in a 300-degree oven). Don't let it boil if you want it to cut with a fork. If the gravy needs thickening (it probably won't), rub 1 tablespoon of browned (in flat pan in oven) flour into 2 tablespoons of the juice.

**Roast Canadian bacon.** This is costly per pound but there's no waste except the layer of fat you may want to trim off the top if it is too deep. A 3-pound piece (unsliced, naturally) will serve eight. Treat it like old-fashioned ham that's already been boiled and skinned. Simply crust it over with brown sugar, stud it with cloves, put it in a hot (400° F.) oven to brown. Best ham you ever et. **Rex Stout sweet potatoes.** At least, we think it was Rex Stout's fictional chef, Fritz, who put boiled sweets through a ricer and then added enough cream heated with butter to whip them into a fluff. (Note: Don't overcook them. They get dark. And toss them a bit in the pot held over a hot flame after they're thoroughly drained.) Now add salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  jigger of rum (sherry can be substituted), heat them some more and pop them into a double boiler to keep hot.

WILLIAM DOWLAND



Ever see a more compact service? For bridges or teas, with salad and cake; for individual buffet services; nice for canapés, too, \$2.50. Bar Mart



Elegant heavy crystal decanter, with raffia handle for easy pouring, \$13. Teams up well with generous double-sherry glasses, \$24 a dozen. Black, Starr & Gorham

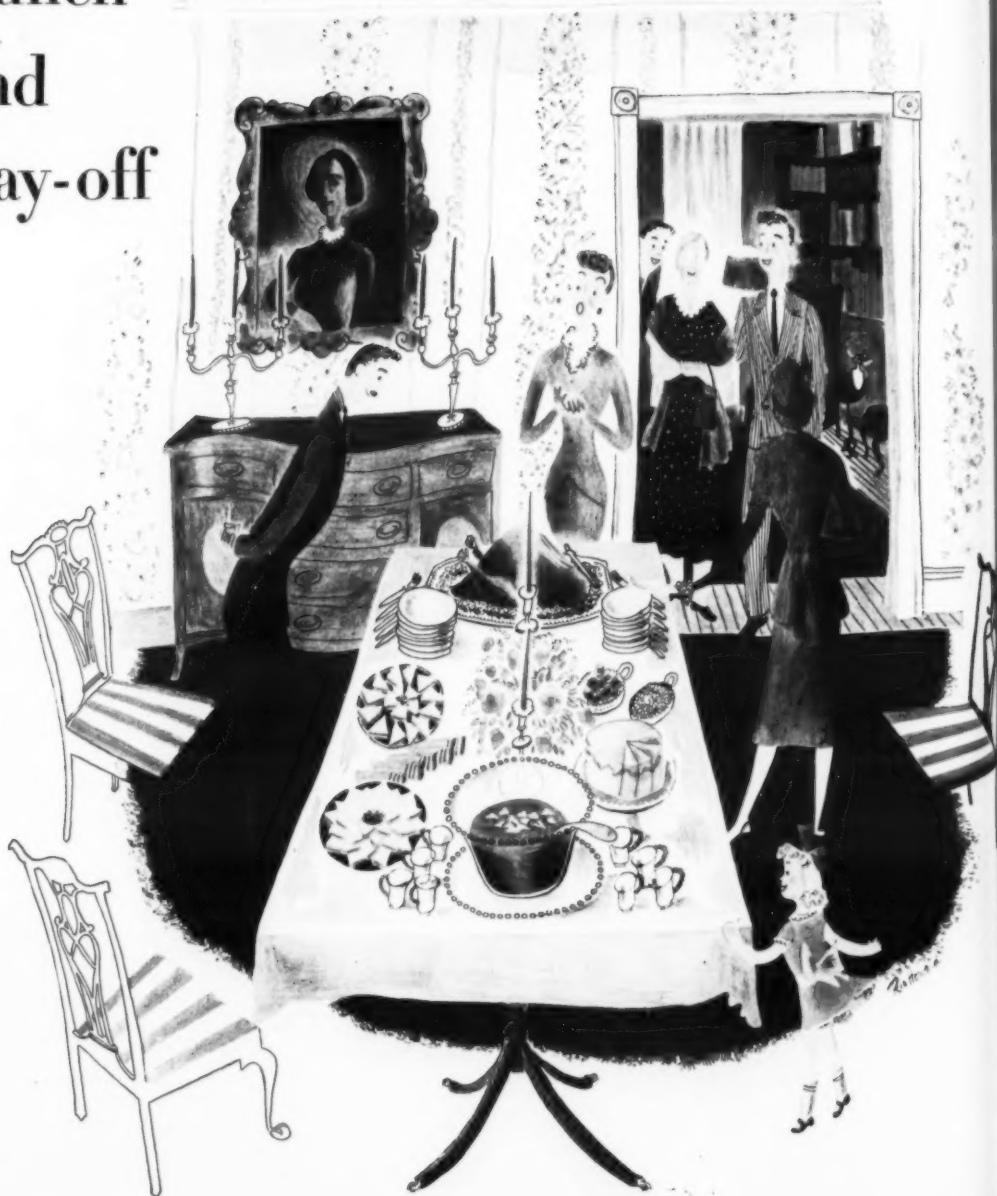
Your aromatic Pyrex casserole goes proudly from oven to table if you dress it up in a colorful Mexican reed basket like this one, only \$2 at Fred Leighton

Compliment to any dining-table are these brown and white casserole dishes to fill you-know-how-many purposes. Oval, \$8; round, \$6. Designed for Living shop



# Punch and pay-off

What better mixer than the punch-buffet party! You invite your husband's boss and his wife, your in-laws, friends, even two small nephews for your three-year-old



Let's face it. Debt comes to every household sooner or later. Social debt, that is, or what someone has called "the cumulative obligations." Something *has* to be done about all those people who can't be sorted conveniently into small groups and paid off with cozy dinners. Aunt Elizabeth, whose thrifty heart probably cracked when she wrote the check for your flat silver; the Pidgeons, who rented you the cottage and were so decent about the burn in the rug; elderly friends of the family; in-laws and illegitimate family (meaning your own); adolescent nieces; Paul's boss and his wife (as a reminder in case salary increases are being considered); and that doctor at the island last year who stitched up your spaniel's foot when there wasn't a vet to be had. No, *not* a great cumbersome cocktail party. Not all those plates and plates of dabs and dabs on pieces and pieces of toast. Nope. *Punch!* Now wait. Everybody does *not* hate punch. What everybody hates are the despirited [sic] bowls of liquid that masquerade under the title. (The word is *punch*. Remember?) 40 Wall (see recipe) isn't a drink, it's a production!

A formal afternoon party with punch (and maybe Scotch and soda behind a door for the obstinate and the parson) is the one outlet—probably the only one in these times—for any feminine ideas of frilly entertaining a woman may have. When else does she have a chance to get the elaborate wedding silver off the top shelf for any purpose but polishing? How better can she make a painless gesture to please a bore than by inviting her to help serve?

Since, for this type of roundup, all ages and philosophies are gathered in, it's just as well to plan two types of punch, one safe and one insidious. The first for the young fry and for Aunt Elizabeth, who's a martyr to Uncle Bill's illusion about his hollow leg. ("One 'head' is better than two on the morning after," Aunt E. argues.) Food should be designed to nestle companionably with either beverage, and this is the time to go all out on surprise sandwich fillings. Examples: Chicken and chopped almonds; cream cheese and preserved ginger; homemade pâté. (A good one is mashed chicken livers with finely chopped celery and crisp bacon, lemon juice, a drop of tabasco, and salt.) Don't confuse yourself with too many varieties. Two is plenty, three is lavish. Plates of fruitcake are traditional. For grace notes, the practically compulsory dishes of mints and nuts. And, for good theatre, a whole turkey. The sight of a whole browned bird on the table waiting the touch of a knife! That is an impressive thing indeed for all concerned. And the leftover tidbits will provide a Thanksgiving-in-little for you and Paul and the children next evening.

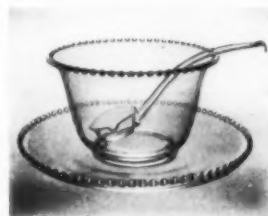
Imperial's pure Irish linen cloth, 54" x 54", in gray with chartreuse center. With six big napkins, \$20. Wanamaker

Silver-plated dish, \$13.50. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Black, Starr & Gorman's sterling-silver shells, \$14 each

Punch sparkles in glass by Imperial. Candlewick pattern bowl, tray, ladle and twelve cups, \$19.50. At Altman



WILLIAM HOWLAND



## Recipes for punch

40 Wall punch was first brewed by Frank Schoonmaker, wine connoisseur, to celebrate the opening of a firm at 40 Wall Street. It starts with 6 bottles of Ay Brut, 1913. (A domestic alternative would be Almaden.) *Imperative:* Have it cold. Dump into a saucepan 2 packages of frozen peaches or strawberries (or 1 package of each—in season, use fresh fruit). Pour over them  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle of brandy (we suggest Christian Brothers). Let it stand thirty minutes. Warm the fruit mixture slightly, slide it into the punch bowl and set it aflame. Now! Douse the blaze with the icy champagne. This will serve twenty-four, fifteen of whom can have it undiluted before the lamentable necessity of adding a block of ice. A solid slab of ice chills faster, dilutes more slowly than cubes.

Aunt Elizabeth's punch, while not strictly temperance, has only enough claret in it to tingle the cockles faintly and ease the weight on Uncle Bill's conscience. Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of raisins in 1 pint of water for twenty minutes. Strain. Add 2 cups sugar, a 2-inch stick of cinnamon, and the grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon. Boil five minutes. Add 1 pint white grape juice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups orange juice and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice. Chill well and pour in 1 pint of claret. Use block ice for this too. Get two cupfuls down Aunt E. before Uncle B. takes up permanent residence near the 40 Wall punch bowl.

# It fits our lives



A well-scaled secretary in your living-room holds books, has ample writing surface and storage space. Later, in your dining-room, it will show off your best china, hold silver, linens. The pull-out shelf will double for serving. \$145



STEFEN DUTCH

Beside the bed, a step table holds cigarettes, your newest thriller, even the telephone or a miniature radio. Next to an easy chair, it's just the right height for a lamp. There's room for books and magazines. \$45



A versatile chest does yeoman service in the bedroom: a sliding tray in the top drawer holds jewelry. Moved into the dining-room, it takes gracefully to a new role: the sliding tray now stores silver, serving things. \$110





# Booklets you can use

If you are a kitchen dabbler and like to try new recipes or brood over streamlined kitchens; if your gates and fences need fixing and bugs have invaded your garden; or if you're planning a haven for Junior, you'll find many helpful hints in these booklets. When you write, mention **MADEMOISELLE'S LIVING**

## Kitchens and laundries

Hotpoint, Inc., 5605 West Taylor Street, Chicago 14, Illinois; *Your Next Kitchen*. Planning new kitchens or remodeling old ones for more efficiency; placement of equipment. 10c.

National Electrical Manufacturers Assn., 155 East 44 Street, New York 17; *Cooking Electrically*. Explains electric cooking, and tells you the different features of leading makes of automatic electric ranges. Free.

St. Charles Mfg. Co., St. Charles, Illinois; *Your Kitchen and You*. Basic units and special cabinets combine to make a custom-built steel kitchen for your room. 10c.

American Central Division, Avco Corp., Columbia Avenue, Connersville, Indiana; *American Kitchens and How to Plan Them*. Describing the new streamlined steel cabinets, with examples of kitchen layouts. 10c.

American Gas Assn., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17; *New Freedom Gas Kitchens*. A complete guide to kitchen planning. 10c. *Hot Water Magic*. Washing and ironing tips for silks, synthetics, woolsens by hand or machine. Removing spots and stains. Free.

Silex Co., Hartford 2, Connecticut; *French Hand-Laundering Secrets*. Reveals all the tricks of the trade with a steam or a dry iron. Free.

Pyrene & Company, Inc., Los Angeles 54, California; *X Marks the Danger Spots*. Bio-Fan electric ceiling ventilators for the kitchen to eliminate heated, grease-laden air. Free.

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin; *Planned Bathrooms and Kitchens*. About values in fixtures, and suggestions on kitchen planning. Free.

## Gardens, outdoor living

Rustcraft Fence Co., 6 King Road, Malverne, Pennsylvania; illustrated booklet of fences (and gates) for every need, and hints on how to choose the right one for you. Free.

Barber Colman Co., 126 Mill Street, Rockford, Illinois; descriptive booklet on radio control for opening and closing garage doors. Free.

Whirlwind Lawn Mower Corp., 730 West Virginia Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin; interesting and informative literature on the Whirlwind power lawn mower. Free.

Hayes Spray Gun Co., 98 San Gabriel Boulevard, Pasadena 3, California; *The Battle of the Bugs*. Why, how, when, where and what to spray in the garden and yard. Free.

Page Fence Assoc., Monessen, Pennsylvania; *Fence Ideas for Homes*. Advocates link fences for protection and tells where to use them to the best advantage. Free.

## Cooking and foods

Crisco, Cincinnati 1, Ohio; *Recipes for Good Eating*. Easy and delicious recipes that will encourage you to try your hand at wonderful cakes, pies and fried dishes. Free.



Ekco Products Co., Chicago 90, Illinois; *How to Carve Meats and Poultry*. Answers all those troublesome questions on carving; many illustrations. Free.

Karo Syrup, Madison Square Station, New York 10; *Finer Canned and Frozen Fruits*. A booklet of recipes and hints on how to make pickles and preserves, how to freeze fruits, how to estimate amounts of fruits to buy. Free.

Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, New York; *Mother-Daughter Cook Book*. Some really simple-to-do, new recipes for you, and they're easy enough for the small fry, too. Free.

Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, California; *Wine Wise*. New wine-and-dine ideas; how to pick your wines, how to serve. Free.

R. T. French Co., 1382 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, New York; *Mealtime Magic*. Bring out meat, cheese or fish flavors with mustard. Free.

## Nurseries and children

Lullabye Furniture Corp., Stevens Point, Wisconsin; *It's Lullabye Time*. Color booklet of various designs for children's rooms, with favorite nursery rhymes thrown in for good measure. Free.

North Star Woolen Mill Co., 237 South 2 Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota; *Sleep, Baby, Sleep*. On baby's room. *Decorate Your Dream Room*. Ideas for bedrooms. Both free.





# Departments and News

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**S**tuart Davis, a New York artist of considerable fame, quit trying to paint objects realistically more than twenty years ago. It was a while before his studies in design and pattern were appreciated. Nowadays museums and art exhibits feature abstract paintings as a matter of course, and the public flocks to see the latest arrangements of cubes and squares and patches of color. We chose *Coordinates* #2 by Stuart Davis as the cover for our section of departments and news because it seems to us so full of a number of things: studying the design we visualize needles, thread, closets, a home, footprints in the garden path, and lots of activity; you may see other things. It's a painting full of life and news; you look at it and take what you want; it speaks with a different voice to everyone. In a modest way, that's what we'd like to accomplish with this news section: crowd it with buys, good ideas, homemaker tips, sewing hints, something for everyone.



# Our file box

Every homemaker needs a file box for ideas. Here are A, B, C file cards to get you started

A

## Anti-wobble

Chairs and tables that wobble annoyingly are major irritations when you're trying to pour coffee or trump your opponent's ace. Such difficulties are now banished by a wonderful new device called Levelmatic, which fits invisibly under the short leg of your furniture and automatically corrects it. It even readjusts itself when the furniture is moved. Available at the J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, at a reasonable 99¢ for a set of four.

B

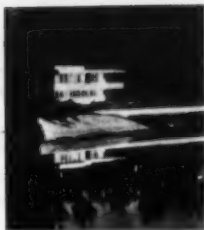
## Baby

What to do about a present for your tiny niece, who will have racks of rattles and miles of mugs? We suggest you start her off with her own sterling silverware. You select the pattern, and Pembroke House, Chrysler Building Arcade, New York 17, will send a single spoon, beautifully gift wrapped, and, if you like, another on each anniversary. By the time your niece is grown-up and has her own home, her silver will be well-started.

C

## Curtains

Even if you're a timid soul about whipping up your own draperies, you can still have elegant ones with organ pleats by using only a hemmed curtain, pins and a Decorod. You just wrap the fabric tightly around the pleaters on the rod, pin securely, then slip the Decorod into hooks on the window casing. Model A, for 50-inch fabric, \$2.45; model B, for 36-inch fabric, \$1.95. Wanamaker, Broadway at 10 Street, New York 3.



## What is a modern house?

Continued from page 72

washing-machine in the laundry, a gas stove and electric refrigerator in the kitchen, wears its Tudor towers, its thatched roof, its New England gables in obvious masquerade, like a modern girl done up for a fancy dress ball in Marie Antoinette feathers and ten-foot skirts. It's twentieth century for all its pretensions.

But we are confused about modern architecture. We spell modern with a capital M and wonder what it is and why. There's no question about what modern education is, or modern business administration or modern nursing. We wear modern clothes. We try to buy modern automobiles. Why then is there such a to-do about modern houses?

I suppose if you insisted on it, and wanted to pay for it, some mechanic would build you an automobile that was a fair copy of a horseless carriage with a modern motor in it. It would be silly, but it could be done, just as an architect can with some research draw you up an imitation Georgian house. I doubt whether you could have an Olde English appendectomy even if you asked your doctor for it, or whether your lawyer would give you advice based on Spanish mission legal codes, but it might be fun to try. It would make as much sense as asking your architect for ye manse.

Perhaps we should stop using the word modern when we talk about sensible appropriate houses built today. Good houses have always been modern. Let's draw a distinction between good houses and bad houses and let it go at that. A house is simply a place in which to live as pleasantly as possible.

There are three fundamental questions to ask before building a house. Who is going to live in it? Where is it going to be built? What materials are around to build it with? A house built after these questions are sanely answered is a good house and a modern house, no matter what its size or shape or outline.

**P**eople come first: a young couple, recently married, needs one sort of house. A bachelor who entertains a good deal needs another. A family with five children, dogs, cats and visiting relatives needs something else again. A house should accommodate and embrace its family.

As to location, if a house is to sit on flat land, it will require one shape. If it's to hug a hill, it will require another. If it's confined to a sixty-foot lot it may have to add stories. If it boasts an acre of ground it can spread out. Maybe there's a view to the north or south that should be featured. A house cannot be properly designed apart from its habitat.

Which brings us to our third consideration: If handsome stone is available from local quarries, it's often wise to use it. (If you prefer to transport Tennessee marble from Tennessee to New England or Vermont slate to Indiana, you can at a handsome price, and some people do!) If wood is scarce and expensive it may be smart to investigate steel

for beams; if steel is out on strike, you might consider poured concrete or ready-made concrete beams and planks. Instead of bewailing the fact that hardwood flooring is a luxury item, why not think about brick or stone for some of the floors? Obviously, no rules can be laid down about any of these things.

A house may be thought of as an organization of elements. Let's consider each of these before we picture the finished house. To keep matters simple, let's examine the most obvious things—walls, roofs and floors. Then we can arrange them to arrive at the house we want.

A wall, for instance, can have many uses. It may separate one space from another. It may keep out rain and cold and excessive heat. It may prevent inquisitive neighbors from looking in, or provide glass openings so that you can look out. Some walls have to be heavy and solid, others can be light and transparent, depending on their function.

It's up to you and your architect to decide about your walls. Today, we know so much about construction and have so many materials that ours is a wider choice than any previous group of home owners has ever had. For example, our architects and engineers know of many ways to support a roof besides having it rest on a continuous wall. Let's not get into such things as long-span construction or girders or cantilevers—but in one way or another it's possible to have a roof along one whole side of the house rest on a couple of thin posts.

Inside the house we have the same choice about partition walls. Some of them may be required to support roof beams, but others can perfectly well be curtains. Again, excellent materials are available, such as beautiful leather for folding curtain partitions. Instead of building a heavy, expensive, plastered partition and then adding closets, cupboards, bookshelves on both sides of it, storage units may be used as a partition. These space-dividers can go to the ceiling or be only counter-height.

Now let's climb up on the roof. A roof keeps off rain, insulates us from too much heat when the sun is high. That's about all the real use it has, but it can be either attractive or awkward while fulfilling its purpose. Again we have many choices: we may choose a flat roof, a gable roof, a hip roof, a shed roof, or develop a new roof form for some personal requirement. All we need do is decide what is appropriate and suitable, as well as good-looking. But if we choose a certain roof merely because early Dutch settlers used it, we can't expect to get our modern money's worth. Our lives beneath that roof are not early Dutch settler lives.

A floor is another straightforward practical part of the house, just like the walls and roof. Its principal use is to provide a level, easy-to-clean surface to move on. It can be soft and resilient, or hard and resistant. It can look so unfriendly that you want to cover it with carpets, or it can be so warm and attractive in itself that you want it to show. Some designers of houses have recently decided that floors aren't serving enough purposes. So they use them as heating units. By snaking coils of hot water pipes through a concrete slab under the finished floor, it's possible to have efficient radiant heating.

There are other things to discuss, such as doors and windows, but they are actually parts of our walls. It's a mistake to think of a window, for instance, as a hole punched in a wall, when the entire wall itself can be a window. We aren't restricted to a choice between double-hung windows and casement windows, when a window may be a sliding panel, from floor to ceiling, or a big sheet of plate glass, fixed in place, with ventilation through louvered openings above or below it, or a slit formed by roof slopes, letting light into the middle of a house by what are called clerestories. In other words, windows should do a job of some sort

for us, be more than framed items of decoration and ventilation.

Doors should be viewed in the same way. When we enter a house, or enter a room within the house, we need an opening wide enough and high enough to let us pass through comfortably. Doors were originally designed that way—of a size to let a man through a wall without bumping. Sometimes it was a man and a dog or even, in some periods, a man and a cow. Like a window, a door is simply part of a wall that isn't built. You may want to extend a partition almost to the end of a room and then stop it. That could serve as a door. We've already spoken of folding leather curtains. Pull the curtain part way open and you have a door. Doors needn't always be built-up slabs of wood hung from hinges, though, sometimes, of course, they should be.

All these various elements eventually go together to make a house. As we've said, a house is a place for pleasant living, suited to the people who are going to use it. It's customary to begin thinking about a house "plan" as a two-dimensional thing, without any solid substance, that can be drawn on a piece of paper. Actually, that's a poor way to start. It's better to see our personal family needs, in three dimensions, as a first step. The place where we'll live and eat, for instance, isn't a flat plane. It's one big space, or two separate spaces, or two closely related spaces that merge into one. The division between them won't be a line on a piece of paper. We've seen that a wall can be almost anything. Before we arrange our living-room and dining-room we should decide whether they should be separated by a solid partition, by a piece of furniture, by a curtain, or perhaps by a fireplace turned so that it acts as a divider of living and dining ends of a long room.

We should think of windows, too, as breaks in the outside wall that may start three feet above the floor or may go from floor to ceiling. Perhaps we'll want a flood of sunlight in our living-room—that will influence its location and shape. We may find that we have too much sunlight and



This house designed by Jon Yeon features outdoor living

need a roof that projects out over our big windows to keep the high, hot rays from coming indoors.

In planning our house, let's consider our needs and habits rather than styles of architecture. Let's not break our hearts and budgets trying to squeeze in a guest-room, a sewing-room and a study. If we explain our problems to our designer (instead of giving him our own solutions), he may come up with a free-wheeling space arrangement that permits one room to serve all of these part-time purposes. It's more fun to let a house grow than to copy what the neighbors have. Instead of showing our architect pictures of other people's dream houses, let's sit down and write a story of what goes on in our family from the time we get up until we go to bed. How do we spend the day? What visitors do we have? Do we read in front of the fireplace, or curled up on our bed? Do we play the piano—or do we play bridge?

If we're going to build a house, it might as well be a house planned especially for us. Let's be old-fashioned enough to be modern!



## Set the stage for yourself

Continued from page 138

taste, I wouldn't want anyone to have to live in the cold, stern room I designed for *Craig's Wife*. This room reflected Mrs. Craig's inhumanity, her emotional atrophy, her neurotic personality. If you remember the Nazimova production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, you may recall the stark pale green walls of the set. I used this color to create an icy feeling of aloofness and dampness and coldness. A huge, overpowering window opened to a view of a Norwegian fiord, and the total effect of the room was somber and sad. You may also remember that at the end of the play, when Oswald cries out to his mother for the sun and the magnificent actress Nazimova, playing Mrs. Alving, in anxiety draws back the curtains, there is no sun, nothing but heavy, dense, rolling fog, which seems, in a sense, to roll toward and threaten to engulf you, too.

Suppose that you have a house something like Mrs. Alving's in *Ghosts*. You say, "Heaven forbid!" Well, wait a minute. A house can exorcize its ghosts. Let's say it has a similar huge oppressive window facing north or overlooking the ocean. The rules of good decorating will tell you to counteract coldness and grayness by using warm colors on your walls and lively patterns in your materials. Even Mrs. Alving's house could be made livable and homelike, intimate instead of withdrawn, snugly comfortable instead of fiercely frigid.

Here is another warning. In trying not to express the negative side of our nature, we should beware of being too timid and thus expressing no side of our nature whatsoever. Our homes, to be right and charming, should high-light the very best facets of our personalities. Let's take, as example, a woman who has much constructive and creative energy (there's a world of difference between energy and nervousness); she can well afford a daring color scheme, such as hunter's green with scarlet red and gray, or big bold patterns in her curtain and upholstery materials. Such a decorating scheme shows at a glance that she is a straightforward woman with a strong personality. Her home looks like her. If, on the other hand, a quiet, calm woman affected such colors and patterns, they would wash out her personality, overwhelm her, obscure her intrinsic qualities.

To my mind nothing is more horrible than *canned* decorating. By that I mean copying the Joneses. If you go to a store and buy furnishings and materials because they look well in a neighbor's house obviously you are not setting the stage for yourself. What becomes the Joneses may not become you. Always digest an inspiration, don't just copy it. Make it yours, fit it to your life, your personality. That applies whether the inspiration comes from a friend's home or a set from stage or screen.

Simplicity, as I've said, is something to strive for in any setting—stage or home. We all know that the day of living in a museum or mausoleum is over. People have come to realize that the simpler one's surroundings, the more peaceful. Instead of covering our four walls with pictures,

we choose one or two that are really fine and let attention center on them. We hang them and light them properly, too. (Not too high, so they seem isolated—that's the most usual sin in hanging pictures—and not where lights will be reflected by the glass and hide the picture.) If you must hang your family (and in public) group their photographs together over a desk or table, don't scatter them hither and yon throughout your rooms.

If you have collected or been given more bric-a-brac than you need for effectiveness, store unnecessary items out of sight; since all of us like the spice of variety, it's amusing to vary the effect of our rooms by changing the objets d'art from time to time. It's wise to choose incidental pieces for their usefulness as well as their design and beauty. A bowl of flowers is twice as effective as a bowl with no function. Remember, too, that if you have more furniture than your rooms can graciously hold, and if the pieces are too valuable, in dollars or sentiment, to sell or give away, the attic is better for storage than odd corners of your living quarters. In designing for the stage, I often find that in the final evaluation of a set much furniture can be eliminated that was considered absolutely essential when we first discussed the production.

When I designed the apartment for the charming, rather uncomplex girl in *Voice of the Turtle*, I concentrated on completely functional simplicity, made the set so real that many people actually came backstage to ask where they could find such a furnished place for the \$100 a month it was supposed to cost in the play. The result was that we had to change the quoted price to \$150.

Incidentally, I should like to dispel the false notion, quite common I believe, that we can use second-rate materials and furnishings on the stage and, by trick lighting, give it an appearance of beauty. Nothing is so cruelly revealing as footlights, and it is an accepted rule in the theatre that only the best is good enough. Of course, we can indulge some theatrical artifices that would not do in the home. In last season's *Bathsheba*, for instance, I painted the bricks that made the stone walls of the terrace on velvet instead of canvas. Canvas is the more usual material for this purpose, but velvet absorbs light instead of reflecting it, can be made to look more like stone. Naturally we won't make our own stone terrace of velvet or canvas.

This brings up the whole subject of lighting. There are people who naively believe that the scenic designer has himself a field day whimsically concocting magical effects by the use of lights. Actually a well-lighted set is as logically planned as a well-lighted room.

When I analyze a play, one thing I must determine is whether the set requires bright and cheerful lighting or somber shadows, whether I'll need daylight or night light—or, to express this in technical stage terms, whether I'll need more amber, rose and pink lights or more blue and greens. Until I know how my set will be lighted, I can't plan a color scheme. What would be the sense of choosing a royal blue for curtains and furniture covers only to have it become violet under rose light? True, a set sometimes has to be seen under various lighting effects—just as a room that faces south and is usually flooded with sunlight will sometimes have to face a dark, gray day. But I am guided by the lighting that is used most often in the play, and plan my color scheme accordingly.

By the wrong use of lighting, you can throw your whole show out of gear. Suppose you decide that a certain room can take dark walls—chocolate brown or hunter green or deep gray-blue. Your lighting should be keyed to these dark walls. You'll ruin the plan if you flood the room with harsh, bright lights; the original effect of dimness will be dispelled, the dark walls will look garish, and you will admit, tacitly, that

you didn't know what you were doing in the first place. In the same way, a room that's full of bright clear colors should not be toned down by subdued lights that apologize for the bright decorating scheme. Have the courage of your planning. When you have decided what is right, stick to your guns, don't fritter the effect away.

Another important thing to consider when choosing colors for your home is this: are they becoming? The color of your rooms should be as becoming as the color of your hats and dresses. I don't think it is silly for a woman to take into consideration the coloring of her eyes and hair and complexion when she chooses fabrics and paints for her home. I think the background of her living should be as awarely color-right for her as her wardrobe. If the colors in your home don't harmonize with your coloring, your personality, you won't find peace and relaxation there. Think of this the next time you find yourself in some room that makes you jumpy or depressed. Dollars to doughnuts it's the color scheme that affects you adversely. Don't let the rooms you live in wear colors that you yourself wouldn't wear!

Stars and designers have fought some of the most verbose battles of the theatre over this issue (and all battles of the theatre are verbose). I remember how I once had to change the entire color scheme of a play because the producer replaced the original star with another Great Lady. She viewed my color combinations and said no, in a few thousand words. The colors weren't becoming to her. Maybe they had suited her predecessor, but she couldn't breathe and act surrounded by such colors. "No," she said with another ton of language. We changed the colors.

In *Life with Father*, the red hair of the Clarence Day family inspired me to use the bright green that predominated in the set. I don't mind confessing I am rather curious to see what color the Warners will use as a keynote in their Technicolor version of the play. [EDITOR'S NOTE: The picture has just been released and the Days's carrot tops are still complemented by green and blue-green backgrounds. There is much green also in the lamps, pictures, bric-a-brac and rugs.]

To sum up, it is my distinct belief that stage and movie sets can give you many ideas for your own home. In one, you may find a suggestion for a new window treatment; in another, a new way to group furniture at a fireplace; or you may see an unusual color combination that appeals. In *The Kid from Brooklyn*, one of the movies I designed, you could find interesting new ways to make a slip cover for your couch. I had to devise sixteen different kinds of couch covers for this picture. Or you might, from the same movie, pick up a new idea of trimming a lamp shade by edging it with an interesting fringe or cord.

Keep your eyes open and adapt stage or screen ideas that seem right for you and your home. Remember, though, you're setting the stage for yourself. You should be starred in your home production.

### Where to buy Penny's and Pete's

housewarming gifts, shown on page 51

Cookbook, valve jigger, herb box, all from Lewis & Conger, Avenue of the Americas at 45 Street, New York 19. Game set, dog leash, Pilsener glasses, all from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57 Street, New York 22. Paper-plate set from Dennison's, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York 16. Door knocker from Dee Miller, 242 East 46 Street, New York 17.



## The case of Mrs. H.

Continued from page 119

hours when the youngest is four or five. When there is a baby of only six months in the household, child care takes twenty-six hours, forty-five minutes of the average homemaker's time.

With the three mothers we've studied, the curve of work follows the age of their youngest child. Mrs. H., with a three-months-old, spends about forty-four hours on her three children, including their feeding. Mrs. R., whose baby is nine months old, spends about seventeen hours a week on her two children. Mrs. S., whose youngest is one and a half, devotes seven hours, twenty-eight minutes to her three.

So Mrs. H. can look forward to her job tapering down as the baby gets older. The time she spends playing with the twins, reading to them, settling their disputes and answering their questions she feels is well spent. "When they get into a scrap and I have to settle things," she says, "I sometimes take a little more time to tell them a story or start them off playing something else to divert them from what caused the trouble. It takes more time but I don't have to be always scolding and punishing."

Mrs. H.'s day begins when the baby wakes in the morning. She changes her, gives her her bottle, puts the twins on the potty, leaves them in the nursery, often playing in their cribs, while she slips back to bed.

On mornings when her husband has not been on night duty at the hospital, she gets up in time to give him his breakfast. She feeds the twins and eats her own breakfast. Then she goes into the round of making beds, straightening up the house, doing the breakfast dishes, washing out diapers, bathing the baby, dressing the twins to go out.

Her days go something like this, not counting the hours of rest or relaxation, the time spent at dinner with her husband after the children are in bed, going to the circus as she did one night when the sitter came, having friends in to tea, or any of that:

Monday:	13 hours, 10 minutes.
Tuesday:	12 hours, 57 minutes.
Wednesday:	15 hours, 08 minutes.
Thursday:	11 hours, 36 minutes.
Friday:	11 hours, 48 minutes.
Saturday:	14 hours, 26 minutes.
Sunday:	11 hours, 09 minutes.

Mrs. H. would probably not be able to cut down on the time she spends with the children—nor would she want to. But the experts say she need not spend so much time on her housework, laundry and marketing. To figure out some streamlining for her work, she should check her daily work chart, find out which tasks can be trimmed down, which chores eliminated. What she needs is better tools. Bahs herself says a washing machine and a vacuum cleaner would make a whale of a difference.



## Stores where you can find Penny's and Pete's furnishings

[Not every store has every item]

Lovejoy, Joseph & Losh, Birmingham, Ala.; Davis-Hayman, Phoenix, Ariz.; Brenner's, Berkeley, Calif.; Barker Bros., Hollywood, Calif.; Barker Bros., Long Beach, Calif.; Barker Bros., Los Angeles, Calif.; Brenner's, Oakland, Calif.; Brenner's, Richmond, Calif.; Brenner's, Sacramento, Calif.; W. & J. Sloane, San Francisco, Calif.; Brenner's, Stockton, Calif.; Brenner's, Vallejo, Calif.; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Burdine's, Miami, Fla.; Mass Bros., Tampa, Fla.; Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.; J. B. White & Co., Augusta, Ga.; Carson Pirie Scott,

Chicago, Ill.; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.; Yankers, Des Moines, Iowa; T. S. Martin Co., Sioux City, Iowa; B. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La.; Paine's, Boston, Mass.; The Red Lion Shop, Springfield, Mass.; Smith Bridgman Co., Flint, Mich.; The Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Schmeiman's, St. Paul, Minn.; Robert Keith, Kansas City, Mo.; Lammer's, St. Louis, Mo.; Heer's, Springfield, Mo.; Orchard & Withelm, Omaha, Neb.; Quackenbush Co., Paterson, N. J.; Mayfair, Albany, N. Y.; Flint & Kent, Buffalo, N. Y.; Morrison Nease Furniture Corp., Greenbush, N. C.; Thurn's, Canton, Ohio; John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Sterling & Welch, Cleveland, Ohio; Lamson Brothers, Toledo, Ohio; Harbour-Langmuir Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.; William Leubach & Sons, Easton, Pa.; Straw-

bridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.; Steiner & Plaut, Scranton, Pa.; Fowler, Dick & Walker, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; L. L. Stearns & Sons, Williamsport, Pa.; James L. Tapp Co., Columbia, S. C.; Miller Bros., Chattanooga, Tenn.; Goldsmith's, Memphis, Tenn.; Period Furniture Co., Nashville, Tenn.; McAfee's, Amarillo, Texas; Tishler-Gottlinger, Dallas, Texas; Foley Bros., Houston, Texas; Joske's of Texas, San Antonio, Texas; Z. C. M. L., Salt Lake City, Utah; Ames & Brownley, Norfolk, Va.; S. H. Heironimus Co., Roanoke, Va.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.; The Crescent, Spokane, Wash.; Rhoads Bros., Tacoma, Wash.; Anderson Newsom Co., Huntington, W. Va.; Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.; Foster's, Racine, Wis.; The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada; The T. Eaton Co., House Furnishings, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. See blue insert page for store listing by state.

## Penny's and Pete's shopping list

Continued from page 53

Grand Rapids Bookcase & Chair Co., Hastings, Mich.  
Kneehole desk, chamois oak.....\$149.00  
Desk chair in Persian blue Goodallite.....42.50  
Salmonson Distributing Co., New York  
Unpainted bookshelf, 40" wide.....11.00  
Unpainted bookshelf, 26" wide.....7.50  
F. Schumacher & Co., New York, N. Y.  
DiLon, dark ribbon walnut wallpaper, 9 single rolls at \$4.40.....39.60  
Amsterdam Textile Co., Amsterdam, N. Y.  
Textured, three-toned cotton rug 8' x 10' 69.50  
Barret Textile Corp., New York, N. Y.  
10 yds. Persian stripe fabric at \$1.98.....19.80  
6 yds. Mughal design fabric at \$1.98.....11.88  
A. D. Juilliard & Co., New York, N. Y.  
6 yds. of Zephyroy corduroy at \$2.50.....15.00  
Otto Guggenheim, New York, N. Y.  
Swing-arm study lamp, brushed brass.....25.00  
Mollie Boynton, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
Leather desk set.....30.00  
Wastebasket.....12.95  
Leather picture frames, at \$3 and \$4.....7.00  
Parker Pen Co., Waterbury, Conn.  
Magic Wand desk set.....17.50  
Dee Miller, New York, N. Y.  
Brass horse paper knife.....2.00

## Bathroom

Kleinert Rubber Co., New York, N. Y.  
Plastic shower curtain.....5.95  
Ruffled plastic curtains to match.....5.95  
2 yds. matching fabric at \$1.40.....2.80  
Mollie Boynton, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
Plywood hamper (like shower curtain).....8.95  
Wastebasket to match.....2.40  
Tissue box in same design.....2.10  
Fieldcrest Mills, New York, N. Y.  
Large bath towels, per dozen.....28.68  
Small bath towels, per dozen.....11.76

Washcloths, per dozen.....\$4.68  
2 bath mats, each \$2.98.....5.96  
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Landlord's carrara tile and mirror  
Briggs Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Michigan  
Landlord's bathroom fixtures

## Kitchen accessories

Hotpoint, Inc., Chicago, Ill.  
Landlord's complete kitchen, fixtures and cabinets  
Cannon Mills, New York, N. Y.  
Cannon's toweling in Yucca yellow, used for curtains, dish towels, aprons, 20 yds. at 40c.....8.00  
matching potholders, 2 at 25c......50  
Ecko Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Ecko Pressure Cooker.....13.95  
Flint Stainless Steel Utility Set, set of six with wall rack.....8.95

## Dining-room accessories

(Mostly Penny's wedding presents)  
Mahogany Incorporated, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Plastic finished woodware in Dan River plaid.  
Lazy Susan, \$25.00; 4 6-inch bowls, \$3.50 each; 4 9½-inch plates, \$4.00 each; gingham napkins, 75c each.....58.00  
Wallace Silver Co., Wallingford, Conn.  
Grand Colonial, 12 place settings of 6 pieces at \$30.00 per setting.....360.00  
Carbone, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
Arlington crinkled glass, amber, doz.....6.00  
William H. Fenton, New York, N. Y.  
La Mirada cups and saucers, ½ doz.....18.00  
La Mirada dinner plates, ½ doz.....18.00  
Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, New York, N. Y.  
Edme 10" plates, doz.....13.50  
Edme 5" plates, doz.....8.50  
Edme cups and saucers, doz.....15.00

Edme cream soups and saucers, doz.....\$23.00  
Castleton China, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
6 desert plates by Vertes, each \$4.00.....24.00  
Fostoria Glass Co., New York, N. Y.  
6 Holly pattern goblets, each \$1.75.....10.50  
6 Holly pattern wine glasses, each \$1.75.....10.50  
Elmer P. Goldsmith, New York, N. Y.  
Irish linen cloth, 54" x 72", 6 napkins.....39.00  
Fallani & Cohn, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
8-piece luncheon set.....6.50  
Cox & Co., New York, N. Y.  
Rustic Desert Mist tableware  
Place settings for twelve.....45.00

## Adding it up

Their furniture, lamps, rugs, fabrics, kitchen utensils and Simmons Deep-sleep mattress and box spring (\$79.00).....2,500.72  
China, glass, silver, linens from Penny's hope chest.....716.68  
Wedding presents, gifts of accessories and fireplace equipment.....235.85

## Penny's clothes

Penny's striped worsted suit, page 34, about \$40, by Joselli; blue denim dungarees, about \$3.50, and plain cotton classic shirt, about \$4, both page 38, I. C. Isaacs; Botany flannel skirt, about \$13, and Botany match-mix sweater top, about \$13, both page 39, by Jane Irwill; herringbone tweed coat with zip-in lining, page 41, about \$60, Leather-Liner; Hockanum wool long-sleeved dress, page 40, about \$23, Dudley Casuals; pink rayon satin housecoat, page 42, about \$35, by Edward Mackoud; pale blue Bur-Mil rayon satin slip, page 42, about \$6, by Godfried; dress of Skinner black rayon moire, shown on page 45, under \$30, by July 'n' Jill; knee-length nightie with long sleeves, shown on page 52, about \$13, by Chevelle.



By Sally O'Neill



**G**rowing and using herbs is really a simple thing. Most people are afraid of herbs and feel that growing them and using them is quite a complicated business that only a superior intellect can master. 'Taint so! All you need is a little basic knowledge about them and the rest is up to you and your imagination. And if you are a young homemaker, you'll have plenty of that ingredient.

If you are a suburbanite or country gal, with a nice little plot of ground, you're a cinch for success. If you're a city gal in an apartment, small or large, you can still grow your own and supplement them by buying dried herbs. Or you can rely entirely on dried herbs.

For the suburbanite the ABC's of herbs go something like this:

A is for Area, meaning that plot of ground—it can be tiny—in which you'll plant the herbs; B is for Bluff, meaning that which you put up to make your friends feel that you know what you're doing, when they tell you you aren't doing it right; C is for Cookery interest, meaning that which you have in order to find something to do with the herbs after you've gone to all the trouble of growing them.

For the city gal the ABC's of herbs might start off as:

A is for Atmosphere, meaning having an apartment with a window through which the sun shines a part of the day; B is for Box, meaning a window box on the sill inside the apartment, with a watering trough in the bottom of it; C is for Cooking, meaning that sometimes-abstract thing in connection with which you use the herbs.

For you who have no place or inclination to grow your own herbs, the ABC's of herbs would read:

A is for Ambition, meaning that which will make you go around to the shops to get the herbs; B is for Broad-mindedness, meaning that which will be needed to get your husband out of the plain meat-and-potatoes stage and into the spirit of experimentation with you; C is for Charm, meaning that which your cooking will have after using herbs.

Now that you're in the spirit of the thing, here are a few do's, don'ts and suggestions. If you are going to grow your own herbs, whether in a garden or window box: *Do* buy plants and *don't* try to raise plants from seeds. It takes so much longer to raise your plants from seeds that you'll find yourself becoming discouraged long before the little things have pushed their heads above ground, let alone gotten big enough for cutting. *Do* get a book on herbs; *don't* rely solely on the information we give you here. This doesn't mean that it isn't good information, but a reliable book on herbs will give you the real pointers on growing them for which we haven't space.

For all of you who will be using herbs, whether you've grown them

yourselves or are using dried ones: *Do* experiment with them and *don't* get discouraged if the first dishes don't turn out quite right. Remember that when you learned elementary cooking you had to experiment even with the amount of salt and pepper needed.

Some good herbs to grow or use are: Marjoram, thyme, sage, basil, chives, rosemary, tarragon, summer savory, winter savory, mint (if you have a cool, damp spot; mint can be grown in a window box, but it requires a whole box to itself and needs care). There are others but this should do for a starter.

Pick only the leaves for use in cooking. Buy bottles of store vinegar (either cider or wine) and put your own herbs into them. You may use a combination, or have several separate flavors: chive or tarragon in cider vinegar, and basil in wine vinegar.

Try chopping very fine an assortment of fresh herbs (or use a mixture of dried herbs) in a wooden salad bowl, pouring over them the amount of oil to be used in the French dressing, and letting stand for one-half to three-quarters of an hour before mixing the rest of the dressing.

Mix together equal parts of cottage cheese, sour cream and mayonnaise; add salt and pepper, paprika and a mixture of chopped chive, marjoram, tarragon, and thyme. Serve on plain lettuce or, best of all, with a mixed vegetable salad.

And of course you've thought about putting sprigs of fresh mint in with your tea leaves for iced tea. (Pour the boiling water over the mint leaves and tea and let steep the same length of time as usual.)

Use basil with tomatoes or tomato sauces, rosemary with pork, marjoram in beef gravy, thyme with chicken, the savories with beef or pork. Also try mixtures.

Get round steak in slices about three to four inches in diameter and one-half-inch thick, and pound them. Lay strips of bacon over them, sprinkle with chopped sage and powdered bay leaves. Roll meat around bacon, dredge in flour and bake in a casserole with chopped onion and 1 cup of water for an hour and a half. Serve plain, or make a cream sauce, using the juice that's left, with a little sherry added.

Mix chopped chives with cream cheese and serve on crackers with hard or soft drinks. Or mix chopped sage with one of the Cheddar-cheese spreads and listen to your friends rave. And finally, a special tip for dried-herb users: Try caraway seed mixed in sour cream to dip hot boiled potato balls in. (Serve potato balls on toothpicks.) It's good and it's different.

Herbs can be fun, and growing and using them can be easy.  
Happy herbage!

# Our home maker book reviews



We're glad to be alive  
today, thank you!

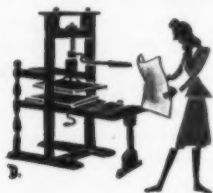
Continued from page 5

## Rugs and carpets

*The Rug and Carpet Book*, by Mildred Jackson O'Brien, published by M. Barrows and Company; \$3. A book packed with information on floor coverings and written from the viewpoint of the homeowner. How different types of rugs are made, how to select yours, what to look for when you buy, quality vs. price, how to take care of rugs. Generously illustrated with photographs.

## Housing study

*The Future of Housing*, by Charles Abrams, published by Harper & Brothers; \$5. A study of the housing problem from its beginnings to the present, with discussions of real-estate operations, the problems of contractors and builders, the various housing agencies and the necessity for slum clearance. Last section of the book is an interesting and concrete program for reform.



## Homemaking

*How to Make Your House a Home*, by Kay Hardy, published by Funk & Wagnalls; \$4. Starting from scratch, this book begins with room planning, takes you through color schemes, furniture buying and arrangement, fabrics and accessories. Helpful to budgeters are many pages on how to do things yourself—refinishing furniture, making draperies and slip covers. Well illustrated.

## Easy cookery

*The Basic Cook Book*, by Marjorie Heseltine and Ula Dow, published by Houghton Mifflin; \$3. Ideal for the girl who can't boil an egg, because it explains every single step. Stacks of pictures in the proper places show not only what you're doing, but how your *pièce de résistance* should look at that point and what you may have done wrong. Instructions and recipes for all simple foods.



*If you can catch a leprechaun...*

He's the little man of Irish legend who will buy himself out of your clutches with a pot of gold. If you can catch him, you're sitting pretty. But if you consider this an unlikely prospect, better sign up for a U. S. Savings Bonds plan and build your own pot of gold.

Save the easy, automatic way—  
with U.S. Savings Bonds

All things being equal, we'll be hale and hearty well into our sixties.

Consider, too, the miserable circumstances of our forefathers' lives. They froze in winter; they sweltered in summer. At night their rooms were fitfully lighted by tallow candles or whale oil lamps. Bathing facilities were primitive, so they bathed only on state occasions. Cleaning fluids were nonexistent, so their clothes were undoubtedly grease-spotted and redolent. Their homes, too, must have been filthy, pungent and dim with smoke. Privileged people used liberal doses of toilet water to camouflage these odors, but the solution was not ideal. At all times food was unsanitary; in summer it was often rank. Rich spices and sauces were needed to make the unappetizing dishes edible.

Differences between the living conditions of the rich and poor were appalling, and yet no one lived in comfort. Lords and ladies in their castles with their lovely hand-carved furniture, their silks and satins were almost as cold and dirty and evil-smelling as peasants in their hovels with dirt floors and windows without panes.

Compared to the luckiest of our ancestors, our lives are clean, comfortable and easy. We have more leisure, more conveniences, more amusements than people have ever known. We have better schooling, better medical care, better working conditions. We have better housing, too. Even today. This doesn't mean that we are self-satisfied. We know that things could and should be better, that there is little excuse for our slums, for our crowded cities, for the run-down towns and poverty-haunted communities of certain sections of our country, for the exorbitant prices demanded today for inadequate and poorly constructed houses in some of our new housing developments. As Charles Abrams points out in an article on page 60, if we're willing to do our share, we can help better these conditions.

We are right to demand improvements. We are right not to be snug about the age we live in. But since it's the best we've got, since we're stuck with it, let's see if we can't make something decent of it.

We have a chance, a bare chance, perhaps, but a chance, to build a peaceful world with the help of the United Nations. No law says we have to bicker and blindly assert our diverse self-interests until another war results. We've a chance, again it may be remote but it is real, to turn atomic energy from a black threat to a twentieth-century blessing. We can blow ourselves to hell or blow ourselves to a peaceful, better future. It's up to us, and that's a bigger challenge than any generation before us has faced. That's the gauntlet our age tosses us.

We can play our part in settling these large world issues by voting intelligently, by being alert and well informed, by writing letters to our congressmen, by thinking progressively. Sometimes this seems discouragingly little. It should hearten us, though, to realize that our private

microcosms are directly under our own control, that our personal lives and affairs are in our hands. We can attack our own problems directly.

It is quite possible to shape our lives, to fill our days with meaning, to direct them toward a goal. The important thing is not to drift, not to be complacent nor to shrug our shoulders hopelessly. If we weigh our problems, we can usually cope with them. It's like psychoanalysis. Once you find out what your basic trouble is, you're on the way to a cure. It's the problems we don't face that sneak up and wallop us over the head.

Let's not wait for the millenium to hand us happy lives and dream houses on a silver salver. There were no To Let signs at the mouths of caves in Neolithic times. People really had to scratch for shelter. Can't we do a little figurative scratching?

In spite of today's difficulties, lots of young people are setting us a good example. Even today they're building houses. See the GI house on page 18 that the Hulls built for \$6,000; on page 6, see the barn the Roseys built for \$4,200; on page 28, the cottage by the sea that cost the Holts only \$2,000. Other self-reliant young people are making attractive homes of stables, small flats and garages. See the Harper Richards' stable, pages 20 to 23; the Schaeffers' garage, pages 10 to 15; Janet Botting's one-room home within her family's home, pages 24 to 27. Prices are high, but by shopping intelligently, Penny and Pete, pages 34 to 53; furnished and decorated an apartment for \$2,500.

The truth of the matter is that today almost everybody can afford to live pleasantly. But a happy home cannot be bought, it must be made! That takes grit, imagination and hard work. We, our tastes, our attitude toward our family, toward the neighbors, toward life are reflected in our homes. These are the important intangibles that money can't buy.

A happy home is more than a collection of things, more than a shelter against the elements, more than a place to go after work or after the party is over; it provides a more profound refuge than a roof against the rain; it provides food for the spirit as well as three square meals a day; it is the hub of our family life, the place where we have the most fun, where we bloom as individuals and as a group, where we find peace and also the inspiration to be up and at 'em, where we're—at home!

Statisticians observe that two out of three for-life promises end in acrimony, that children are out of hand, that they steal, drink, run away from home. The answer to these problems is happier homes, homes that husbands and wives and children will run to, not from; homes where marriages keep and the young grow up healthy, happy citizens.

In life as in art, style is the important thing! We can feed our family—guests, too—hot dogs with such gaiety that it's a feast. We can wear the simplest dress with such an air, with such assurance, that it's as smart as a made-to-order model. We can make a cottage glow with enchantment if we furnish and run it with style.

We can all achieve style, if we're willing to cultivate an attitude toward life. This may mean giving up some pet indulgences: we'll have to refrain from feeling sorry for ourselves; we'll have to quit blaming bad times or limited funds or bad luck for our lacks and failures. We'll have to realize that there is no justification for being dowdy, no excuse for gloomy surroundings, poor meals, wailing children and family squabbles. We'll have to determine that no matter where we live, no matter what bad cards we occasionally draw from fate, we'll make our homes cheerful, we'll be kind and tolerant and as optimistic as is humanly possible.

We say, we won't wait for tomorrow, for better conditions, for a legacy from Uncle Sam to begin to live. We're glad to be alive, today, thank you, and we intend to make today a gala affair.

## You can so sew



### When you're a queen

Welcome to a fresh idea in aprons! In one short hour any novice with a needle can make it a gay addition to her wardrobe. The Diorlike flare lends it the new Parisian hip interest. Wear it with a black evening dress that looks too dinky this year in order to get the '47 silhouette. Find a yard of 36" material. It may be chosen to match your draperies. Get 4 yards of 3" velvet ribbon and some crinoline lacing. Trim one corner of the square for a curved top. Trim the side corners for tie ends. Sew the ribbon and crinoline around the edges to make the whole piece stand out. Then make four deep untapered darts in front. It's ready to wear! Right for cocktails through dinner.



### When you're a drudge

You've seen those large-pocket aprons carpenters carry nails and hammer in. Have you wished you had one (without the printing across the front)? You could tuck clothespins in the pockets while you laundered, dustcloths and stray pins while working in the house. It takes only 1 1/4 yards of denim, gingham or canvas to make one. And anyone can do it. First cut a 4" strip off for a waistband. Bind the lower edge with bias tape and fold up 12 inches. Along the edge, make four buttonholes about 8 1/2" apart. Then bind the sides, sewing the two parts together. Gather the top and stitch on the 4" waistband. The free ends are ties. Sew big bright buttons in place, and you have it.





## What sort of homebody are you?

Continued from page 59

### Your key letters give the clue to your homebody character.

**A** You are hard to please! You don't fit neatly into the isolation of the wildwood, nor are you happy in the cave-dwelling anonymity of a city apartment. The happiest home town for you—if circumstances allow—is a city big enough to have two good country clubs and several pleasant restaurants, but small enough to sustain a circle of casual, drop-in-anytime friends.

You will never be satisfied in a rented place, but don't buy a home till you find what you want, because year-after-next you'll be hankering for a bigger or better or just different place.

You have the expensive urge to redecorate often and will grow tired even of furniture that is still attractive and useful. Also, you collect too many furnishings, you have a tendency to buy more than you can afford and you concentrate on upholstery at the expense of inner-spring construction. Mad yet?

You have the courage to blend modern with traditional to good effect. But you might be more casual. After all, your husband (or husband-to-be) may need an old Morris chair, so set aside a corner for his un-stylish comfort.

Your taste is excellent—but relax, before becoming a Craig's Wife.

**B** You are a rare animal that thrives in either the domesticated or wild state. That is, in a metropolis or a mossy glade (or is it glen). But one warning: although rural seclusion may become you, manual labor is not your forte. So choose a cottage small on a modest plot, not forty acres and a mule. Also be sure to keep clear of charming little villages—their normal curiosity may be your private poison ivy.

Your taste in decoration is original and usually good—but when you do go wrong you go wrong with a bang. Also there's a hint that you never quite finish decorating. You have an erratic passion for detail that makes the accessories in your homestead especially charming, but you may overlook a rump-sprung couch.

Your restlessness suggests that you belong most naturally to the renter class, but it's probably safe to think of buying a cottage some year before long.

A little more consistency and a little less revolt from convention would probably make your home life simpler. But maybe you don't want simplicity—maybe?

**C** You are a small-town girl—and the way we mean it, it's not a catty remark. You like to have a firm circle of close friends and you hold up

your end of the friendship. Watch out, though, that you don't get too possessive—you can't own people.

You need a home of your own with roses round the door, babies on the floor and a husband in the basement repairing a water heater that is an infernal machine to you.

Your taste is dependable, but could be more daring. Also you may clutter up a room with too many extraneous items—a little more ruthlessness, if you please. You may sometimes be overinfluenced by the opinions of your friends. So, be bolder—suppose you do buy the wrong chair, you can still sit in it. And, if you have to have advice, get it from a professional decorator instead of the girl next door (who may not know Hepplewhite from pumpernickel).

Remember: security isn't in a land deed or a bank book or a New England salt-box—it's in your own solar plexus (approximately).

**AB** Come the crocus, and you probably have the urge to retire to a farm. Don't. If spring comes, can winter and frozen water pipes be far behind? (And you are not the hardy-settler type.)

Your sense of style is unconventional. You can mix periods with abandon and usually with good result. You never satisfy yourself, but others may admire your efforts.

You are restless and have a hard time finishing a task that has lost its novelty. And sometimes you treat your friends as if they were radios that can be tuned in or out (they aren't).

Take your real creative flair and mix it with a good measure of self-discipline and your home life will be much more mellow.

Now, if you are rich enough, we suggest a place in town and a country retreat—then you can shuttle back and forth to suit your Jekyll or Hyde mood.

**AC** You look to your domestic duties with suitable seriousness. Maybe you are even a bit overmeticulous at times and a little too impressed by public opinion.

You are gifted with the ability to plan ahead and so have an advantage over your impatient sisters who go shooting off toward Empire furniture this season and run bang into a passion for early American next year.

There seems to be in you a desire for both high style and casual comfort—but with your resources you should achieve a fair compromise. You don't fall for an ephemeral fad; but you can spot a valid new idea.

You need to own your own home, but until you can afford what you really want, steer clear—else you'll live in a dither of dissatisfaction.

You are unsuited to wild life (rural variety) and had best stick to Middletowns or Big Towns.

Don't collect too much furniture and don't worry about keeping ahead of the parade. Your own pace is okay.

**BC** When you hear the wood fauns piping, tie yourself to a lamp-post. A bosky hideaway will give you the willies—unless you are equipped with a Sears Roebuck-type husband. Any city over five thousand and under five hundred thousand will suit you best. You can even get along in a multimillion metropolis, but it isn't your natural habitat . . . and you might do best to live a commuter's distance from downtown.

You have the courage to fit your fur. [Continued on page 171]

CARD PHOTO



## We live in a barn . . . and love it

Continued from page 9

leaves lots of floor space for dancing. Just after the war, we gave a gingham and Levi's party with seventy-five guests. Some of our talented friends supplied the music and entertainment. When they wanted to rest, our radio and phonograph took over. We served barbecued hot dogs, tossed green salad, potato chips and beer. At other parties, we've varied this menu with barbecued steaks and abalone fries.

Over the garage, where the hayloft would be in a proper barn, the Roney Juniors live, eat, sleep and play. We reach our living quarters by an outside stairway that goes up to a Dutch door, our front door. Inside we have three large rooms: a combined living-room-bedroom, a combined kitchen-dining-room and a bathroom with a big dressing-room. Roney thoughtfully included vast closets in the hall that joins the rooms, and there's additional storage space in the miniature loft over our living-room.

Both Roney and I are ardent antique collectors. We each inherited a few antiques, but we've personally tracked down, discovered, ferreted out in unlikely places all the other pieces in the house. Our most prized treasures are a Windsor-type pine mammy bench, a large schoolmaster's secretary, a pine dough-trough table, a hutch table, a quaint pine cupboard with glass doors, several fan-back Windsor chairs, a wonderful fat Utah rocker and a thin graceful Salem rocker. We found most of these early American antiques in California, but they'd almost all originally come, of course, from the East.

We hope that sometime soon we can begin to build our main house. Then we'll take out the partitions in our barn-living quarters, using all the space for one big den. A suspended catwalk will run from this room to the second floor of the main house. Roney has already finished the plans for it. I think it will be a fascinating house. We'll have only three rooms, but each one will be enormous. The living-room will be 24' by 28', with a twenty-seven-foot ceiling and a fireplace big enough to walk around in, if anybody fancies walking around in a fireplace. One end of the room will be an eight-foot copper bar with a view of the kitchen-dining-room. There's to be a raised fireplace in the kitchen for warmth and color, and maybe to cook over. Upstairs there'll be a single huge bedroom with another raised fireplace. We estimate that this house—with Roney doing some of the work himself—won't cost over \$10,000 even today.

Very important members of the household are our three schnauzers, Troy and Cassie of Calico Farm, and Dimity, their child. Roney and I dote on them and proudly show them at local dog shows. We're not professional breeders but we did breed Troy and Cassie last year, and Cassie had a litter of nine beautiful, bouncing puppies. Dimity is from this litter. We sold her brothers and sisters for \$75 and \$100 apiece.

Troy and Cassie have their own house, a miniature replica of our barn, painted the same barn red with white trimming. They have running

water and electric lights in their house, two separate rooms and bunk beds, linoleum floors and their own private back yard and porch. Inside the house is papered in the same wallpapers we've used in the barn. Troy and Cassie have their own antiques, too—an old carriage lamp on their front porch and a rooster weather vane atop their shingled roof. Their house is eight feet tall, ten feet long and six feet wide. It cost \$150. That was for materials. Roney did the work himself.

Weekends, the Ronys—Oliver, Troy, Cassie, Dimity and I—all pile into the station wagon and drive to the harbor. There we board our sailboat and put out to sea. When we have a free week or two, we head for Catalina or Balboa. Roney and I like sailing and swimming better than any other sports, though we have fun skiing in the winter and we occasionally ride horseback and play tennis.

So far as we're concerned, California is the ideal place to live, and a barn isn't a half bad place to live, either. Not half!

## What sort of homebody are you?

Continued from page 170

nishings to yourself—and not to Rosalind Russell, though your spurts of rebellious taste may disconcert your friends—and you too.

You don't wear yourself out keeping up with the Joneses. But don't let this prevent you from keeping up with real improvements. After all, everybody should demolish one heirloom every Guy Fawkes.

**ABC** We suspect that you were over-rash in answering the questions. But maybe you really are rash.

You seem to be bubbling with discontents of various varieties. You have trouble settling down for a long steady haul. You have a passion for redecorating—trying new colors, new styles, new anything.

Now the divine discontent is one thing; jitters are another. You have to slow down sometimes to find out what you're running for—or from. Do give the question a thought; your housing problem will then answer itself in due season.

**No Letters** You are a well-balanced woman. You are able to use your own judgment, yet you are always ready to learn from others. You are certain enough of your tastes to blend various styles and periods into a pleasant and original effect.

You can live wherever circumstances place you, for you have some understanding of the phrase, "home is where the heart is."

If it's practical, you should have a place of your own with some ground around it—and you'll like growing flowers. But there's no hurry. You have a knack of making even a hall bedroom reflect your own individuality.



## A garage is our castle

Continued from page 12

and the other men pool their cars to get to the station. We mothers take turns driving the children to and from school. Pamela and most of her friends attend a nursery school about a mile from the east gate. Wendy and Harry Loomis, however, go to day school in Rye, while Bambi and Loch Galbraith belong to the creaking older set (five to seven) whose mothers allow them to cut across the grounds to a near-by school.

Painting our six-room garage-apartment was really an undertaking. The Reids, pitching in to help a veteran (Peter was in the Navy), had quite a bit of preliminary painting and plastering done. Two walls were knocked down so that we have a big living-room and a big bedroom. The Reids installed kitchen equipment, and an oil burner somewhere down below us to keep the apartment warm in winter. From that point on it was up to us. It took us two months of hard work to get walls, woodwork and floors in shape. Then Peter took a leaf from Tom Sawyer and invited a few of our New York and Connecticut friends to visit us for the weekend. We met each guest at the door with a paintbrush. Of course, the project required lots of supervision. At first our friends couldn't resist clowning and, before they got down to serious work, they'd splashed cartoons all over the big bedroom floor. But before the weekend was over, our junior castle was bright as a button inside.

Decorating presented a problem. The only thing Peter, a Dartmouth man, had ever decorated was the campuses at Smith and Wellesley. (Only Smith after he met me in my sophomore year.) As for me, I didn't know a thing about slip-covering and such. When a friend suggested that I French-head draperies, I thought perhaps I'd need a guillotine. Peter is an amazing man, though. At the height of the crisis he came home one night simply dripping color swatches, string tugs and fabric samples. The living-room is a soft, dark green, so we invested in white curtains with a multicolored serpentine pattern. Pam shares a tiny 6' by 7' room with her dolls and bunnies. We chose white for her walls, to make the room seem larger, and a fabric with animals for curtains.

Peter and I did most of the work. I sewed curtains and tried to make slip covers, but before long had to turn that job over to a professional. Peter painted furniture, mostly queer old wardrobe closets and chests that we found. His most masterly work was done on three antique washstands. Two of them are now bedside tables, the other makes an effective living-room bar. He cooked up an odd gilt finish for it and put in mirror panels.

Early this summer our home was finally complete, right down to the outdoor terrace, which is fixed up for sunning and steak-fries. I doubt if any of the workmen could recognize his former quarters. They are cozier than we ever believed they could be! Pamela expects a brother or sister any day now, so perhaps in five or six years the Schaeffer clan will move to larger quarters. But for the present, we are happy in our castle.



## I love you dear, but ...

Continued from page 17

and a lot happier all around the lot.

First of all, what's the most important function of a home? Most wives put eye appeal first. Almost any man thinks comfort is more important. He thinks home should be, primarily, a place to live in, easily, comfortably, conveniently. A place for the whole family to live in: father, mother and the kids, if or when there are any.

You know Charlie Ives. We had dinner there last week. What do you think of his home life? Isn't he like a displaced person in that ruffe-filled pastel igloo? Today you have gone out to shop for something called occasional chairs. I hope they won't be like the spindle-legged undershoe chairs in the Ives's living-room. I can't think of any occasion when those chairs would be useful unless perhaps one were being visited by a batch of relatives one couldn't stand. We can stand ours—just. Maybe you girls actually like those chairs, but a man doesn't. His knees pop up to touch his chin, his spine curls and his thoughts do too. Let's have enough comfortable chairs in our living-room and a good big sofa.

I'm quite a bit taller than you are, toots, and a lot more awkward. Will you keep that in mind and choose things to scale? Let's not have tin tippy tables in the living-room, or too many fragile pieces of pottery and such to knock off things. And God spare me from delicate little ash trays. Remember when I burned Mrs. Taylor's rug? I said all the polite things, but I wasn't as sorry or as chagrined as I probably should have been, because if you supply your guests with silly ash trays you can jolly well expect ashes and cigarettes to land on the floor. Another thing. I'm against those ridiculous cups of coffee she serves after dinner. I like an honest, self-respecting cup of coffee—not a teaser. Maybe it's chic to feature the demitasse, but let's not be chic. People who are chic make me seek.

As we haven't got a dining-room in our flat, I suppose when we have more than four people for dinner it will have to be buffet. Can we devise some way to give our guests little tables and big napkins? I don't know a man who can enjoy his victuals if he has to bounce them on his knee. I like you on my lap, but not my dinner.

I had lunch with Sam Storrs yesterday. He looked low. He's having trouble with his business. At home he tries to be cheerful for Helen's sake, and the effort is getting him down. You know their house: not a spot in it where Sam can sneak off quietly and lick his wounds. The bedroom is Helen's; the sitting-room is Helen's; the kitchen is Helen's. That leaves the bathroom, which isn't really a satisfactory hiding place. The traffic is too unpredictable. Every husband needs a private corner of his own, the housing situation being what it is he can't reasonably ask for a whole room where he can get away from things and brood or think or read or nap or do whatever solaces his soul, in peace and quiet and alone. I hope you will chalk off some modest space that I can call my own, honey bun.

You often giggle about the Hunts's bedroom. What's that business on the bed and on that umbrella thing over the bed, and at the windows, and hanging around the dressing-table? Ruffled white something or other. You call it Edith's virgin bower, and what does that make Humphrey? I don't suppose he can feel comfortable in that room. It might be amusing to visit once, as a Casanova adventure, but poor Humphrey has to live there. I know our bedroom won't be a boudoir, but may I make a few practical suggestions? Let's have a bed that's long enough, and extra-sized sheets and blankets that really stay tucked under. Most beds are made for midgets and most bedclothes are made for people who habitually fling them off; at any rate they won't stay on. Can we be original and fix this problem?

In addition I want a damned good bedside reading lamp. The one I'm using now isn't tall enough and I have to tip the shade to get any light. That, my pet, is why the shade is burned on the side. I know the burn offends you, and I don't admire it myself. A good lamp is the solution. And is it possible to buy a big night table—not just a little stand to hold the aspirin tablets, but a real table to accommodate a couple of mystery novels, a banana and a glass of milk, my cigarettes, a magazine and the telephone, plus that good lamp? Perhaps it could even have a shelf for phone books and the radio. If such a table exists let's get two, one for each of us. (Don't say I'm not interested in your comforts, too!)

If I promise not to leave my shaving gear all over the place, could you tuck your powder and eye-do and other beautifiers out of sight? This brings up another point. I remember at home my sisters used to festoon the bathroom with bras and pants and gay deceivers and stockings and other personal paraphernalia. I couldn't brush my teeth without waving aside a lace handkerchief or a corset. Isn't there some remote hickory limb in the house where a girl can hang her duds to dry?

## Give now to your Community Chest

If your neighbors were in trouble, you'd want to help them, wouldn't you? That's what you're doing when you give to your Community Chest—helping your neighbors and your community.



"Too many rocks, trees, herbs in a garden.

Too many children in a house.

Too many words when men meet.

Too many books in a bookcase there can never be,

Nor too much litter in a dust heap."

Fragment—Kenko; fourteenth-century Japanese

While we're in the bathroom let's discuss the trimmings. Your Cousin Sarah gave you some fancy little towels marked His and Hers. You're probably fond of them and I don't like to hurt your feelings or Cousin Sarah's feelings, but could we secretly give those towels to a home for diminutive orphans? I'm a full-grown man and I like full-grown towels that do what towels are supposed to do: mop up water. I haven't been able to dry my back since we got married. May I also ask what those initialed hand towels are for? Certainly not to dry your hands on. I've tried that.

I don't know what the solution to the medicine-cabinet problem is (things are crowded all over, aren't they?), but I can't wedge an extra package of razor blades or a bottle of Bromo Seltzer in among the shampoos, skin creams and hand lotions. When we move please let's install an extra cabinet just for Poppa's personal use.

As you know, I grew up in a predominantly female household and this may make me unnecessarily apprehensive. After all there is only one of you, while Dad and I had to fight for Lebensraum with four ladies: Mother and my three sisters. As I remember it we fellows were always allotted the smallest closets in the house. Then bit by bit even this space would be invaded by bathboxes, evening wraps, blouses, extra sweaters and shoes until we didn't have elbow room for a suit. Dad would finally explode, and the ladies would grudgingly remove their things from our closets, complaining all the while about the selfishness of men. The next week the bathboxes would once again begin to nose out our trifles. It was a losing game.

To date, you and I have not had an equitable division of closet space, either. But then our room boasts only two closets, one middle-sized, one minute. By divine law, of course, the minute one became mine. In spite of which you complain bitterly when I leave a pair of shoes by the bed, or hang a suit on a chair. I love you, baby, but sometimes I think you're a witch. If there aren't enough closets in our new flat let's have extra ones built in or let's buy a wardrobe. I won't drape my suits on the chairs or leave my shoes around if you'll move over and give me storage space. The same goes for tennis rackets, overshoes, golf clubs and raincoats. Will you figure out a place for me to keep such stuff? And, if you don't mind, I am against tucking them in with the brooms and the vacuum cleaner.

By and large I think I am a reasonably clean and orderly man. I don't like dirt and I don't like a shambles. But, honey, I see no percentage in a spotlessly tidy home if it makes a drudge of a man's best girl. Or if neatness interferes with living. When you straighten up the Sunday papers before I've had time to read them thoroughly I can feel my dander rise. When you tidy up my desk so that I can't find important papers I wish you were part of our office personnel so I could have the pleasure of firing you. When you choose Saturday to give our place the Big Clean Up I think that, after all, much is to be said for the slut who'd rather rest and play than work.

Don't think I'm belittling the qualities of a good housewife. You've got 'em, dear, and I'm glad. But don't overdo. You and I are more important than our home. Let's make it work for us, exist for us, please us, not ride us or enslave us—financially, or emotionally, or in any other way!

Are you still there, dear? May I still come home?

I love you, baby, and now there are no buts.



## Look at the house that we built

Continued from page 19

kit, as conveniently and economically planned as a Pullman roomette.

At this point Bob leaned over my shoulder and said: "Take it easy, kid! Don't brag!" But I can't help bragging. After all, this is our first house, our first home together, and I'm tickled pink with it.

Our house is placed well back from the street, which gives us privacy. We wouldn't like to live in a fish bowl. There's only one big window in the front of the house, in the living-room. This is placed at an angle to give us a view of a lordly mountain that changes its color chameleonwise to match the sky.

Besides cheering us with this mountain view, our big window serves a practical function too. On the street side, the five-foot overhang that extends the entire width of our little house was carefully planned so that in summertime, when the sun rides high, the hot rays are kept out. In spite of the big window our living-room is cool and shady. Yet in wintertime, when the sun is low in the sky, our window catches and exploits every beam. These winter beams strike our window at a low angle and penetrate deep into the living-room, doing their bit toward heating our house. It is not an inconsequential bit, either. On sunny winter days we always close the heating outlets in the living-room; our solar unit and the fireplace keep us cozy.

Of course ours is a small-scale example of solar heating, but I find it exciting. I was surprised, though, to learn that solar heating isn't something brand-new and modern like atom-smashing. It seems that Swiss home-builders have been using the sun to heat their houses for generations. All I can say is, the Swiss are bright—solar heating is certainly practical and economical and pleasant, too.

Bob wants me to add something technical here. When we saw the plans for our house he was worried about the big window. He wondered if heat wouldn't go flying out of it at night and send our fuel bills up. The answer is that you can expect some nocturnal heat loss through glass, but if windows and window banks are properly placed they pick up more than enough sunlight by day to make up for heat loss by night.

Across from our big window in the living-room are wide doors opening on a patio and a garden. (Bob says, "Fibber!" All right, but that's what we plan to have, as soon as we get time to do the necessary planting. At present our patio and garden are more imaginary than real.)

We haven't built a garage yet. We tether our 1939 jalopy on the street, and weather doesn't seem to faze her. I guess she's beyond being fazed by anything. Some day we plan to build a garage just past the breezeway. We'll be proud of that garage and glad to have it right at the front of the house in frank admission of the fact that we live in a machine age. (Bob says: "Do we?" He says he'll believe it's the machine age when we can buy a car worth building a garage for.) Our garage will give breadth to the house and will make it possible for us to build maid's

quarters in an ideal spot—not under foot, but near enough at hand. Meanwhile, we won't clutter up our rear area. We'll jealously keep that free for outdoor living and dining.

Our compact little house, as she stands—without any of these visionary additions—consists of just the living- dining-room, two bedrooms, a bath and a galleylike kitchen. It all seems just about perfect to me, and I'll tell you a secret. In spite of the fact that Bob is slightly Chinese in his attitude toward our house, shyly referring to it as a humble hut or a Lilliput lean-to, he thinks it's just about perfect too.

As for furnishings, we're getting them by easy stages. We don't feel we have to have everything finished and shipshape overnight. We're buying the pieces we want one by one. We improvise and make our furniture do double duty. For instance, the sectional pieces in our living-room are sometimes ranged along the wall to make a sofa, sometimes drawn up by the fire to make three chairs. They're covered in roughish fabric in cherry red, to pick up the thin cherry red stripe in our yellow curtains. We like the shock effect of the red against our sea blue walls. The rug is tan, the bookshelves on either side of the fireplace are yellow—as are the curtains, lampshades and a few other accessories.

At present we're using a plain wooden table and run-of-the-mill chairs as a dining group at one end of the living-room. We'll replace these pieces later on, but for the time being they serve our purpose and, as Bob says, the food tastes just as good even if the table isn't the object of our dreams. I've invested in bright yellow place mats, knives and forks with red handles, and I spend enough time in our garden to keep our meals bright with petunias or marigolds. It's a mere hop-skip-and-a-jump to our red-and-yellow kitchen. This makes mealtime easy as a wink.

Red, as you may have gathered, is our favorite color. We use red as a tonic, have even painted our front door red. Friends call our place "Hull House, with the red door."

No two ways about it, Bob and I think we've bought a lot of home for \$6,000. And it's been a lot of fun. Besides, the fun isn't half over. It doesn't cost money to dream, so we have big plans for tomorrow and the day after. We're going to enjoy watching our little house grow up.

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BILL ROYE



## It was a stable . . . now it's our home!

Continued from page 22

have mint juleps and Harper's favorite hors d'œuvre, baked oysters on the half shell with bacon strips on top, followed by shashlik—lamb sautéed in wine and herbs and cooked outdoors on skewers over charcoal. Even in the wintertime we cook most of our meat over charcoal, using the indoor fireplace instead of the barbecue. When we entertain a raft of people we naturally change the menu. We set up two large tables in the courtyard with punch, roast turkey and ham, cheese, pumpernickel bread and salad. Everything is strictly self-help.

Anna, my jewel of a colored maid, loves parties, bless her—and is the mainstay of our household. She does all the cooking—except breakfast, I get that—cleans the house, takes care of Holly while I'm at the office, and still says, "The more guests for dinner, the merrier." My household chores are ordering the food, planning menus with Anna, counting the laundry, keeping closets and drawers tidy. I always set the table for dinner, because I like to work up new arrangements and new color schemes. I always fix the flowers, too, because it's fun. I'm forever buying odd shells, china birds, small vases for table decorations.

Our stable was as dilapidated inside as out. Beaverboard partitions had been thrown up here and there by the restaurant owners, the cigar manufacturer, maybe the sculptor. We ripped them out, put in new plaster-insulated walls that we covered with burlap and painted. We leveled the old floors, sanded them up and replaced the boards where necessary. In the living-room we tore out a weird fireplace that some madman had installed and substituted a simple brick one with a raised platform. We painted it chocolate brown, installed mirror panels over it with white crosshairs to frame our blanc de chine figurines. This raised fireplace is one of the nicest features of our whole house. Sitting on the sofa, you look directly into the fire, which is on a level with you. In the summer the platform, covered by a mat, acts as an extra seat; it does also in the winter when there's a low fire. A raised platform with an edge around it confines the ashes, keeps them from blowing around the room, makes the cleanest hearth ever devised. We stained the living-room floors deep chocolate brown, painted the ceiling the same color and the walls white. The two windows at either side of the fireplace are covered with printed wool in a tropical leaf and lily pattern—coral, beige and dark green on a celadon green ground. To make the swags we dipped muslin in glue and painted it celadon green. This makes a stiff, dustproof swag.

A ceiling-to-floor curtain on a ceiling track separates our dining alcove from the living-room. It's made of natural-colored cross-barred nubly cotton. When we have guests, the curtain is drawn until dinner is announced. After dinner, we leave the curtain open to add to the spaciousness of the living-room. When we're alone Harper and I sometimes start a gin rummy game, using our oversized coffee-table to play on. It's five

feet long by two feet wide and is the natural center of our activities. Harper and I rarely finish a gin game, though. We start discussing something exciting, or Harper suddenly says, "Let's listen to that new record of Duchin," and the game is forgotten. We collect records, especially piano music—Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Duchin, Fats Waller. And I also have a collection of surrealist and French records. I guess Harper and I like talking and listening to music better than anything else—except traveling.

Our last trip was to Key West. (We sent Holly for a visit to her grandparents.) On the trip we took over one hundred Kodachrome slides. Now we've a new hobby—making commentaries to go with the slides. Harper brought home a wire recorder—a Harper Richards design, to be sure—very compact and efficient, and we all take turns recording on it. Even Holly. At the last office party we gave we recorded the staff and got some wonderful barbershop song effects.

So far I haven't mentioned our entrance hall. Before the war I spent a year in France as a fashion designer—that's when I acquired my collection of French records. I also saved a lot of old French newspapers and collected others covering the period of Hitler's aggression around Europe from '36 to '39 and brought them back to this country. Now we've used some of them to paper our entrance hall and the walls of the stairs leading to the bedroom. They bring back memories of Paris as she used to be. During the war we saved front pages of newspapers, with their historic headlines. We'll use them when we build a new house.

Nowadays I don't do any fashion designing except for myself and Holly. I always design my own clothes and have them made. This is rather tedious sometimes, but since I'm a tall gal, I find it's easier in the end. All day long I live in tailored suits; after five I usually wear slacks and a silk shirt or a long dinner dress. My at-home clothes are carefully planned to match the color scheme of our rooms. As for Holly, after I design her things, they are all handmade by a devoted grandmother who lives in Washington, D. C.—I send her sketches, and back come the clothes! Holly usually wears pinafores.

We remodeled the hayloft of our barn to include our bedroom, a bath and a nursery-bedroom for Holly. In our room we scraped the old floors—six-inch-wide boards—and painted alternate boards Mexican pink and forest green. The walls are a deep mauve pink, the ceiling is forest green. Over the bed we painted two cherubs holding a white swag. The twin beds have headboards tufted in dark green faille. The coverlets match, while the dust ruffles are of chintz in a rose-and-green flower design on a white background. The headboard of our twin beds has a six-inch-wide shelf across the top, holds the clock, a radio, drinks, what-have-you, and is marvelously convenient. At the windows we have double organdy tie-backs, with overdraperies of the rose and green chintz and those trick muslin swags, dipped in glue and painted green. Harper designed the lined-oak nightstands by the beds, and for Christmas last year he gave me a wonderful dressing-table of lined oak. The whole center section is a perfume drawer with a frosted glass bottom and indirect lighting. Over it is clear glass. It's topped with a white baroque mirror and candlesticks.

As if Harper and I didn't have enough on our hands, we recently decided to go into the landlord business. We have a new corporation, R & R Buildings, Inc. At present, we are converting an old brownstone into efficient, modern apartments for smart young working girls who want small, attractive homes. We already have a long waiting list for this and future remodeled buildings. It's the fuller life!

## Antiques without tears

Continued from page 91

judgment and the advice of friends. Look for a dealer who has both knowledge of antiques and good taste.

In the case of English pieces, those that have passed the customs appraisers and those that are sold in England by a member of the British Antique Dealers Association are certainly likely to be genuine.

When you have at last settled on a piece of furniture to buy as a starter, say a chest of drawers or a pedestal table, you should get a statement in writing from the dealer as to the authenticity of the piece. Any reputable dealer will be willing to give you this.

What should you buy first? I suggest pieces that have versatility and can be used in different rooms, so that the antiques you start with will always be useful. A chest of drawers, a pair of chairs, a small pedestal table, a dumb-waiter, a tier table or a Pembroke table are in this category.

Don't be in a hurry to buy and, when you are ready, select the better quality even if it does come high. When you are more conversant with antiques you can try to find bargains—and you will, too—but you must not expect to be ready to snop them out overnight. Trying to get a bargain is what gets the inexperienced antique collector in a hole.

If you have only a small amount of money, what should you begin with? Accessories, first of all. They add a great deal of charm to a room, whether it is antique or modern. Things such as lamps, pieces of copper, brass, pewter or silver to hold cigarettes and to be used as ash trays, containers for plants and decorative art touches in the bric-a-brac line are all accessories that will add warmth and flair to a room.

Antiques, I am sure everyone realizes, may be used in modern settings and with modern furniture. After all, few collectors, no matter how ardent, use nothing but antiques in their homes. That sort of period perfectionism is more fitting in a museum.

How about china? China is a bit more difficult to learn about. Books will help, but you need to look at good china, too. Here your taste will play an important part. You will need to become familiar with the great potteries of the eighteenth century, such as Worcester, Salop, Liverpool, Chelsea, Crown Derby, Bow, Swansea, Wedgwood and the many Staffordshire potteries and their characteristic pastes and designs.

Why antiques anyway? An antique is often a better buy than a modern piece, not purely and simply because it's old—few of us are rabid antiquarians—but because it is sometimes more beautiful due to the quality of color, design and craftsmanship. Besides, as I mentioned earlier, authentic antiques are an investment: you don't lose money when you buy them. Seeing the pieces and, best of all, living with fine antiques is the real way to learn why they are to be prized. English and American antiques are particularly suitable to our type of architecture. And, in general, workmanship in the period 1750-1830 is the finest.



## Our cottage by the sea

Continued from page 28

the endless compelling wind, the demanding sea, but none were rash enough to follow in our footsteps. It was altogether too impractical, they argued—Truro is too far, your hill doesn't have a well, where could you get building materials?

To all this we agreed. But it wasn't long before an architect-friend had submitted a small sketch of a summer cottage, quite a dreamy sketch, as I remember it, with a forty-foot living-room. So it was only natural, I suppose, that designing and redesigning imaginary cottages began to occupy a fair share of our leisure time. And it was a safe pastime, because there wasn't the slightest chance that we could either afford to build or buy so much as a piece of pine for this superfluous dwelling.

But then, in the summer of 1946, the ad appeared in the paper—QUONSET HUTS FOR SALE—immediate delivery—in twelve-foot sections. Suddenly, our vague imaginings about what we would do with our hill seemed to crystallize. Five hundred dollars' worth of Quonset was something we could cope with. On the spot in Truro we were assured of the certainty of water by a well digger, and in less than ten days we had placed our order for two slices of Quonset, without end walls, for immediate delivery. We deliberately left the end walls out of our order because why not have a fireplace in one end wall and perhaps a plate-glass stem window with a view on the ocean?

We were fortunate in securing the services of a skilled local contractor to erect the interior partitions and end walls. Native Cape Codders invariably build in the shelter of the bay side on the Cape, and so our contractor was filled with skepticism about our hill site facing the ocean until we took him up to see the spot we had cleared for the hut by chopping down a number of scrub oaks and pines. As we turned to face the ocean after our ascent to the crest of the hill through the natural ground covering of wintergreen and bayberry, even the contractor, who had lived in Truro all his life, was speechless for a moment.

"It's amazing what you can do with these old hills," he said finally, and we nodded in silent confirmation.

We set off for New York, leaving complete instructions and diagrams of all the things we required of our 20' by 24' space—two bedrooms with large horizontal sliding windows (an 8' by 10' bedroom would never be space enough for our two dynamic little girls, we knew, but comforted ourselves with the thought of the adjacent eight acres); a utilitarian kitchen, certainly; an L-shaped living-room with fireplace; a dining area convenient to the kitchen; two clothes closets and one for linens; desk space and working area for writing; bookshelves, toy shelves and miscellaneous extras, like a view on the ocean for meals. I felt that this last was, gastronomically speaking, nonsense. But Vim insists that what he sees while eating affects his pleasure in what he eats.

As we drove up to see our completed cottage last March, we were filled with misgivings. We approached the threshold with fingers crossed.

Stepping through the door, we were conscious at once of the warm, snug atmosphere, the friendly enfolding gesture of the curved roof. There was the gray corrugated iron arched over the space, but, surprisingly, it was pleasant to look at. Every four feet the gray metal was banded with a dark red iron girder, as if in deliberate design. The aspect of the whole Quonset that amazed me most was design, I think. The end walls were supported by two-by-fours that met the ceiling at regular intervals, ending in a semicircle at the other end of the living-room.

What a natural, satisfying shape for a shelter! Although the temperature outdoors was freezing, by making a fire in the fireplace we were able to spend the rest of the morning comfortably indoors taking measurements for curtains and floor coverings. The wide-board knotty pine floors would look fine with a simple wax finish, we decided at once, as would the stanch two-by-fours, which were too beautifully arranged to be covered up by insulation, as we had once considered.

The children's room, with easy access to the bathroom, was effectively set off from the rest of the house by an extension of one bathroom wall. This formed a short hallway in which were ample linen shelves. A three-foot-high counter separated the kitchen from the L-shaped living-room, forming a natural dining area. The kitchen side of the eight-foot-long counter was lined with shelves.

The large plain window looking to the sea was quite as beautiful as we had hoped. But the windows that came along with the Quonset, installed in the side walls in steel frames, were surprisingly beautiful, too. They were large, almost square windows (44" by 36"), fitted into the curve of the roof so that you look directly out into treetops and sky. Two of these together in the living-room made eight feet of low skylight window space. Another was fitted over the kitchen sink, a fourth in the bathroom.

Altogether, we were surprised that our sketches and plans had been realized so completely, plus extra dividends in charm deriving from the Quonset shape itself that we hadn't counted on. And all this for \$2,000! We couldn't help remembering the advice of well-meaning friends who had assured us that we couldn't build a garage for \$2,000 these days!

This summer we have coped with our one remaining problem. The plumbing had been installed, but it was useless without a water supply. Our well digger was as good as his word. He did strike water, and all is well.

## We all pitch in

Continued from page 33

this: When I'm breathing on the neck of a salable new idea I retire in mild weather to my water-tower office. "Daddy's in his ivory tower," the kids tell the neighbors, and I wouldn't lift a finger if Susan and Mark were lowering the baby from a third-story window, but since this emergency doesn't pop up too often and since I can do rewrites with the children

literally in my hair, I suppose I'm considered an asset in the home.

While I'm an expert in the timing of burps, and my wife is an able hand with a coal shovel, we do attempt to dole out the chores on a normal basis. I mend the fences, slaughter the broilers and tend the vegetable garden; Martha grows flowers in all seasons and in the unlikely places and believes a greenhouse would be a nicer and more vital improvement than reshingling the roof. The tulips and petunias, the roses and forsythia are hers, although I am allowed to spread manure and spade a new annual bed from time to time.

A bus takes Susan to and from school. While Martha does the marketing I keep an eye on Mark, an ear open for Ricky, and see that lunch doesn't boil over or burn up. Martha cooks entirely and wonderfully by ear and can't, with the best intentions, give a friend a workable recipe for anything because she improvises as she goes along, adding this herb or that seasoning as the mood dictates. When none of the young is down with sniffles or measles, she even bakes all of our bread, not only rolls and biscuits and popovers, but tasty fresh loaf bread, too. Cooking therefore is her province, except for my nervous supervision of the precise timing for a wild duck (eighteen minutes).



The job we are inclined to neglect is cleaning. But there isn't much dust in the country, and an occasional Saturday morning devoted to furious activity with broom and vacuum keeps the moss from growing. Between times we do not encourage our friends to run exploratory fingers over our woodwork and bookshelves.

Since Martha and I each know just how hard the other partner works, we have achieved that precarious balance where no vituperation is necessary to get across the idea that one of us is due a day in the city.

That's a nice point there—a workingman at home does get to know his wife and his wife's job. I've heard commuters, stunned at the ferocity turned on them when they failed to help with the supper dishes, muster darkly about calling in the family psychiatrist. If they'd trade jobs for a week, they'd find that all the poor girls want and expect is help with the supper dishes. Short of mining coal, there is no more exhausting modern-day labor than the correct running of a household of small children. It's in doing it *right* that the fatigue piles up. Any fool can slap the youngsters into Spartan discipline, but it doesn't make for warmth at the fireside nor, they tell me, success in future life. A simple fifty-fifty home-and-office breakdown for man and wife could remake the American family, and I offer the panacea gratis.

The wheels of industry must keep turning, but it's time you wage slaves discovered the gravity in housekeeping. When you share the daily miracles of the first hook and ladder, a tower of three wooden blocks, waves on a beach, icicles or even a litter of kittens, you'll find it's a lush return for diaper work. I don't know how I'll feel in fifteen years when Susan pancakes home at 4 A.M., having dropped in for a quick drink in Havana after that supper dance in St. Louis, but today my cry is, "Back to the hearth, boys, you've got nothing to lose but your freedom."



## I live with my family . . .

Continued from page 26

lege, but I was not long in loneliness. I found a few others like myself catching the 8:30 train in the morning and the 5:45 special at night. We were all neophytes in the world outside Scarsdale, but we promptly found that beginning salaries do not take into consideration night-club cover charges and minimums. Nor does Westchester offer much amusement for the person who has finished her formal education and is still happily single.

And so I began planning a room where I could entertain without upsetting the entire family or to which I could retire to paint, read, practice the samba or merely daydream in privacy. Here is where I'd like to thank my clever and untiring father. He disassembled my two beds; removing the head- and footboards and making sturdy shorter legs for them. Now they are studio couches. I sketched, and Dad built, two end tables, one to hold my new Crosley radio-phonograph and record collection; the other to hold my typewriter and unanswered mail. Dad also made the bookcases under the windows and the valance for my draperies. Faster than I thought possible, he fulfilled my slightest wish. His last job was to shorten the legs of my dressing-table, which my budget-wise mother had suggested would make a fine coffee-table.

Dad then reached the breaking point, hollered "Enough!" and left me to do the painting.

Mother gave me two blond oak chests for my birthday, and I scraped together enough funds to complete my bargain hunt for two table lamps and one floor lamp. In open rebellion with the quiet greens and yellows that had always been my background colors, I topped everything in the room—the couches, the floors and the windows with the strongest (but not the brightest) red I could find. Because flowers, real or in facsimile, always make me dream of hilltops and faraway places, I chose a striped instead of a floral pattern to cover a chair and make skirts for my couches.

Up to this point in my self-examination, I still found myself snug and secure, still unexposed. Then I looked at the arrangement of the room and saw my own laziness everywhere. Two steps from any spot in the room there is a place in which to settle weary bones; two couches, a window seat, a chair and a hassock make this possible. Within arm's length of each seat is a lamp so no thought need be devoted to where to sit down with that book for an evening's reading. Such is the evidence of my physical and mental laziness. I soothe my pride by a firm belief that laziness is the mother of invention.

The three portraits on the wall above one of the couches reveal my thwarted artistic leanings. My school and college curricula were filled with practical courses so that I never had time for instruction in art. When the mood is upon me, I sketch, model in clay or make "scissors and paste" portraits, like the young ladies who do so much to brighten the wall above the couch. Unconsciously, I've represented three sides to the supposedly two-faced woman—sweet, sophisticated and sly.

The window seat has become my pet vantage point for extensive daydreaming. The cushion was once a crib mattress and the base was a bureau left from my earliest childhood. Here I can sit and gaze up at the sky or down at the village and let my thoughts wind into fancies.

There are bookcases on either side of the window seat. On the shelves of the left case are piled all sorts of weekly publications showing how desperately I struggle to keep pace with the world. The other bookcase contains my favorite selections in literature, ranging from the classics of Homer, Euripides and Chaucer to the modern works of Tolstoy, Thomas Wolfe, O'Neill and Anatole France. No single theme or philosophy could possibly be evolved from my literary tastes, but I have found writers to back me up in any mood, whether it be satirical, pessimistic, romantic or homey.

I have also discovered what I hope and believe are subtle means of inducing guests to interesting conversation. The *World Atlas*, in full view, usually prompts people to talk of their travels. The *New Yorker* helps the cartoon enthusiast recall his favorite pictorial jokes. A record set to play at all times brings about comparisons of composers, orchestras and musical tastes in general. A few strategically placed plants can bring all sorts of helpful suggestions from the gentleman farmer, and there's one in every party. Or am I too nosy about other people?

I could go still further with this delving. I might even discover that behind all the plans for my room lurks the subconscious knowledge that I have already achieved a wonderful basis for an apartment for newlyweds—and with Dad's help in making and remodeling furniture, and Mother's birthday present of the bureaux, it cost just under \$300 to transform the room. But there's the doorbell. It may be Mom's and Dad's guests, or it may be mine. The Bottings are entertaining tonight!

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" 'Tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home."

—Shakespeare

"Be not long away from home."

—Homer

"A little house well filled,  
A little land well tilled,  
A little wife well willed."

—English Proverbs

John Ray, 1670

"Any old place I hang my hat is home, sweet home to me."

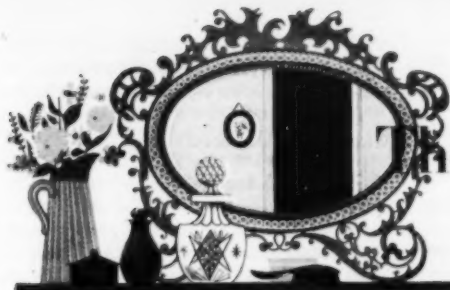
—American saying

"Home is where you slip in the bathtub and break your neck."

—Anonymous

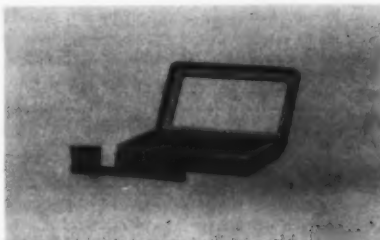
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# The dressing-table

A



B



A. Back again, Rimmel Mascara, black, brown or blue, goes on in a no-fum fashion, won't rust or bead, is impervious to womanly tears, \$1.25\*. Bloomingdale

B. Lenthéric's Shanghai perfume has an Oriental flavor, underlined elegance in keeping with the fall feeling in clothes. Quarter-ounce, \$3.75\*. Stern Brothers

C



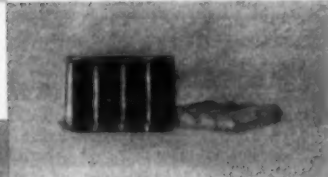
C. No. 37 Audley, Herb Farm's London address and the name of a new toilet water with a bright sunny-morning fragrance. Two ounces, \$1.75\*. Bonwit Teller

D. Helena Rubinstein's Four-Cast: four lipsticks color-banded to identify the complimentary shade for you and each costume. In a plastic box, \$3.50\*. Altman

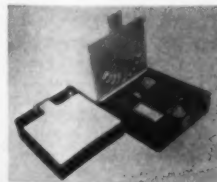
E. Man-U-Kit supplies a steady influence for professional-looking manicure-pedicures: movable compartments, space for all nail doings, \$8.95. Lewis & Coe

\* Plus Federal tax

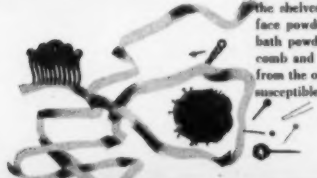
D



E



"Pete wasn't born yesterday," Penny says. "He knows pink cheeks and red lips aren't necessarily an act of God, but he objects to cosmetics drifting over bureaus and the washbasin, so I've organized a dressing-table with shelves where I can keep everything neatly together." Penny collects bath salts, all kinds, in all sorts of bottles. A bottle of Elizabeth Arden's green Russian Pine bath salts matches the green in Penny's dressing-table skirt. She keeps a bottle of Shulton's Friendship's Garden bath salts on one of the shelves. Penny is partial to Milkmaid lipsticks, creams and face powder, likes Charles of the Ritz Mau Rose cream rouge, bath powder and body sachet. She has a Pro-phy-lac-tic mirror, comb and brushes. Penny says, "Pete doesn't know one perfume from the other, always says, 'Gee, that smells good!' If he is most susceptible to one it might be Tusny's Floral Spice cologne."





## Wanted: Young women to lick the housing crisis

Continued from page 62

in the year 2,000, and we are building them faster than the most comprehensive slum-elimination program can clear them. Our generation will go down in history as the greatest slum producer of all. The America of our children and their children will pay heavily for our blunders.

Will there be enough houses by the time Junior is married? Worse than slums is overcrowding, the result of an inadequate housing supply. Few things are more destructive of morale. There is no privacy, no normal family life. Personal tensions run high. Tempers grow taut. Marriages break up under the strain. Disease takes its levy, too, particularly upon poor families—the infant death rate is two-and-one-half times higher in families with two or more persons per room than with one or less. The rate of secondary cases of tuberculosis among children is seventy-five per cent higher.

Whether the American family two decades hence will be space-starved will depend on how many houses we build. At war's end there were 39,900,000 dwelling units in America. The number needed to house America's population of 1965 will be 49,000,000. If we tear down our worst slums in the next twenty years, 24,000,000 new houses will be needed, or an average of 1,200,000 houses a year from now to 1965. Will that many be built? That depends. In 1925, building's peak year, 937,000 houses were put up; but between the World Wars 500,000 new houses a year was the average. Unless a program is undertaken to tackle our housing shortage and prevent future shortages, the current crisis will continue, the slums persist, each succeeding housing crisis growing worse than the one preceding it.

Will our children be able to pay the price demanded for a decent home? Probably not. There has long been a gap between upkeep cost of a house and what an average family can afford to spend for one. Despite assembly-line techniques and mass production in other fields, the gap has steadily spread, and more and more families have had to live in worse and worse houses. Even before the war, with building costs half what they are now, the private builder was turning out houses only for the upper half of the population. Today, with the cost of a home doubled, the industry builds only for the top third. Homes are priced so high and are so poorly built that consumers shun purchasing despite the desperate need for anything with a roof over it. In the richest country in the world decent shelter has become a luxury—only the affluent can afford it.

The main reason for this paradox is that home building has remained a small-scale industry. The average builder puts up no more than four houses a year. Average cost of an automobile in 1907 was \$2,130; in nine years the price had been reduced more than seventy per cent, but house building has remained almost entirely a handicraft operation. Houses are still fabricated on the site, put up by hand with hand tools.

Thirty thousand separate parts go into one home, fifteen separate trades are called upon to put it together. Home building is the orphan of the industrial revolution, the average family the victim of its destitution.

### What can we do about it?

We can stop being indifferent about the fate of our cities. Not enough of us are concerned about the importance of sound zoning principles, about obstructive building codes, planned neighborhood developments, long-term planning concerned with the future of the city and the people. If we go right on being indifferent to our city's welfare it will mean more slums, further impairment of social values, ultimate municipal bankruptcy. Indiscriminate encouragement of shoddy building practices by our public officials is a by-product of public indifference, of our indifference!

We can stop being lazy and misinformed. The housing problem is complicated, but we're supposed to be intelligent citizens. We've mastered other subjects and we can conquer this one. Don't be deceived by easy or crackpot solutions. The need for good housing and sound neighborhoods is no longer an emotional issue. To get them we need an informed public able to distinguish substance and remedy from meaningless generalities. Yet news and comment on home building are too often based on optimistic releases by real-estate interests with a financial stake in optimism. Magazines and newspapers have provided little guidance, have catered more to the urge to own and to build than to the soundness of the home, the advisability of the purchase or the economics of long-range neighborhood planning.

First, there must be comprehensive plans to clear our slums within a fixed period, not longer than twenty years. Aid should come from all three levels of Government—Federal, state and city—but the cities should take the prime responsibility for planning the undertaking. (Again, remember that you are directly affected by your city slums and lack of housing plans. Your own child's health may be at stake. You pay higher taxes and have poorer living quarters for your own family if your city tolerates and perpetuates slums.)

The cost of complete clearance and rehousing would be no more in the long run than the total cost of the piecemeal improvements and hit-or-miss, so-called emergency programs that will have to be undertaken if we continue to drift without plan. The cost of a planned program would be no more annually than three days' cost of World War II. Studies made in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Indianapolis and Birmingham indicate that the social and financial gains would more than offset the subsidies needed—Atlanta's slums cost the city in services ten times what it gets from them in taxes.

If we would plan to rebuild our neighborhoods in fifteen or twenty years, economics could be affected by purchasing the materials in volume in place of the current small-scale method, materials could be standardized and sounder construction effected. All work would be carried on through private contractors. The Government would aid in the development of mass-production techniques, and home building would become an industry capable of producing on a mass scale at low cost. The local communities, through their housing authorities, would assemble land for clearance and rebuilding, and resell it for, both private and public use; master planning would at last become possible, and we would have neighborhoods befitting our wealth, our energy and our culture.

The opposition to comprehensive rebuilding is no more formidable than it once was to public education. What we need primarily is citizens



leadership and officials familiar with planning principles and administration. They are needed as executive directors, as public-relations advisers, as administrative experts, as architects and planners, as lawyers and real-estate experts, as managers and management assistants, social workers, recreational supervisors—above all, civic organization leaders.

In most, if not all of these professions, women can qualify—many have already taken the leadership. Catherine Bauer Wurster in Cambridge, Massachusetts; Elizabeth Wood in Chicago; Mary K. Simkhovitch, Loula D. Lasker, Dorothy Rosenman and the late Edith Elmer Wood in New York; Dorothea Wells in Washington, D.C.; Inez B. Jones in Raleigh, North Carolina; Mrs. S. Howard Gray in San Francisco, and many others throughout the country.

One hundred years ago our forefathers inveighed against the use of the bathtub. The clergy condemned it, physicians called it a menace to health, and to check its use Virginia taxed each tub thirty dollars annually, while Massachusetts forbade its use in winter except on a physician's prescription. The movement for comprehensive city planning and slum clearance is suffering from the nineteenth-century bathtub psychology.

With a need for new homes for more than eighty million people within the next fifty years, we face a dramatic challenge. If we set the framework for this vast operation sensibly, we may still look forward to twentieth-century cities fit for ourselves and our children to work and live in. If we allow the pent-up demand for homes to bring about the same haphazard growth that has characterized the nation's development from the start, it may be impossible to start over again. Let our generation be more forward-looking and progressive than the generation before us. We should rise to the challenge and move forward to action.

### How you can help today

If your town has a citizens' housing association, join and work for it. (Or if it has an official housing authority, and if you can spare enough time and are qualified, here is a paying career for you in a field that needs youth and brains and determination.)

If your town has no citizens' housing association, get together with a group of young people and form one by writing to the main organization, the National Public Housing Conference in Washington, D.C., and asking them how to go about it. Model your association on other successful citizens' housing associations. In scores of cities, young women in their early twenties, late twenties and early thirties have mobilized their neighbors, made them conscious of housing problems, aroused the politicians to build decent homes. The housing movement needs young blood, young ideas, enthusiasm and determination. In Washington, Laurine Winack is doing yeoman service for the National Public Housing Conference. Attractive Dorothy Gazzolo guides the hand of the National Association of Housing Officials. Friendly and personable Blanche M. Koffler has taken over the citizens' job in Chicago—a difficult one to be sure, requiring ability and tact. In Houston, Texas, pretty, efficient Mickey McGuire is admittedly one whirlwind power behind the throne of the local housing authority. (This is an official organization. Some cities have official organizations, some have both and some have neither.) Go-getter Dorothy Schoell Montgomery has animated the once quiet and stuffy Philadelphia Housing Association into a forceful, forthright organization with plans and the power to implement them. Baltimore is lucky, and knows it, to have a rip-roaring gal like Frances Morton active in its Citizens' Housing Group. She is making the Baltimore organization

one of the most effective and far-sighted in the country. Head woman in the Los Angeles Citizens' Housing Council is Shirley Siegel, graduate of the Yale Law School, now married and making things hum out West. Spark-plug Shirley was recently maestro of a mass meeting of several hundred West Coast organizations interested in housing, a meeting that is likely to make housing history out there.

What these young women are doing you can do!

In many towns they have joined slowpoke, defeatist citizens' housing groups and, starting behind the eight ball, have played their shots so cannily that today their organizations really count, are among the ranking groups in the country.

In other cities young women have started from scratch, have interested others in housing and have organized new, progressive citizens' housing associations.

The more time you can give this work the better. Housing offers worth-while careers for young women. But even if you can spare only a few hours a week, you can do your bit to make your town better-housing conscious. And regardless, this will benefit you and yours.



### Model it

Continued from page 74

home-planning departments but in game and toy departments as well. The little plastic bricks are threaded on round wooden dowels, slightly thicker than toothpicks, implanted in a baseboard foundation. And with them come all sorts of parts for making roofs, doors, windows. To see how adaptable the sets are, look at the five model houses on pages 74 and 75 that we built from them. The plans are from the *MADAMOISELLE* regional houses that outstanding architects designed especially for MLLC. Each one is quite different in approach and materials. Yet each may be constructed with plastic building sets. In fact, Du Page has made up special sets with the exact parts needed to build your favorite *MADAMOISELLE* house. These kits are around \$25 each. Almost any material may be simulated. Clear plastic pieces form the windows, and you can even do a glass-brick wall with tiny clear-plastic blocks. But the most fun of all comes when you start the landscaping, which is an art in itself in model-making. Lawns are made from terry toweling dyed green. And you will need bits of twigs, dried weeds and grasses for making trees. Long rough sponges cut in strips and dyed will turn into fairly realistic hedges and other bits of sponge may be used for trees. Your own ingenuity is the only limitation. Sandpaper driveways, miniature rock gardens, furniture made of wire—all sorts of tricks will be yours for the inventing.

If you would like to make a model of one of the MLLC regional houses write to MLLC's LIVING for information about where these sets may be found in your locality.



## A Better Way

Continued from page 67

encouraged them, who helped them think out a workable plan. When they found a tract of land they could afford, in December 1939, the original group was a dozen families. The soil they found was sour, the fields eroded and tangled with briars and poison ivy—but they could get 240 acres of it for \$18,000, and there were two brooks and three hilltops with views. They held a meeting, talked finances and asked how much each could contribute. The exact amount was pledged within fifteen minutes. As a corporation, they bought the land and developed it by issuing certificates of indebtedness to community members and to a few interested outsiders, at the rate of 4 per cent interest. A planning committee decided on the best building sites, on which Tom Michener did most of the surveying, and cut up the flatlands into eighty lots of two acres each. The rest of the land is for community parks, a macadam road system, woods for picnics and a lot of space just for roaming in case anyone wants to roam. Sites are leased to each member on a ninety-nine-year or indefinite-length lease. Each member pays a \$50 admission fee, and this, with the monthly assessments (from \$8 to \$11 roughly), covers county taxes on the unleased land and community land, interest on the community debt, and upkeep such as firebreaks, road maintenance, tools, et cetera. If a member dies or if he wishes to sell his house, the group has first chance to purchase it or to nominate a new member as owner. Children may not inherit automatically, they must be voted into the group. The entire community—incorporated as a nonprofit, membership association—retains title to every square foot of the land.

In 1941 they talked to telephone and electric companies about installing systems. One of the members, Gordon Fredendall—an engineer—heard about and investigated a way to lay the cables underground. There would be no overhead network of wires to spoil Bryn Gweled. As the Homesteaders soon found out, it's hard to talk people into something new; but the members got their way by demonstrating the active working-together spirit that has produced fourteen homes, gardens and a road system today. They dug all the trenches, the company laid the cables, and the Homesteaders filled in the trenches. Remember now, this was spread over two hundred and forty acres, and that all the men have regular jobs in town during the day. That takes a heap of doing. In the long summer evening of 1941, men and women drove the rented bulldozer, the children helped haul gravel, dig ditches. Each month they had work-parties when they hauled and dug, dug and hauled. In the fall, the first sections of Woods Road and Winding Road were paved—no bumpy paths that depend on clear weather for usability—their roads are macadam, wide enough for cars to pass with room left for children's bicycles.

Working together guarantees the success of the Homestead, is something you believe in if you're there, are caught gently up in every day. It's Jane Peters taking on the four little Morris' when Ann Morris goes in

town. It's Ann Morris stopping for the Peters' mail on the way back, looking after Thumper, four, and Zubby, three, when Jane has the shopping to do. It's Georgia Bergstrom washing the Schroeder windows with Jasm Schroeder, in spite of the fact that there's plenty to do at home with her husband expected back from his UNRRA mission in Germany. It's Mr. Singley driving over to Somerton to meet a guest's train—and Gordon Fredendall driving them back—no matter whether the guest is visiting the Singleys or the Rambergs or the Paxsons; or Ada Singley offering lunch if the guest is unexpected. Or the time the Lampes' cement garage floor started settling and everyone gathered to get it into shape before permanent harm was done.

There is no nursery school. When Bryn Gweled was started, a wonderfully amiable system of rotating the preschoolers was worked out so that each mother had her turn with the children while all the rest helped build and plan and plant. Now that the majority of the children are between the first and fifth grades and ride on the school bus to the grammar school at near-by Southampton, there is no immediate need. By the time there is another batch of the very young, the Homesteaders hope to have an established nursery. Joe Diano built a playground at the side of his house, and after school it's difficult to sort out Paty Diano or William Morris or Carol Ann Schroeder on the madly whirling carousel. Or see which one is hanging upside down in the old tire swing or tell which four are trying to slide down the sliding board at once.

No one has to do anything at Bryn Gweled. There's nothing compulsory. But Thursday is the day Helen Diano teaches leatherwork and handicraft to the children who want to learn. Faith Hastings organizes nature-study walks. There are music lessons. Chet and Mary Lampe have square dances in their big garage, formerly the old carriage house standing on their land; this past summer they started a folk-dancing group for the children. Chet Lampe has a kiln in his basement and teaches ceramics to anyone—young or old—who's interested. There is a mothers group once a month that talks as much about the newest fertilizer as it does about offspring. There is a sewing group. Lucy—Sarah Ramberg's sister from Italy who lives with Sarah and Edward—started reading aloud her favorite plays by Ibsen and other European playwrights, and a literary group emerged from the sewing circle. All offices of the community are voluntary, but everyone makes himself available for nomination and election.

Bryn Gweled knows it is a test case, watched by everyone planning a better way to live. It was watched at first as a scientist watches a new experiment—waiting for it to fizzle away with no results or to accomplish the longed-for, the ultimate achievement. Then it was watched with amazement by those who have dreamed of such a community, by people who had seen other groups fail and who were now watching with a sort of pride as this one succeeded. They were proud because they know now that others can do the same thing—they only need a start. *Architectural Forum* said in 1943: "There are two kinds of planning. One kind could only result if the citizenry shrugs its shoulders and leaves the job to the experts. . . . The other kind of planning will result if an informed group of active citizens in every community arouses public opinion and guides the planners in gradually making each community a better place." . . . The people who started Bryn Gweled are the sort of people we all know—or certainly the sort we'd like to know. They are the informed group of active citizens. They are the reason for its success.

They feel that the first and most important thing in starting another Bryn Gweled is to pick your initial group with care, as they did. Ten to fifteen families are sufficient to begin with. Their community is exclusive, but never restricted. They care whether the families taken in

have mutual interests, that they have a point of contact. They don't care if backgrounds are or are not the same. They believe firmly in racial and religious tolerance and what is more, they not only believe in it, they carry it through simply and wholeheartedly. On the questionnaire that candidates are asked to read and sign, there is this statement: "There may be German, English, Italian, Chinese, Russian, Negro, Japanese, Jewish, et cetera, members living on the Homestead. Does this meet with your approval for such things as eating with them, swimming with them and working with them cooperatively?" Any family that answers no automatically excludes itself.

They will tell you, if you are planning a community, not to pay too much for land, you'll need some of your capital for improvements; not to aim too high with your financial plans or you'll disqualify the very people who may be best for the community. A family should be able to (and many in Bryn Gweled do) build and live in such a place on an income of \$2,500 a year.

Occasionally the Homesteaders wonder if they should buy more land and enlarge the original Bryn Gweled or if they should start another new community. They are inclined to believe now that the possible seventy or so families they expect to have will make the group as large as it can be and still be closely knit.

They would advise you to do as much as possible of the development work yourselves. Up to 1946, Bryn Gweled's total money expenditure has been \$25,000—\$18,000 of which was for the land. The reason for the fantastically low amount for roads, telephone and electricity wires, community tools, landscaping—everything—was, of course, that they had pitched in and done the work themselves.

They worry sometimes about what will happen when their generation is gone. They wonder if their children will want to live at Bryn Gweled; or if they might start a better homestead, profiting by their parents' mistakes; or if they will move away and altogether lose interest in community living. The Homesteaders look at their Nancys and their Williams and their Patsys with a kind of speculation, and wonder. They hope, of course, that when the growing-up time comes the children will be so steeped in this living together, so impatient of a system less perfect, that they will have to carry it on.



## Feeding that man of yours

Continued from page 131

Not your man? Well, ask him! Ask him to write down his favorite dishes, his ideal dinner menu, his most mouth-watering dessert. Ask him to give an account of the best meal he has ever eaten or lingered over in dreams—perhaps while on short rations overseas. Visions of sugar-plums may have danced in GI heads, but so did the epicurean treats we just mentioned. They were culled from questionnaires sent to two

hundred men, young, typical, definitely not connoisseur types, just average, unfinicky fellows who submit docilely—even while envisioning taste-bud raptures like venison cooked on charcoal, *cœur à la crème* and vichyssoise—to the old wives' tale and table we cherish, and eat standard, tiresome, unimaginative meals without beefing, though it's beef, beef, beef as many nights as we can afford it. Not that men don't like steak. They do. And chops. And hamburgers. And hot dogs. But they like other things as much and sometimes better. More than half of our guinea pigs like ham and chicken (chicken *cacciatore* gets a big vote) and veal (veal *scallopini*, *wiener schnitzel* and veal *parmigiano* rate high) even better than beef. Many like a casserole stew or *szekely* goulash or rich American stew better than roasts and chops.

Surprisingly, almost to a man, they like salads, not whipped-cream tea-shop specials, of course, but honest green salads with a tangy dressing; and we deceive ourselves if we suppose they don't like vegetables. They like them fine, except, as one poor character phrases it, "bleached, boiled, drowned vegetables." These they can do without. Asparagus, tomatoes, broccoli and spinach—all the spinach jokes to the contrary—come out tops in the greenery line, with peas, string beans, artichokes—do you ever serve artichokes, the only vegetable you finish with more of than you start with?—corn, lima beans, red cabbage and plain cabbage as runners-up. They do not like parsnips, turnips and Brussels sprouts, and three of the boys we queried listed their worst food hate as "carrots and peas cooked together."

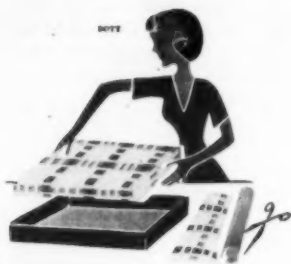
Continuing to judge by our survey, men are in favor of an international cuisine: several rate Chinese food tops; ten say categorically that French cookery pleases them best. Many indicate a fondness for Italian dishes. Other foreign dishes they like are *shish kebab*, eggplant stuffed and cooked in the Armenian fashion and Japanese *sukiyaki*. It's also an eye opener—for us, at least—to find them smacking their lips over sauces: béarnaise, hollandaise, bordelaise and various other fancies. In our ignorance we thought guys liked their victuals plain, but here's proof that what's sauce for the goose is ditto for the gander.

Among the soups they dreamily list as wonderful are green turtle with sherry, black bean with sherry, minestrone, vichyssoise, borsch, split pea, creamy lobster, and oyster stew. We asked them to mention their favorite beverage, and the all-odds winner is milk. Next is coffee, then likker. Wine and tea tie for fourth choice.

Comes the dessert, and men do not all holler with one loud voice: give us ice cream! Ice cream and pie rank, but the boys have other ideas, too—many others. They like *côtes Suzette*, Swedish pancakes with lingonberries, *coupe aux marrons*, *cœur à la crème*, strawberry shortcake, fresh fruit flavored with brandy, big Bing cherries or plum pudding doctored likewise. One obliging man likes junket best of all desserts. (We hope he has at least ten children. What other papa eats junket with his young?) Twenty of our questionnaires say the best dessert of all is crackers and cheese.

So you see, there go our preconceived notions, higher than a kite. Looks as if we all need a dozen or more cookbooks, including the Chinese, Hungarian and French. Obviously, it's a fallacy—probably wishful thinking—to fancy that the plainer and duller the meal, the happier the spouse. What he really wants in the kitchen is a first-class chef, and maybe we can double for same once or twice a week. It certainly makes it more fun for the cook if she can experiment, shop for odd condiments, try new recipes, and know that her efforts won't be wasted. If two hundred men are right—the more rapt and visionary and professional your cooking, the better. Go to it with new gusto, and watch that man you feed perk up.

# Pretty skeletons for pretty closets



## Wallpaper covers a suit box

That deep suit box on your closet shelf can turn into a blanket box with the aid of a roll of wallpaper and your own dexterous fingers. With Imperial's strap-weave pattern of interlacing hands you'll plan a whole new closet: it's nicely tailored-looking in a man's closet



## Rosebuds in the closet

If you've always yearned to try your hand at paperhanging, a closet is a wonderful place to start. If you like, you can even paper the floor, but be sure to protect it with several coats of varnish. This floral of United's, with tiny rosebuds, is a happy choice

## Wallpaper makes a Paris hatbox

It's actually called Hatbox Lane—this charming pattern of Imperial's—and makes all your odd hatboxes and other closet paraphernalia look like the old-fashioned handboxes Grandma used. Carry out the color scheme of the paper—cool leaf green, gold accents—throughout the closet



## Facts of Life: Money

Continued from page 109

go's, we find that less than half of them even try to budget carefully. Their completed questionnaires are as interesting for the things they leave out as for those they include. Many families, we discover, can account for fixed expenses only. Coming to the 25 per cent that is theirs to frim or save, they bog down and admit they don't know where it goes. It just goes! Meanwhile they worry about bills, say they want to build a house but can't afford it, wonder how other people manage, and conclude that the trouble with them is that they need more money—that a raise for Papa will fix everything. But will it? Not if they continue to fling one quarter out of every dollar to the winds.

The truth is, most of us feel queasy about money. We have a sense of guilt about it. We suspect, grimly, that we're wastrels, spendthrifts, frivolous. Rather than make a budget and face facts we carry a rough estimate, a loose arrangement, in our heads, hoping it will work, worrying for fear it won't, disappointed when it doesn't.

There's nothing formidable about a budget. If it's a good budget it's not a kill-joy or a watchdog: it's a plan that helps you have the things you want most, do the things you like best. If you like to entertain, a budget helps you entertain. If you like to travel or shoot ducks or wear \$22 shoes or have a baby every other year a budget helps you finess these deals. But you can't find a ready-made budget that's worth the ink it's written in. A budget has to fit you as neatly as the sweaters you knit. So you have to make your own, taking into account the family crotchets.

Most of us know what our fixed expenses are—rent, insurance, taxes, upkeep on the car and so forth. But knowing and allowing for fixed expenses is not keeping a budget. It's the unfixed expenses that need to be tabulated and whipped into shape. What you spend for personal upkeep, grooming and supplies, haircuts and hairdo's; for gifts and postage stamps; for magazines, books, records, club dues and cultural courses; for movies, theatres, charitable contributions, entertaining; for clothing and upkeep, repairs, cleaning, pressing; for furniture and home furnishings; for children's treats and allowances—these are the outlays to tabulate. You can't make a workable financial plan until you've followed these items around for at least a month. The trick is never to lose sight of them, and you know what artful dodgers they are! If the very thought gives you figure fatigue, don't try to ride herd on the whole lot at once. Get intimate with a few. Add more as you feel able. There's no rush. You have as much time as you need. You are inaugurating a spending plan that will be yours and yours alone and that you'll be changing and improving for years to come. It won't fit until you know your own measurements. When you do, you will enjoy more ease and security and contentment than ever before.

Our survey shows that quite a few families are like the M.'s. The

M.'s have given up the budget struggle entirely. They're in debt and the dumps. They haven't any money for fun or clothes or vacations. Why? Because they've just had a new house and a new baby. These seem like better than fun, et cetera, to us, but . . . They aren't sudden accidents, descending from the blue without warning, so a financial plan would have helped the M.'s. With a bit of organization, they could have started to save a couple of years ago; then they'd have a spare dollar today for an occasional movie or beer party.

Over and over again, families complain that their incomes are inadequate. Our group reports earning from \$4,100 to \$5,200 a year, or about \$80 to \$100 a week. A few have more. No one is satisfied. To lead a good life they want extra funds. How much extra? That's the interesting thing. Almost unanimously they say that an extra \$1,000 a year would put them in financial heaven. The \$4,000-a-year families say they need an extra \$1,000, but so do the \$5,000-a-year families, and even the \$7- and \$8,000-a-year families. So you see most financial headaches are not directly related to the amount of money we have, but rather to the way we spend it. It is possible to be insolvent no matter how much you earn. It is also possible to manage a little so well that you have no real financial problems. That extra \$1,000 a year might—as every family visualizes—give our budget wings; on the other hand it might slip through our jeans without adding to our fun or savings. It depends on the financial aptitude of our family.

Asked to list their chief financial woes, our families holler: "Taxes!" Lower taxes, they feel, would cure everything—along with that extra \$1,000 a year we've already mentioned. Nobody likes to pay taxes. It would take an unusual type to burble "Goody! I owe Uncle Sam five hundred bucks this year." But if we pause to consider taxes calmly, we realize that we haven't much cause for grievance. Taking a global look around, we see that we get more for less than people anywhere else in the world. Besides, we're still paying for a war in which money was the least of our worries and the cheapest of our losses.

Only one out of three of the young married couples we questioned is saving money today. Most report that their accumulated savings are dwindling or that they've had to borrow. This is not the happy life. Dwindle elsewhere if you must, but make your savings grow if only by a dollar a week. When you borrow your debt grows by the interest you contract to pay. Corollarywise, every dollar you save grows by 1½ or 2 per cent, depending on your particular bank. If you plan with a ten-year visibility, 75¢ will get you \$1 every time.

Of course, this is a year of fresh starts. We're putting our homes together again or we're just starting to housekeep. We have extra expenses: civvies for our ex-G.I.s, furniture and home furnishings, and a bumper crop of babies. It's a great temptation to put off savings to the back of the book. If our accumulated backlog is big enough to lean on—that's all right. But even so it's wise to map out a financial plan right now so we can know how we're doing, where we're going, how long it is safe to put off that economy-wave, and how much we should tax ourselves each week for Personal Security. If we have not been able to save heretofore, all the more reason to start reducing our confusion, worry and fears to dollars and cents, now. The sooner we start bailing ourselves out, the quicker we'll reach shore. Even if we do save, it's still wise to plot a financial course that gets us our money's worth, and fun for it, into the bargain. If we take stock we may even find, oh frabjous day, that we're saving too much and we owe ourselves a facial or a new yacht.



## Children like modern art

Continued from page 146

don't guess I'll be green, though."

It was Monroe who also said: "The reason I like *The Old King* [by Rouault] is because he's a king! An important guy. A king can do anything he likes. That's good!"

Subject matter was naturally important in the children's choices, and so was color. They liked Goya's *Don Manuel* because he wears a red suit, gave it enough votes to rank fifth in the contest. They liked *The Blue Window* by Matisse because of the bright colors. *The Peaceable Kingdom* by Hicks, with its lions and tigers and unclassifiable horned creatures, was quite a favorite, though Bobby, aged six, said he'd like it a whole lot better if the animals were fighting and the people were afraid. "It doesn't look natural," he said. They liked Klee's *Around the Fish* because it is a fish, though several of them admitted, modestly, that they could draw a better fish without half trying. They liked Derain's *Ballet* because of the horse and because it is so white and clean. This is a sophisticated painting, not at all the sort of thing one would expect children to like. Yet it came out fifteenth in the voting, was one child's second choice, got two votes for third and three for fourth place. One little girl said: "I just plain love it. It is pretty, pretty, pretty."

When a doting grandma or aunt buys a picture for little Willie or little Nan she usually chooses an insipid kitten or soulful puppy, or else a little boy or girl who, in her eyes, is the spitting image of her darling. We included two pictures of this genre in our exhibition. One maudlin cat with butterfly, one sentimental photographic representation of a little boy with a lantern and a dog watching an airplane. We expected every little boy to vote this his favorite picture on sight. Oddly enough, it didn't interest the children at all. The cat, on the other hand, came out seventh in the final tabulation. A painting has to have real appeal to compete with a cat for the affections of the young, and we consider it a triumph that six fine paintings won over kitty's fluffy fur and melting eyes.

Raphael's *Madonna of the Chair*, a picture that parents greatly fancy for children's rooms, was given short shrift by our young critics. Only one little boy chose it as his third favorite. Barbara, seven, said: "It doesn't look like a mother, and it doesn't look like a baby. I don't like it!" Barbara's first choice was Miro's *Dutch Interior*, which doesn't look Dutch or Interior. We asked her why that didn't bother her, and she said: "I see all sorts of things in it. A foot and a dog and a balloon and a man. It is fun to look at. I like it." Barbara has convictions.

So, it seems, do most youngsters. These untrained tots agree with the connoisseurs that modern art has something. Given a choice they'd have modern pictures in their rooms instead of pictures of Scottie dogs or cats and babies sleeping under woolly blankets or Italian Renaissance paintings, no matter how fine. If you're doubtful, try our experiment on your own children, in a museum or with prints.





## Landscaping in three acts

Continued from page 79

climates they should be planted with deciduous shrubs or with yews and spreading junipers, which have a more cheerful winter appearance.

Beware of rampant spreading vines like Japanese honeysuckle or a fast-increasing plant like the large variety of bamboo unless you have wide areas for them to cover.

Climped hedges have to be sheared three times a year. To save this labor, plan to use untrimmed evergreens or rows of flowering shrubs. Or curtail the extent of a hedge by utilizing house or garage walls as one side of an enclosed area.

Three common mistakes to avoid are: 1). A heterogeneous assortment of trees and shrubs, no two alike. 2). Too many shrubs jammed around the foundations of the house. 3). Too many prim pointed or globular evergreens, which don't give a restful, graceful effect.

Below are listed the shrubs that go with landscaping the three houses on page 76, with average prices based on latest quotations in nurserymen's catalogues:

### Landscaping for Cape Cod house. All these costs are approximate

#### Act I: This Fall.

Yellow Niobe willow, a fast-growing shade tree for the rear yard; in time it will grow up to be seen over the rooftop	\$ 4.50
Two blue altheas (rose of Sharon), one at each side of the front door	5.00
Two snowberry bushes, one in front of each althea, for their waxy berries in the winter	2.00
Two low-spreading prostrate New England junipers, one at each side of the snowberries	5.00
One white lilac at the right corner of the wing of the house	2.00
A Snowhill hydrangea ( <i>H. arborescens grandiflora</i> ) beside the lilac, for white blooms in July	1.50
Two kerrias at the corner of the main house and two at the gate, for yellow blossoms	4.00

#### Act II: Next Spring.

Plant a tulip tree ( <i>Liriodendron tulipifera</i> ) as a roof tree, in the jog between the main house and the garage wing. Set out only in spring	3.75
Two plum trees: a Bradshaw in the rear lot (right) and a damson plum in back of the house to the left	6.00
A native white pine behind the damson plum, but well away from it to form a partial screen for the vegetable garden and a dark drop for the white of the plum blossoms. Plant both in late March*	8.00
One Hopa crab apple near the left corner of the front yard, for its red blossoms in spring	2.00
A tea crab apple in the right corner of the yard	3.00

#### Act III: Future Spring.

A shrubby border of purple lilacs at the right of the lawn, to bound the property and give privacy	60.00
--	-------

Total: \$106.75

Meanwhile, this fall, to fill in while your baby shrubs are growing, you can plant double white peonies (*P. Festiva Maxima*) and yellow day lilies, both the early and later varieties (*Heemerocallis Lemona* and *H. Hyperion*), at the front and around the garage. They can be used elsewhere later when they begin to crowd the shrubs.

Grand total: \$111.75

### Landscaping for modern ranch house.

#### Act I: This Fall.

A black walnut behind the house, to tower as a roof tree	\$ 2.90
A pyramid-shaped Ginkgo tree to the left of the house behind a hedge of mahonia	5.00
A pair of horse chestnuts, well back on the rear lot line	6.00

#### Act II: Next Spring.

Hedge of mahonia (Oregon-grape) curving around to the left of the house and used against the garage on the right	19.00
A bed of annuals to the rear left	2.00
Three standard tree roses in front of the mahonia and three in the rear yard at the back of the annuals	28.50
Two kolkwitzias (beauty bushes), one near the front door and one next to the terrace	2.50
Two upright wintergreen barberries, one next to each kolkwitzia	5.00
Clumps of perennial delphiniums, madonna lilies and annual nicotiana under the windows, in front and at the left side of the house	10.75
Vegetable garden (seeds only)	2.00

#### Act III: Future Spring.

Black raspberries, as a hedge on the property line behind the vegetable garden; plant about ten bushes to start it	4.50
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Grand total: \$87.25

### Landscaping a square colonial house.

#### Act I: This Fall.

A pin oak for a roof tree, set to the right between the front and rear of the house	\$ 3.50
European linden in the front yard, left	2.50
A hedge of lbota privet from the house to the property line on the right	6.00

#### Act II: Next Spring.

A spreading yellowwood tree to the rear of the garage ( <i>Cladrastis lutea</i> )	4.00
Two Irish yews to accent the front door	16.00
Four glossy abelias to fill in around the steps	5.60
At the rear left corner of the house, a tall <i>Viburnum Sieboldii</i> to soften its lines	1.50
Hedge of <i>Spiraea Vanhouttei</i> across the front	12.00

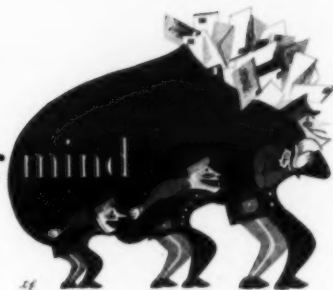
#### Act III: Future Spring.

Four fruit trees in the back yard: two cherry trees and two apple trees	10.00
Grapevines and clematis over trellis	5.00
Curving beds of annuals and perennials	25.00

Grand total: \$91.16

\* For climates equal to New York.

# A piece off your mind



This is your department. This is where we invite you to speak your mind, fair or foul. But this is our maiden voyage. There are no letters—yet. We trust we'll never again be in this spot—with no word from fond or fretful readers to exhibit. This time, however, we'll reverse the natural order of things and write notes to you: one to pat ourselves on the back, one to excuse our shortcomings.

Dear Reader,

As the sweating clan who churned out this issue, may we say: Sister, our magazine may not be noteworthy in all respects, but at least it's got size. It's big. Viewing it all bound up in its jackets, it looks colossal to us, gargantuan—you may add similes ad lib. We're frankly proud of the covers—inside and out. We like Landshoff's photographs and the paintings that announce the various sections. We're also pleased with Mr. Abrams' article about the housing crisis (page 60): we think it's down to earth and informative. We hope to follow his suggestions ourselves. Our favorite daddy of the year is Tim Fuller, who tells, on page 30, about the joys—and trials—of fathering a clan. We like that young couple—Penny and Pete (page 34). We think they know how to live and how to spend their dollars for value, and we are fetched by Penny's looks: she's *pretty!*, isn't she? We want to talk back to the anonymous fellow who wrote *I Love You Dear, But . . .* (page 16), and maybe next issue that's what we'll do—present the gal's point of view: *Men Are Darling, But . . .* As for all the fine young people who've found themselves attractive places to live, housing shortage or no, and duked them up sumptuously—we love them and thank them for letting us print their stories. Which is enough self-applause. If there's a piece you admire especially, we'd be happy to hear about it.

Reader, we love you, too. Sincerely yours,

The Editors

Dear Reader,

We wanted our maiden issue to be perfect. That was our dream, but like so many others it was strictly pipe. Our most gruesome error is on page 99. In the third row, where we show silver patterns, the forks are incorrectly credited in the third picture from the left. The design at the top is International's Royal Danish; the design at the bottom is Lunt's Modern Classic. We apologize to Messrs. International and Lunt. They are justly fond of their own designs, and we regret the switcheroo. We know their patterns as well as we know our own names, and we can't think whom to blame—gremlins maybe.

On page 105, if you look carefully, you will find us stammering about present. We mean present, and we hope you can read straight even when our typesetter gets the jumping meemies. On the contents page *A Better Way*, by Lee Carson Haimson, is heralded to appear on page 62. It really starts across the way on page 63. Mrs. Haimson's story is a honey, and we trust no reader fails to find it because of the wrong billing. Undoubtedly there are other boners, and other things of greater and lesser importance that you would like to criticize. Please do!

Humbly,

The Editors





#### Candlelight

Candleholders of Mexican tin are hand-soldered and over 7 inches high, our proudest find at the incredible sum of \$2.50, postpaid, a pair! We said a pair! Pan American Shop, 822 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.

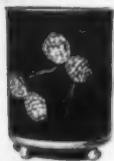
## Buy buys



Here are the newest and best buys for easier and better living. They're for everyone with young ideas and a sense of thrift—none wears an inflated price tag

#### Throw it here

Good big wastepaper basket, black-lacquered metal on gilded wooden base. Not coy, not cute, it has real distinction, fits any color scheme. At Practical Specialties, 25 Everett Street, Stratford, Connecticut. It costs \$5 express collect.



#### Keep the home fires burning

A fire set of solid brass except for the business end of the poker, which is cast iron. Tongs have claws for good grip. It's full-size, too (30 inches from the round tops to the square base). \$14, express collect. Sorokin's Craft Shop, 302 East 59 Street, New York 22.



## The case of Mrs. S.

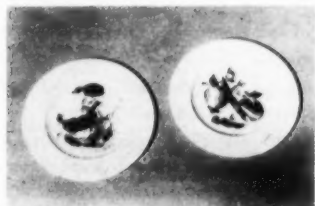
Continued from page 115

baby, mend a broken doll and so on. An important member of the family is the cat, Stretcher, named by Stuart because "He does, you know!" Feeding him takes about half an hour a week of Valerie's time.

If you examine Valerie's time chart, you will see she accounts for fifty-six hours, eighteen minutes during the week. Of this, thirty-six hours and seventeen minutes are actually spent in housework—meals, cleaning, washing clothes, making beds, chores and marketing.

This is quite a heavy week for a household that has a maid four full days, an automatic washer, practically no ironing, and sheets and shirts sent to the laundry. Valerie's days seem too long and too busy. Leaving out all rest and social relaxation, but including care of the children and such basic personal items as dressing and hair-washing, she was on the go as follows:

Monday: 9 hours, 29 minutes (maid on).  
 Tuesday: 8 hours, 37 minutes (maid off).  
 Wednesday: 10 hours, 10 minutes (maid off).  
 Thursday: 5 hours, 32 minutes (maid on).  
 Friday: 8 hours, 37 minutes (maid on).



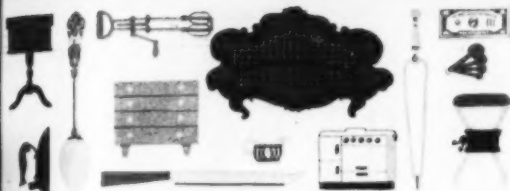
#### Dessert tastes better

Artist Vertès paints elf girls with fruit on china dessert plates. Collectors' items, \$4 each. Gump's, San Francisco 8.

#### An honest mug

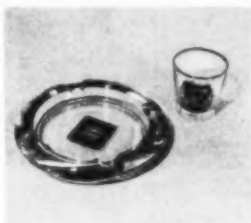
Perfect glass beer mugs that abstain from quinness, 4 inches high, almost as wide, \$15 a dozen postpaid. Tiffany's, 727 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22.





#### Glass with your seal

Almost any seal can be enameled in lasting color on this glassware: colleges, fraternities, lodges are done by hand to your order. It takes two weeks. Old-fashioned, other glasses, \$18 a dozen. Out-sized beach ash tray, \$8. Plummer, 734 Fifth Ave., New York 19.



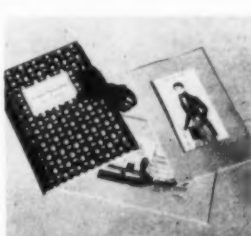
#### The iceman needn't cometh

This vacuum-type ice bucket has a metal liner and an insulated cover. Ice cubes, three quarts of them, will last twelve long hours—true! The aluminum really outshines the nice low \$9.95 price. Write to Miss Josephine-Gillis, 5 North Broad St., Ridgewood, New Jersey.



#### Water colors

A young lady in 1928 painted these direct, fresh pictures. Twelve, matted in gray, 6" by 9", capturing the exact quality of the original water colors, can be had for \$18 postpaid at the F.A.R. Gallery, 702 Madison Avenue, New York 21.



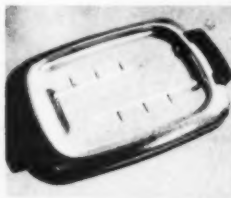
#### For condiments

Your own French dressing or relish belongs in this condiment set. Entirely glass, even the ladle, it's equally sparkling with damask or homespun. \$5.50 at Alice H. Marks, 9 West 57 Street, New York 19.



#### Two-timer

Here is a platter you can fry, broil or roast things in and bring proudly to your table. Heavy aluminum alloy keeps meat warm for second servings. Club Aluminum makes it, with handles to clamp on, \$8.95. The Hecht Co., Washington 4, D. C.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Saturday: 1 hour, 36 minutes (maid on). Went to the city for lunch.

Sunday: 6 hours, 07 minutes (maid off). Cooked Sunday dinner.

Mondays she strips and changes the beds, four of them, in twenty-five minutes. We don't know Mrs. S.'s method, but a bed can be completely changed in two and a half minutes, barring interruptions, although, as you know, there usually *are* interruptions.

The quickest way, scientifically tested by all the time-motion experts, is to place all the bedclothes, in putting-on order, on a chair near the top right-hand corner of the bed. Standing at this corner, spread the bottom sheet on the bed and miter top right corner. Follow with top sheet, blankets, spread; tucking and completely finishing corner. Before walking in any direction, adjust pillow at head. Then go to lower right corner. Lift and lay back loose bedclothes, exposing bottom sheet. Smooth and tuck in bottom sheet. Miter corner. Repeat with top sheet and blanket. Smooth down spread and proceed to lower left corner. From there to the upper left corner, and the bed is made. Once around lightly does it in two and a half minutes of waltz time. If you have twin beds, start between them, finish both near sides first.

She may not use this method, but Mrs. S. is up on many house-keeping short cuts. Her mechanical equipment, which she uses continually, shows that. Also she knows better than to spend good time and towels drying dishes. She washes them sometimes after each meal, sometimes after several, drying the silver but leaving the dishes to dry in the strainer after a scalding rinse. At the end of the day she puts them all away at once. She keeps ironing, et cetera, at a minimum by using small bath towels instead of linen hand towels and by buying seersucker play clothes for the children.

She does not seem to watch her peak load, however. She knows meals take from one to one and a half hours longer when the maid is off, yet on a Tuesday, according to her records, she thorough-cleaned her room, the girls' room, and turned Stuart's bookcase inside out. This gave her two and a half hours of solid cleaning. It may have been necessary—but unless absolutely so, it would have been better to schedule it for a day when the maid could relieve her of the extra work on meals.

She followed this up with a ten-hour day Wednesday—still on her own. And in the evening she went bowling! We are glad to report she took a long rest Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. S.'s shopping and marketing fit her life pattern. She spent two hours, thirty minutes on a Monday doing errands and marketing. Tuesday and Wednesday she never gave the stores a thought. Thursday, when the maid was back, she took an hour to replenish the larder. Friday she reports spending two hours, fifty minutes in the shopping center. She often markets with a friend. It gives them a chance to visit, gets them out in the air, provides a change of scene, affords contact with neighbors and various people of different ages and types. Valerie has lived in the same suburban town most of her life—she is interested in the community and in civic affairs, finds out a lot of what's going on during these excursions. Marketing can also be combined with airing the baby and, if you enjoy it, is a pleasant way to move out of the isolation of the home into the life of the community. However, if you find shopping and marketing among life's drearier routines, this time can be well cut down. Plenty of cold storage space or a deep-freeze unit and you can go to market once a week. Or, if pinching the vegetables is no pleasure, you can, for the price of a phone call, have the groceries delivered. Have your list complete but not rigid. It helps to ask prices.

## Free as air

Continued from page 136

The Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, every Saturday afternoon during the winter season, are the next best thing to being there in person. And a party can be made of it without paying for a single ticket. I know several groups of young women who have given up their weekly bridge bouts for opera; they now get together on Saturdays and do their knitting or sewing while listening. If the men in your life like it (I didn't think mine would until I asked them—surprise, they love opera!), it can be a mixed gathering, with wine, beer or likker instead of tea and cookies.

Incidentally, the opera broadcasts, launched hesitantly and irregularly in 1931, are now heard over 254 stations by an enthusiastic audience including lots of ex-service men and women. (Didn't I tell you about that radio research? You can't expect a researcher with a drop of red blood in her veins to keep facts hidden up her sleeve, can you?) A recent balloting on favorite operas brought in enormous returns: the youngest voter was five, the oldest ninety-four, and one seven-year-old added that he hadn't missed a broadcast in two years.

Along the same lines, if you happen to have friends with an active, as well as spectator, interest in music, the radio can supply the inspiration for an hour or so of your own playing. Tell them to come with instruments, and after the program let the combined creative urge go to it with energy.

*Town Meeting of the Air* is another program with which you needn't just sit blankly on the receiving end. Using the program for direction, you and your pals can carry on with a forum of your own. Bring on the refreshments, stick to the subject, and try to keep the atmosphere of the bull session on a sharp and well-informed level.

Another program that's fine for group entertainment is *Theatre Guild of the Air*, offering top Broadway talent in top plays. *Meet the Press* (prominent people pinned down and questioned by reporters) and *The Author Meets the Critics* are two short ones with considerable entertainment and information value and a strong possibility of steering your own conversation.

The main trick in using radio for group entertainment is to be sure your cohorts are with you in liking it. You can't do it by force or heavy play on the herd instinct, and you can't keep them at it for too long—even the theatre has an intermission. On the other hand, you can make some pet program a nice break in the evening. If Joe and Mary are wild about that zany fellow named Henry Morgan, you can listen to him between bridge rubbers. If not, don't ask Joe and Mary that night.

Which brings us to radio gripes. Though radio has won me over, I can't pretend wholehearted enthusiasm for commercials. Statistics say that about one-third of radio's listeners would prefer their air free of advertising. Maybe you're among those who loathe radio's unctuous

## Buy buys

Continued



HOWARD WIGLITE



### For ashes or drippage

Use for ash trays or coasters—they won't burn, and they keep wet glasses from staining your furniture. Made with claws, parrot, poodle or a plain scroll edged design. Twelve in a plastic box for one lone dollar, plus 10¢ postage. Dennison's, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.



### Stow-away bag

Garment bag with new Stow-away feature. Clothes zip in the top. An extra 11-inch zipper admits bags and gloves. The works suspend from a substantial frame; material can't crack or mildew. \$5.95 at Hamacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57 Street, New York 22. Add 20¢ for the costs of mailing.



### You can't break it

Unbreakable plastic in subtle blue or coral, this tableware is effective with your pretty glass and silver. Wash it slap-bang—it won't break! Place settings for four. \$15.95. Many individual pieces. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis 5.

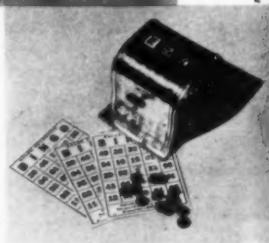


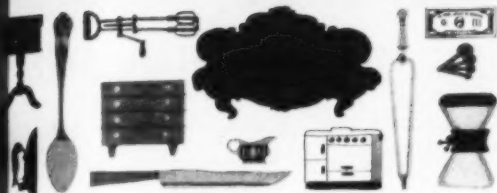
### Cheese from Denmark

The first Danish cheese imported since the war, real Cheddar and Kommen-out with caraway seeds. Foil wrapped, \$1.60 a pound postpaid. Old Denmark, 135 East 57 Street, New York 22.

### Spin the hours away

Spin a new number, revive a fine old game. Bingo automatic register and cards for sixteen, \$3.50 postpaid. Gift Clues, 302 East 45 Street, New York 17.





#### Giant coffee cups

The capacious quantity of coffee contained in the Pop and Mom cups is just as bracing as the hand-painted decorations. An inspired gift for brand-new parents—or any new couple. Exclusive at Mayfair Gifts, 99-16 Metropolitan Avenue, Forest Hills, New York. \$2.50 each or \$4.50 a pair includes postage.



#### Light the way

Bless the overhead socket when you attach this Hang-Up lamp thereto. It's gaily painted on black, white, yellow, green or red. The long, narrow bulb in the hurricane chimney gives much greater light. \$10 at the Hand Craft Studio, 777 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Allow 60¢ for shipping costs.



#### Handmade tray

The beauty of this tray is in its simple basket weave, which is masterfully done by hand. It is a comfortable 10" by 14", handmade of copper or brass strips, finished to perfection. \$10 postpaid. Americraft, 903 First Avenue, New York 22.



#### Spare the nylon

Two nylons in the swirl shaker with *Cerfas* Shampoo, rinse the same way and hang from hidden slits in the shell wall decoration. Included in the Hosiery Care Kit are Raincoats, worn under open shoes to prevent wet-pavement stain. \$4.25 postpaid. Lewis & Conger, West 45 Street, New York 19.



#### When Baby goes a-visiting

Nip 'n Zip is a case for Baby that holds two bottles and plenty of diapers. Blue with pink lining, or the reverse, it's silky soft but immune to water, dirt and mildew. The outside zipper pocket is for Mother's use. Betty Rae Gould, 2 East 23 Street, New York 10. \$3.75. Federal tax, postage prepaid.

selling spiels. You say they're too long, too frequent, too interruptive, too blatant, too boring, or in thoroughly bad taste ("Forget your troubles and have another piece of Blank's pie..."). Well, some have already been improved, and more are in the process of improving. The Federal Communications Commission today supervises commercials, and a station that gives too much time to ads is called on the carpet. In the meantime you can turn off the ones you don't like—and thank Morgan for proving that sharp humor sells.

If you scream most loudly about soap operas (millions love them, they say), it may calm you somewhat to hear that there was a 4 per cent drop in them last year, plus a considerable rise in "kid show" strips. (Not that you like Junior's ripanorters any better.) Besides, more nighttime-caliber programs are coming over the air in the daytime. If you sit home in the lap of luxury and leisure, you can find symphonies, forums, even some entertaining comedy-variety shows during the day.

You may find more documentaries—dramatizations of problems in the news—coming up, too. At CBS, for example, they find the documentaries holding listeners' attention and getting results. *Operation Crossroads*, aimed at stirring people out of an escapist attitude on the atom bomb, resulted in twenty-three per cent more listeners favoring international control after the broadcast.

If you're going out to buy a radio, keep your feet on the ground and your nose in the air when they show you those juke-box numbers trimmed with everything but neon lights. It's for your living-room, not the local bar, grill or soda fountain. The trend today is toward smaller, lighter sets with smaller, better tubes.

You can get a satisfactory table-model radio-phonograph for under \$100, a chair-side one for under \$150, a high-style modern cabinet for exactly \$187. (From there on up it's a matter of finer cabinetmaking and higher-quality reception.) In just about any price range you can get good simple designs in modern or period styles, dark or light woods. Among the outstanding portables are RCA's Ecort and General Electric's rechargeable portable. These give excellent tonal quality when operating on their batteries. When you plug them in at home and use them on your current, you're actually recharging their batteries. The best modern radio advances have been made in these portables.

If you are in the top-bracket market (from about \$400) and if you have a love for fine music and a sensitive ear for the most delicate tonal shadings, look into FM. Frequency modulation is important on non-network broadcasts, eliminates static, rides right over mountains and other natural barriers. It brings you, with precise fidelity, all the gradations of tone, including those the human ear can't even hear.

Television is still a long way from something a moderate budget can put in your living-room, and that's one reason why the shows offered are exceedingly limited—it takes a wide audience to make anything pay. While it's possible to buy an adequate television set—but with a screen only 4" by 6" and with neither radio nor phonograph—for about \$310, you have to spend from about \$800 up for a combination television, radio and phonograph, with added charges for installation.

The whole business is still a baby, but while there were only some fifteen thousand sets in this country a year ago, estimated production this year is three hundred and fifty thousand.

Well. You're the only one who can pick your programs and have fun with them or pick out your radio and clear the trinkets off the top of it. But it's a sure thing that \$424,077,200—annual radio billings—isn't spent without there being something in it for everyone. For free, too.

Charles Abrams



June Lathrop



Thomas H. Creighton

Peter Martin



Stewart Chaney



## Corner on contributors

**Charles Abrams**, lawyer, well-known lecturer, housing authority, author, and member of many planning committees, tells us of a way to lick the housing crisis, p. 60.

**June Lathrop**, who did the clever sketches on pp. 68-70, was graduated from Pratt Institute, worked on several magazines before coming to *MADEMOISELLE* a year ago.

**Thomas H. Creighton** is editor of *Progressive Architecture*, author of *Planning to Build*, lecturer. Helps clear up confusion about modern architecture, p. 71.

**Peter Martin** is our candid-camera man (see p. 35) and a part-time sailor. He believes in the unusual and proves it. "Photographs," he says, "should entertain."

**Stewart Chaney** went from Kansas City through Yale, on to Paris via a Guggenheim Fellowship. Has since set the stage for many Broadway plays. See page 137.

**Mrs. Root**, science-research-minded and world-traveler, has even studied submarine life with the Bala Expedition. Now writes *Money, Money, Money*, p. 118.

**Herman Landshoff** came to this country from Germany in 1911. He's noted for his human-interest, outdoor shots (see our covers) and for his sense of humor.

**Greta Daniel** came to the U.S. from Germany in 1938, is now assistant curator in the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Industrial Design. For us, page 94.

**Margaret O. Goldsmith** (see p. 76) has an old farm in Connecticut where she tries her gardening ideas. Her latest book, the new *Primer of Indoor Gardening*.

### Our cover artists

A bow and a kiss from us to the Museum of Modern Art for the use of Ilya Bolotowsky's *Composition*, shown with *Planning for Tomorrow*, p. 31.

And many thanks to the Museum of Modern Art for Joseph H. Davis' *The York Family at Home*, which faces our *Facts of Life* department. You'll find it on p. 101.

**Downtown Gallery**, we are grateful to you for lending us Stuart Davis' *Coordinates #2*, with which we introduce *Departments and News*. Turn to page 141.

Mademoiselle's

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